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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CXCVIII.

FOR OCTOBER, 1856.

ART. I.—*Bacon's Essays: with Annotations* by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1856.

OF all the productions in the English language Bacon's Essays contain the most matter in the fewest words. He intended them to be as 'grains of salt, which should rather give an appetite than offend with satiety;' and never was the intention of an author more fully attained. There were none, he says, of his works which had been equally 'current' in his own time; and he expressed his belief that they would find no less favour with posterity, and 'last as long as books and letters endured.' Thus far his proud anticipation has been verified. They have been held to be oracles of subtle wisdom by the profoundest intellects which have flourished since, and few in any department have risen to the rank of authorities with mankind who had not themselves been accustomed to sit at the feet of Bacon. His own account of the scope of his Essays is, that 'they handled those things wherein both men's lives and persons are most conversant,' while in the selection of his materials he 'endeavoured to make them not vulgar but of a nature whereof much should be found in experience, and little in books; so as they should be neither repetitions nor fancies.' This is the cause of their great success. They treat of subjects which, in his well-known phrase, 'come home to men's business and bosoms;' and the reflections which he offers upon these topics of universal concern are not obvious truisms, nor hacknied maxims, nor airy speculations, but acute and novel deductions drawn from actual life by a vast and penetrating genius, intimately conversant with the court, the council-table, the parliament, the bar—with all ranks and classes of persons; with the multitudinous forms of human nature and pursuits. The larger part of the Essays on Building, Gardens, and Masques set aside, there is only here and there a sentence of his lessons which has grown out of date. The progress of events has not rendered them obsolete; their continuous currency through two centuries and a half has not rendered them common-place. In this they differ from his system of inductive philosophy, to which he justly owes so much of his fame. The triumph of his principles of scientific investigation has made it unnecessary to revert to the reasoning by which they were established; and he might have adopted, says Archbishop Whately, the exclamation of some writer engaged in a similar task, 'I have been labouring to render myself useless.' The application of the remark is happy, but the origin of it was different. On the admission of the Cardinal Dubois into the French Academy, Fontenelle, referring to his constant intercourse with the young king, Louis XV., observed with more gracefulness than truth, 'It is known that in your daily conversation with him you left nothing untried to render yourself useless.' The pearls of cultivated minds are cast in vain before dull understandings. A Dutch publisher imagined that *useless* must be an error of the press and substituted *useful*.

Dr. Johnson approved the conciseness of Bacon's Essays, and thought the time might come when all knowledge would be reduced to the same condensed form. To this there are strong objections. Circumstances are like the boughs and leaves of a tree which give life and ornament to the stem; nay more, though single aphorisms may cling to the mind, few things are so quickly forgotten as a series of them. Details always assist the memory, and are often essential to it: they also help the understanding. Archbishop Whately truly observes of Bacon's maxims, that repeated meditation discloses applications of them which had been previously overlooked. Few persons are capable of the continuous reflection required for this purpose, or reflecting would have the acumen to discriminate the bearings of a comprehensive proposition. Examples to illustrate the principles are a necessary aid to ordinary minds, and may afford assistance to the greatest. Diderot used to allege of himself that he had not sufficient understanding to apply subtle remarks which were unaccompanied by instances. The pregnant meaning of Bacon's Essays has been lost upon thousands for want of a commentary; and we have long been of opinion, that to elucidate them would be one of the most useful tasks that could be undertaken. The republication of the choice productions of an old writer by a modern editor of note, has the advantage, in addition to the intrinsic value of the annotations, of attracting readers. The newest books, however brief their day, are usually more in vogue than the best works of past generations, which, unless they are introduced afresh to the world, remain to the majority little more than a name. Notwithstanding Mr. Hallam's assertion that it would be derogatory to any one of the slightest claim to polite letters, were he unacquainted with the Essays of Bacon, we believe that they are much less studied than formerly. No one was likely to have greater weight in calling back to them the attention of the public than Archbishop Whately, who is universally known to be a sagacious observer, an acute thinker, and a man of independent mind, who, if his own judgment were not convinced, would not swear by the words of any master. Even after the tributes of Burke and Johnson, and the inferior authority of Dugald Stewart, his testimony to the depth and wisdom of Bacon's maxims and his habit of appending to them the illustrative observations suggested by his experience or which he met with in his reading, must add to our faith in their superlative excellence. His edition is not precisely of the kind which was required. The notes are too lengthy and discursive, and should have been framed a little more upon the model of the text. That they sometimes seem superfluous, is an objection of less force, since it is nearly inseparable from the nature of the task. All men have not an equal degree of familiarity with the same truths; and what is novel to one is hacknied to another. It is here as with jests, which each person calls new or old according as they are new or old to him. Pascal conceived that every possible maxim of conduct existed in the world, though no individual can be conversant with the entire series; and we are apt to imagine that those rules must be the tritest with which we ourselves have been longest acquainted, and those most momentous which we have chanced to see exemplified in our own experience. Whoever reads the comment of Archbishop Whately must expect to come upon truths which were known to him before, but he will certainly meet with more which are attractive both by their novelty and their intrinsic importance. Many shrewd observations are made, many fallacies exposed, and many interesting circumstances related. The notes alone have the value of a distinct work, and have afforded us too much pleasure and instruction to permit us to quarrel with the digressive amplitude which occasionally characterises them. They may well entice those who are familiar with the Essays of Bacon to ponder them again, and induce the persons who are ignorant of this treasury of wisdom to draw upon its stores.

Archbishop Whately censures the tendency to mysticism which prevails at present, and draws attention to the circumstance that the writings of Bacon are as clear as they are profound. His reflections may permit of numerous ramifications beyond what common eyes can trace, but the principles themselves are perfectly plain. If an author is obscure, it is either because his ideas are undefined, or because he lacks the power to express them. He is a confused thinker or a bad writer, and commonly both. Nor is the case altered if he is wandering beyond the limits set to human inquiry. A great intelligence recognises its ignorance and refuses to confound the dim and unsubstantial dreams of the mind with the true knowledge permitted to man. In general, however, it will be found that the mystic has been employed in troubling waters which were before translucent, and that the whole of their muddiness is contracted in the dull understanding through which they flow. The sham philosopher is commonly a person, who has the ambition to be original without the capacity, and hopes to gain the credit of soaring to the clouds by shrouding familiar objects in mist. To the frequent remark, "It is a pity such an author does not express matter so admirable in intelligible English," Archbishop Whately replies, that, except for the strangeness of the style, the matter would be seen to be common-place. A writer with a little talent and a great deal of eccentricity is sure of followers, since foolish scholars are still more numerous than foolish masters. The quack philosopher can always meet with a M. Jourdain, who will fly into ecstacies when he is told in pompous jargon how to pronounce those letters of the alphabet which he has been speaking from infancy. 'Nothing,' said Cardinal de Retz, 'imposes so much upon people of weak understanding as what they do not comprehend.' This mental defect, by the nature of the case, is common to all the partizans of the shallow-profound school, and the majority are probably striving to compensate for their inferiority by affecting to be at home in pathless regions which wiser and honester men confess their inability to tread. In poetry, in politics, in art, in science, nay even in history and biography, we have delusive mystics who are applauded by pretentious admirers. But it is a fashion which passes away. The next generation of worshippers set up their own idols, and the true judges who are the ultimate arbiters of fame are not wont to construct pedestals for rejected and misshapen gods.

The Essays of Bacon open appropriately with an essay on 'Truth,' the foundation of all excellence and all knowledge. He starts with one of his pregnant propositions which in this instance he derived from antiquity, that there is often among men 'a corrupt love of a lie for its own sake,' and he assigns as the reason for it, 'that truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights.' Unless the lie looked more attractive than the truth no one would prefer it, but, we believe, in every case, it is embraced less for its own sake than for some supposed personal advantage to be derived from it. Bacon seems to confess as much when he asks, in proof of his position, whether 'it can be doubted that it would leave numbers of minds poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and unpleasing to themselves, if vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, and the like, were taken away?' These, in the milder language of our day, would be termed self-deceptions. They are the lies told by a man to himself. The inducement to them is manifestly the self-esteem and visionary prospects which they foster, and not strictly 'the love of the lies for their own sake.' Whatever be the motive, the importance of Bacon's assertion is the same—That in framing opinions, it is common to give the preference to falsehood. Of the deliberate deviation from 'theological and philosophical truth,' which he places first, Rousseau was a flagrant example. 'He perceived,' as he told Hume, 'that to strike and interest the public the marvellous must be produced; that the marvellous of the heathen mythology had long since lost its effect; that giants, magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance which succeeded, had exhausted the portion of credulity which belonged to their age; and that now nothing was left to a writer but the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in extraordinary situations, giving rise to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and morals.'* Upon this principle he framed his paradoxical creed, the offspring of a morbid passion for notoriety. In the language of La Rochefoucauld he found the first places on the right side forestalled, and was not content to occupy the last. 'Truth,' said Dr. Johnson of the sceptics who went astray from the same motive, 'will not afford sufficient food to their vanity, so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull.'

Party feeling has a still larger influence in perverting the judgments of mankind, in causing them to substitute bigoted belief for honest inquiry, misrepresentations for facts, transparent fallacies for solid conclusions. Religion, above all subjects, has given rise to a spirit which it rebukes and disowns. The satirical portrait which Le Clerc has drawn of the ecclesiastical historian has had innumerable originals. 'He must adhere inviolably to the maxim that whatever can be favourable to heretics is false, and whatever can be said against them is true; while, on the other hand, all that does honour to the orthodox is unquestionable, and everything that can do them discredit is a lie. He must suppress with care, or at least extenuate as far as possible, the errors of those whom the orthodox are accustomed to respect, and must exaggerate the faults of the heterodox to the utmost of his power. He must remember that any orthodox writer is a competent witness against a heretic, and is to be trusted implicitly on his word; while a heretic is never to be believed against the orthodox, and has honour enough done him in allowing him to speak against his own side or in behalf of ours. It is thus that Cardinal Baronius and the authors of the Centuries of Magdeburg have written, each of their works having by this means acquired an immortal glory with its own party. But it must be owned that in the plan they adopted they have only imitated most of their predecessors. For many ages men had sought in ecclesiastical antiquity not what was to be found there, but what they conceived ought to be there for the good of their sect.' The faculty of seeing not what is, but solely what makes for the advantage of the sect, has in no way declined since the days of Le Clerc. M. Guizot has lately quoted, as a curious example of the illusions into which men may be betrayed by passion, that the greater part of the Popish journals on the Continent are incessantly repeating that Protestantism is in a state of rapid decline; that it is cold and decaying like the dead, and has hardly any adherents who are not either totally indifferent or eager to return to the Roman Catholic Church. The process is easy by which the papal zealot, without avowing his disingenuousness to his own mind, contrives to dupe himself. He overlooks the secessions from his own persuasion, the scepticism and the lukewarmness, and concentrates his attention on the few Protestants who have lapsed into Romanism or infidelity. These exceptions he assumes to be a fair specimen of the whole anti-Papal community, and he has the weakness to believe, without further inquiry, that the reformed religion is tottering to its fall.

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* Burke's 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.'

Archbishop Whately gives some forcible illustrations of this propensity of mankind to close their eyes to all evidence which does not support their antecedent conclusions. Tourists in Ireland have shown themselves particularly subject to the infirmity. They are typified, the Archbishop says, in the jaunting-car of the country in which the passengers sit back to back. Each can only take in the view on his own side of the road; one sees the *green* prospect, the other the *orange*. The report brought back by the English travellers who visited France after the first abdication of Napoleon is a striking instance of the tendency. A nephew of one of our ministers wrote a letter in which he stated that every one from the Continent with whom he had conversed agreed that Louis XVIII. was firmly fixed on his throne, and was steadily gaining strength. The letter was dated on the identical day that Napoleon sailed from Elba! Archbishop Whately, who relates this singular anecdote, ascribes many of the partial views of the tourist to the circumstance of his falling into the company of a faction who pass him on to others of the same persuasion, just, he says, as in the old days of posting the bad inn of one town was connected with the bad inn of the next, and the person who started wrong was pretty sure to have bad dinners, bad beds, and bad horses to his journey's end. The case is common; but frequently the traveller deliberately chooses his companions for the similarity of their views, and carefully avoids all contact with people whose sentiments he dislikes. In the same way vehement partisans will only read the arguments on their own side of the question, and hold it a sort of treason to truth to examine the opinions of an adversary. Some will not hesitate to avow that they fear to be infected, which is only saying in other words that they fear to be convinced. 'I know some of them,' relates Lord Bacon of certain religious zealots of Queen Elizabeth's time, 'that would think it a tempting of God to hear or read what may be said against them, as if there could be a "hold fast that which is good" without a "prove all things" going before.'* Strange as is the inconsistency, it is by no means unusual for men to have the fullest confidence in a cause, and very little in its being able to endure the test of examination. The Roman Catholic priesthood prohibit the Bible wherever they can venture, and by the interdict confess their dread that the Bible will make against them.

The followers of a party being regarded through the party medium, there is the same preference of falsehood to truth in the judgment of persons that is frequently found in the judgment of things. Among the many weighty and beautiful observations which Hume has dispersed through his History there is nothing more admirable than his reflection on this frailty. 'It is no wonder that faction is so productive of vices of all kinds, for besides that it inflames the passions, it tends much to remove those great restraints, honour and shame, when men find that no iniquity can lose them the applause of their own party, and no innocence secure them against the calumnies of the opposite.' Those who have been foremost in the aspersion of a political adversary while he is living, often acknowledge the injustice of it by their eulogies when he is dead. Bolingbroke, who had been one of the principal detractors of the famous Duke of Marlborough, was called upon in a private company to confirm some anecdotes of his parsimony: 'He was so great a man,' he replied, 'that I have forgotten his vices.' The answer has been much commended, and it is undoubtedly better to be just late than never, but we agree with Archbishop Whately, that the tardy reparation in these cases is less deserving of applause than the previous calumnies of reproach. The detractions were addressed to a sentient being, and whether they effect their purpose or not, were designed to wound or discredit him, but the laudatory recantation is spoken over ashes and cannot 'soothe the dull, cold ear of death.'

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* An Advertisement touching the controversies of the Church of England.—*Bacon's Works*, vol. vii. p. 59.

Archbishop Whately dwells on the necessity of allowing the question, 'What is the truth?' to anticipate every other consideration. If it is only asked in the second place, the mind, he justly urges, will have been drawn by a law as sure as that of gravitation towards the belief to which it is predisposed, and will employ its ingenuity in discovering arguments for a conclusion which it has adopted independently of them. 'Rely upon it,' it was said of a dexterous and not over-scrupulous person in power, 'he will never take any step that is bad without having a very good reason to give for it.' The Archbishop adds the comment, that we are ready enough to be warned against the sophistry of another, but need no less to be warned against our own. The confidence which a barrister will sometimes have in the cause of his client when it is palpable to every unbiassed mind that it is utterly bad, is a wonderful example of the belief into which men can reason themselves by ingenious fallacies. A false conviction once introduced, and assumed as an axiom, is an erroneous element which must vitiate all the after processes of the understanding. The most bigoted writers constantly make the most emphatic protestations of their impartiality, because the points in which they are prejudiced have attained in their apprehensions to the rank of indisputable truths. Hume repeatedly boasted that his History of the Stuarts was free from all bias, and that he had kept the balance between Whig and Tory nicely true. Ten years afterwards, on revising the work, he thus confesses his delusion to a friend. 'As I began the History with these two reigns [James I. and Charles I.] I now find that they, above all the rest, have been corrupted with Whig rancour, and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality; but if you now do me the honour to give this part of my work a second perusal, I am persuaded that you will no longer throw on me this reproachful epithet, and will acquit me of all propensity to Whiggism.' Whether even in the second instance he had attained to the vaunted judicial equanimity is somewhat doubtful. He had been irritated by the outcry which was raised against him 'for presuming,' as he said, 'to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford;' and the abuse had some share in producing a re-action against the party which had chiefly attacked him. So subtle are the workings of personal feeling, and so incessantly do we need to stand upon our guard against it. The readers of books are upon their trial as well as the writers. An impartial history would be pronounced partial by those who are partial themselves.

In former times there were historians who avowedly wrote as they were bribed. Paulus Jovius was said to keep a bank of lies. To those who gave handsomely he assigned illustrious ancestors and praiseworthy deeds, and those who gave nothing he traduced. He told the Cardinal of Lorraine that unless his pension was paid he would assert that his Eminence did not belong to the great Lorraine line of Godefroi, and when there was a suspension of his works, he boldly declared it was because no man had hired him. Once being warned that his representations were extravagant, he replied that it was immaterial, since the next generation would receive them for facts. He maintained that it was the privilege of the historian to aggravate and extenuate faults, and to elevate or depreciate virtues; to dress the liberal paymaster in rich brocade, and the austere niggard in coarse cloth. There have been many later historians who would have flung the fees of Jovius in the faces of the donors, and who have not the less copied his practices, correcting the features, and heightening the colours in the portraits of some, and smearing the faces of others, as the Duchess of Marlborough, in a fit of rage, did the picture of her daughter, exclaiming that she was now as black without as within. Upon the party-spirit which often dictates these misrepresentations we have touched already, but there is another cause which is equally powerful,—the desire to be brilliant. Historic truth is usually too complex, too full of half-lights and faint shadows to admit of startling contrasts. The world is not peopled with angels and demons but with men. Thus, when the first consideration is to produce an effect, accuracy is inevitably sacrificed; and instead of attempting to give a faithful representation of the object, the author considers how he can make it look well in his picture. From the same motive the historian may adopt the incidents which are most romantic, regardless of their intrinsic improbability, or undoubted falsity. This failing is common in Hume. Some sin through the passion for an antithetical style, than which none is so dazzling, or lends itself less readily when used in excess, to the exact expression of circumstances. Events do not any more than the characters of the actors in them present a continuous series of pointed contrasts, and to sustain the artifice the incidents must be softened in one half of the antithesis or exaggerated in the other. The facts in short must be fitted to the sentence instead of the sentence to the facts. Such persons are not of the opinion of St. Jerome that truth told inelegantly is better than eloquent falsehood. They all come under Bacon's censure, and the chief difference between them and Paulus Jovius is that they do for literary popularity what he did for money.

The newsmongers are described by Theophrastus as people who lied for lying's sake. He could not conceive what benefit they derived from the practice, especially as the clothes of some of them were stolen at the baths while they were declaiming their fables to wondering auditors. The benefit was clearly the pleasure of being listened to by an eager crowd, and afforded abundant inducement in a city, where the inhabitants 'spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.' The daily papers have nearly destroyed the trade of the fabricator of public intelligence. His fictions are refuted by not appearing there, without the necessity for contradiction; and to amuse the credulous with success, he must mostly keep to the domain of private affairs. But there is another class of gossips—the tellers of 'good stories'—who continue to obtain a ready and undeserved confidence. Narrator and listener in these cases are alike prone to prefer falsehood to truth, for amusing exaggerations are to such an extent the favourite staple of conversation that Montesquieu having once had the curiosity to count how often an incident was repeated, which, to his sounder judgment, was not worth telling at all, found in the three weeks, during which it was current in the fashionable world, that it was related in his presence two hundred and twenty-five times. The immense majority of pungent anecdotes have received their point in the manufactory of the wit. The man who aims at the frivolous reputation of being always provided with a stock of ludicrous tales would soon become a bankrupt if he had not recourse to forgery to maintain the supply. He is always on the look-out for circumstances which he can mould to his purpose, distorts them without compunction, and thinks it a far finer thing to be sprightly than to be veracious. Horace Walpole was great in this line. 'I am so put to it for something to say,' he writes on one occasion, 'that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess-dowager, as the old Duchess of Rutland does when she is told of some strange casualty,—"Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down." "Madam," says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true!" "Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post."' Sarcastically as this is related, it falls short of the practice of Walpole himself. He had the ambition to keep up a continuous succession of lively letters, and he not only set down 'improbable lies,' but was certainly guilty of embroidering his intelligence, though he may not have absolutely fabricated it. His very story in ridicule of the inventions of dowager ladies is probably in part an instance of his own. Biography has been incurably adulterated by manufactured tales. Lord Orrery related, as an unquestionable occurrence, that Swift once commenced the service when nobody, except the clerk, attended his church, with 'Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places.' The trait was long believed, but Mr. Theophilus Swift afterwards discovered the anecdote in a jest-book which was published before his great kinsman was born, and the Dean, whose boast it was 'that he had never been known to steal a hint,' was not the man to borrow a jocosity as paltry as it was profane. A host of stories, centuries old, have in the same manner been re-told of the celebrities of each succeeding generation, and were probably no more true of the first person to whom they were applied than they are of the last. The readiness with which incidents of the kind are received should be exchanged for an equal measure of mistrust, since where they admit of investigation they are usually found, if not entirely fictitious, to be false in the identical circumstances which make their entertainment. A recent work—the 'Memorials of his Time,' by Lord Cockburn—is a glaring instance of it. It is described by a contemporary,* who shows himself intimately acquainted with the period and persons of which it treats, as entirely originating in the propensity for retailing anecdotes, and several passages are specified 'which manifestly owe their interest to the colouring and exaggeration,' habitual to those who are resolved to be amusing at all hazards. Some of the incidents which are more specious prove on investigation to be not a whit more true, and we borrow from the 'Law Review' one example out of many. Lord Melville died suddenly the night before the Lord President Blair was buried He had written to Mr. Perceval to solicit a provision for the family of the deceased judge, who was one of his oldest friends, and intending to post the letter after the funeral, he commenced by saying that he had just returned from it. A circumstance so trivial and so natural would not have been worth relating, and to suit the purpose of the teller of anecdotes it was necessary to adorn it. Accordingly Lord Cockburn, who, as his nephew, might be supposed to be well informed, states that it had always been asserted without contradiction, and he was inclined to believe it, 'that Lord Melville gave a feeling account in his letter of his emotions at the ceremony.' This prospective description of his grief at a funeral which had not taken place, is called by the author of the Memorials 'a fancy piece,' but it turns out that 'the fancy piece is Lord Cockburn's,' and the particular, which constitutes the sole point of the narrative, a pure invention. Dr. Johnson relates of a friend that he used to think a story, a story, till he showed him that truth was essential to it, for it must either, he said, be a picture of an individual, or of human nature in general, and if false was a picture of nothing. He might have subjoined that being believed to be a picture of something, it was usually a calumny on its ostensible subject.* Johnson himself scorned to embellish. He maintained that the least deviation from exactness was reprehensible, and insisted, that if a child looked out of one window, and said it looked out of another, it ought to be corrected. Less scrupulosity will not secure substantial accuracy. The statement which passes in a single day through thousands of mouths attains before night to monstrous proportions, if each retailer of it makes an addition, however separately trivial.

Among the cases in which 'lies are loved for their own sake,' Bacon, we have seen, enumerates the 'false valuations' in which individuals indulge. This they extend to the things connected with them, or of which they form a part. It is here that national vanity has its root. When the Canadian, from the banks of the Huron, is asked, in Voltaire's tale, 'L'Ingénu,' which language he thought the best, the Huron, the English, or the French, he answers, the Huron beyond all dispute. A lady, a native of Lower Brittany, is astonished at the reply, for she had always imagined that, *next* to the Low-Breton, there was no language to be compared with the French. The rest of the company begin to talk upon the multiplicity of tongues, and they agree that but for the tower of Babel French alone would have been spoken throughout the world. This is a pleasant satire upon the general disposition of every people to believe itself unrivalled, notwithstanding that, as all cannot be the first, each nation might learn to mistrust a conclusion which is shared by the rest. Lord Chesterfield maintained that such prejudices had their use, and mentions, as an instance, that the popular delusion of one Englishman being able to beat three Frenchmen had often enabled him to beat two. He overlooked the greater mischief which prejudices produced—the contests which have arisen between countries out of the overweening notion they entertained of their prowess, and which, perhaps, created the occasion for beating Frenchmen at all; the evil to the individual of this arrogance and conceit; the bar which vanity puts to improvement. What is false in itself can never be politic. Prejudices are regarded with more lenity than they deserve; for to prejudge a question at least shows a carelessness about truth, though it may not imply the same depravity of nature as a wilful departure from it. One caution is yet required. In the attempt to rise superior to a common prejudice it is possible to become prejudiced in the opposite direction. Dryden affirms of some of the judges of his day that, right or wrong, they always decided for the poor against the rich; and he quotes a saying of Charles II., that the crown was uniformly worsted in every case which was heard before Sir Matthew Hale, from his over-jealousy of falling into the more usual error of favouring the sovereign to the injury of the subject.

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* In the 'Law Magazine and Law Review' for August 1856. The article contains among other important statements a defence of the Scotch judges whom Lord Cockburn has maligned.

* 'The man,' Johnson said on another occasion, 'who uses his talent of ridicule in creating or grossly exaggerating the instances he gives, who imputes absurdities that did not happen, or when a man was a little ridiculous describes him as having been very much so, abuses his talents greatly.' Lord Cockburn is open to this censure in nearly all the characters he has drawn. His descriptions of bygone usages are equally over-charged. To the examples given in the 'Law Review' we may add that he asserts, in speaking of the abuses of former days, that Mr. Laing, the clerk to the town-council of Edinburgh, had six or eight baker lads apprehended about the year 1795 'for being a little jolly one night,' and shipped them off 'by his own authority, without a conviction, or a charge, or an offence.' Mr. Laing boldly avowed his proceedings, so that Lord Cockburn had positively the credulity to believe that this functionary was quietly permitted, as recently as 1795, to transport the good citizens of Edinburgh at his private pleasure. The simple fact was that the lads were *pressed!* In some cases his statements have not even this slender foundation of truth, but are altogether the work of fancy. He tells an anecdote to the honour of Lord Brougham which might easily be believed of a person so singularly gifted, and which has indeed been several times quoted already as a forcible illustration of the saying that the child is father of the man, to the effect that when he was at the High School at Edinburgh he worsted the master in an obstinately contested argument on a question of Latinity. It is stated in an able notice of Lord Cockburn's work in the 'Times,' that Lord Brougham is understood to have denied the story, and it is suggested, as the only mode of accounting for the error, that the circumstance may have occurred with some other boy. But we know from an eminent individual who was contemporary with Lord Brougham at the High School, that no such incident took place at all; at least he never heard a whisper of it, though Lord Cockburn represents it as a noted event which had made its hero famous. If the occurrence was of older date the tradition must still have passed downwards through the seniors, and as not one syllable of it reached the ears either of the alleged actor in the scene, or of the venerable schoolfellow to whom we have referred, the entire tale is undoubtedly apocryphal. Books like Lord Cockburn's are the bane of history, for the circumstances which are not contradicted are sure to be believed, although the credit of the entire narrative has been destroyed.

Bacon might have embodied in his 'Essay on Truth' the principal part of his observations on 'Simulation and Dissimulation.' The difference between these and falsehood, according to South, is that the last applies to deception by words, the former to deception by actions, gestures or behaviour. Neither Bacon, nor writers in general, have kept strictly to the distinction. Archbishop Whately regrets that the term 'dissimulation' should have been extended to include 'simulation,' and that the second of these words should have fallen into desuetude. Lord Chesterfield in the middle of the eighteenth century, and Hume in 1764, in his private correspondence, employed both expressions in their proper sense, as if they were then in familiar use. Yet Steele, in a paper in the 'Tatler' in 1710, supposes his readers to be ignorant of their meaning, and says 'it will be necessary to observe that the learned call simulation a pretence of what is not, and dissimulation a concealment of what is.' It is simulation which Fielding describes when he relates the conduct of Mrs. Blifil in feigning grief on the death of a husband whom she hated, and of whom she was glad to be rid. 'She continued a whole month with all the decorations of sickness,—visited by physicians, attended by nurses, and receiving constant messages from her acquaintance to inquire after her health. At length the decent time for sickness, and immoderate grief having expired, the doctors were discharged and the lady began to see company; being altered only from what she was before, by that colour of sadness in which she had dressed her person and countenance.' It was dissimulation when Black George, after picking up the pocket-book containing the 500*l.* note, assisted Tom Jones to search every tuft of grass in the meadow where it was dropped, 'and exerted as much diligence in quest of the lost goods as if he had hoped to find them.' It was both simulation and dissimulation when Sophia Western, to conceal from her aunt her passion for Tom Jones, treated him with a studied neglect, and paid a marked attention to Blifil whom she abhorred. She dissembled the regard she felt for the one, and simulated for the other a partiality she did not entertain. When the action is not, as in this case, directly double, each of these vices still carries with it, as a consequence, some tincture of its fellow. Mrs. Blifil in pretending sorrow dissembled her satisfaction, and Black George, in affecting ignorance of what had become of the pocket-book, might be said to be simulating innocence. But the acts are named according as the predominant design is to pretend to that which is not, or to masque that which is, and either may be practised without the other being present to the thoughts. The greatest imperfection of language is that the same term is used for dissimilar ideas, and where a rigorous phraseology has once been established, corresponding to the differences existing in things, it is a step backwards towards barbarism to blend separate notions under a common appellation, The evil requires to be constantly checked, because precision of thought being rare, there is a perpetual tendency to confound ideas which are closely allied, and, as a consequence, to convert the words which distinguish them into synonyms, or else to allow the neighbouring expression to drop out of use. It is on this account that it has seemed to us worth while to illustrate a distinction which was formerly observed, and which, by the latitude given to the term 'dissimulation,' is now frequently overlooked.

Bacon sometimes speaks in lofty language of the homage due to truth. 'There is no vice,' he says, 'that doth so cover us with shame as to be found false and perfidious;' he quotes with approbation the fine observation of Montaigne that the liar is daring towards God and a coward towards man; he remarks that 'the ablest persons that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing and a name of certainty and veracity;' he calls 'dissimulation a faint kind of policy,' and holds simulation to be still 'less politic and more culpable.' Nevertheless, he estimates crafty acts rather by their worldly prudence than by their moral nature, and approves or tolerates practices which ought to be condemned. In his 'Advancement of Learning' he recommends if men have a foible that they should call it after the virtue which has the closest resemblance to it, and pretend that dulness is gravity, and cowardice mildness. He advises that they should affect to despise everything which is beyond the compass of their powers, or, better still, that they should pride themselves on the qualities in which they are deficient, and seem to underrate themselves in the points in which they are strongest. These and such like devices he calls 'good arts,' in opposition to the 'evil arts' which are taught by Machiavelli. To the conscientious part of mankind such 'good arts' can only be regarded as illustrations of the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, 'that there are few defects which are not more pardonable than the means we adopt to conceal them.' Archbishop Whately enforces the true view, that insincerity can never be expedient, but well remarks that those who do not prize straightforwardness for its own sake will never perceive that it is the wisest course as well as the most virtuous. 'The maxim that "honesty is the best policy" is one which, perhaps, no one is ever habitually guided by in practice. An honest man is always *before* it, and a knave is generally *behind* it.' This is admirably said.

Bacon states, as a case which will justify dissimulation, that there are people 'who will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick his secret out of him, that without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech.' A common instance of this species of inquisitiveness is to tax persons with the authorship of anonymous writings. Archbishop Whately quotes the reply of Dean Swift in a conjuncture of the kind. He had published some insulting lines upon Mr Bettesworth, a barrister, who called upon the satirist. 'Sir,' said he, on Swift inquiring his business, 'I am Serjeant Bettesworth.' 'Of what regiment?' replied Swift. 'Oh, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery; you know me well enough, that I am one of His Majesty's Serjeants at Law.' 'What then, Sir?' 'Why then, Sir, I am come to demand of you whether you are the author of this poem, and these villainous lines on me.' 'Sir,' answered Swift, 'it was a piece of advice given me in my early days, by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge, because if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown would infallibly be imputed to me. Now I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and have followed it ever since, and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule.'* This reply in the mouth of any man, who, like Swift, had acted consistently upon the sagacious counsel of Lord Somers, would baffle the interrogator; but as most people negative the suspicion when it is mistaken, the refusal to answer, when it is well founded, amounts to confession. Dr. Johnson decided that to escape the dilemma a direct denial was allowable, and Walter Scott carried the principle into practice, and repeatedly assured inquisitive friends that he was not the author of the Waverley Novels. Yet he usually, he says, took care to qualify the contradiction by the remark, that, had he been the writer, he should have felt entitled to protect his secret by a false disclaimer. This was to betray a consciousness that the assertion unaccompanied by a warning that it was worthless, would have been inconsistent with rectitude. The proposition reduced to its simple state is, whether impertinence in one person will justify falsehood in another. To propound the question is, to our thinking, to answer it. Lord Somers must have considered the latitude improper or his advice to Swift would have been useless, and Swift, no stringent moralist, would not have needed to adopt it if he had supposed, to use the expression of his own Houyhnhnhms, that he might 'speak the thing which was not.' When it is once admitted that we may say what is convenient, instead of what is true, every man will have a different standard of veracity, and no one can tell any longer what to believe. In the same breath in which Dr. Johnson maintained the right of an author to disavow his productions, he indignantly denounced, what numbers would consider the more venial doctrine, that it was lawful to withhold from a patient a knowledge of his danger. 'Of all lying I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has frequently been practised upon myself. You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth.' Thus the lying which Johnson abhorred the most, was a deception which multitudes imagine to be a duty; and he was not more at variance with them than inconsistent with himself. Truth, an instant before, was to yield to consequences; the scene shifts, the consequences become disagreeable, and truth is to be paramount to every consideration. So surely does the moralist revert to the rigid rule, and exact it of others, the moment the exceptions are to his own disadvantage. The evil of departing from it is shown on a large scale in the disgraceful maxims of the Jesuits which Pascal held up to odium and reproach. Casuistry has too often been employed in vitiating morality,—in devising specious reasons for multiplying exceptions to irksome principles. Then arise a labyrinth of fine distinctions, of complicated conditions, of subtle evasions which blunt the conscience, perplex the notions of right and wrong, and convert the simple laws which are understood and acknowledged by him who speaks, and him who hears, into a maze of metaphysical deceit and confusion in which no one can be sure what is permitted to himself or arrogated by his neighbour. Nor if men may break precepts to avoid presumed inconveniences, can they be forbidden the liberty where the design is to accomplish a fancied good. The whole monstrous machinery of pious frauds becomes morally defensible; the motive, where it was honest, justified the means. The wood of the true cross, which Fuller says at the time of the Reformation, would have loaded a ship, was rightly multiplied by those who believed that it would encourage devotion, and the priests who furnished the false teeth of St. Apollonia, which were a reputed charm for the toothache, and filled a barrel when they were collected in the reign of Edward VI., were engaged in a commendable work 'for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate.'

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* The account we have adopted is from the Life of Swift by Mr. Thomas Sheridan, to whose father the Dean related the conversation immediately after it occurred. Archbishop Whately gives the reply of Swift, as it is recorded by Dr. Johnson in the 'Lives of the Poets:'—'Mr. Bettesworth, I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers, who, knowing my disposition to satire, advised me that if any scoundrel or blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask, "Are you the author of this paper?" I should tell him that I was not the author, and therefore I tell you, Mr. Bettesworth, that I am not the author of these lines.' Dr. Johnson does not quote his authority, and we have no hesitation in preferring the well authenticated and milder version of Sheridan.

Bacon's Essays on 'Cunning' and 'Seeming wise' are chiefly occupied with the artifices of mankind which are akin to falsehood. He knew well the devices of intrigue, for he had lived in the midst of them, and had not disdained to employ them. He enumerates several of the deceptive practices he had witnessed, but breaks off with the observation, that they 'are infinite, and that it would be a good deed to make a list of them, for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.' He thought meanly of their talents, and pronounced them to be as inferior to the truly great in ability as in uprightness. Churchill, the poet, had the same opinion of them, and in some lines, quoted by Archbishop Whately, describes their faculty as one—

> 'Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
> To qualify the blockhead for a knave.'

There is indeed as much difference between the cunning man and the wise as between him who wins a game by trickery and the player who wins it by honest skill. An invariable characteristic of the whole tribe of schemers is, that they pass for wise in their own estimation, whatever they may do with the rest of the world, mistaking the lower kinds of craft for the higher order of sagacity. Success frequently attends their manœuvres, insomuch that Lord Bacon avers, 'there be not two more fortunate properties'—by which he means two properties more conducive to fortune—'than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest.' Archbishop Whately, who has added to Bacon's list of 'petty points of cunning,' shares the conviction that their proficients are 'the most likely to rise to high office,' and laments that 'the art of *gaining* power and that of *using* it well should too often be found in different persons.' Paul Louis Courier speaks of the then most celebrated Grecian in France as a man 'who had made himself a scholar, and capable of filling all the appointments destined for scholars, but not of obtaining them,' while his successful rival—Greek professor, Greek librarian, Greek academician—'saw that study led to nothing, and preferred having ten scholars' situations to qualifying himself for one that he had not.' Herein lies the whole secret. Those energies which the student devoted to his books the other employed in making interest with the dispensers of patronage, and in rendering them good offices which had no connexion with the Greek tongue. Thus, with some exceptions, it has always been and is always likely to be. Where the two characters are kept separate, which is often not the case, the scholar will have learning and the place-hunter promotion. By family connexions, by assiduity, by political or personal services, he will so thrust his name and claims before those who can advance him, that the Minister who should set out with the resolution of rewarding merit would not be likely long to adhere to his intention. 'I have known a prince, says Swift, 'choose an able Minister more than once; but I never observed that Minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned and excused the matter from the violence of parties and the unreasonableness of friends.' Lord Eldon urged the same plea. There were often, he said, many circumstances unknown to the public, who ought to be cautious in their censure—a position which he illustrated by the history of his appointment of Mr. Jekyll to be a master in Chancery. Wit, conviviality, and good humour had rendered him a general favourite; and the Prince Regent, who enjoyed his enlivening companionship, earnestly solicited his advancement. As he belonged, however, to the Common Law Bar, was far from a proficient in his own department, and was totally ignorant of Chancery practice, Lord Eldon resolutely refused to promote him. Before the office was filled up, the Chancellor was seized with a fit of the gout. The Regent called, and desired to be shown at once into his room. The servants replied that their master was much too ill to be seen. The Regent continued to press for admission, and, finding them inexorable, he bid them conduct him to the staircase, which he ascended, and, pointing to each door in succession, asked if Lord Eldon was there. Having by this method ascertained the right chamber, he entered unannounced, and, seating himself at the bedside, said, that the object of his visit was to beg again the appointment of Mr. Jekyll to the Mastership in Chancery. Lord Eldon declared his inability to comply; the Regent renewed his request; the Chancellor reiterated his refusal. There seemed no likelihood of a termination of the contest, when the Prince suddenly threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, 'How I do pity Lady Eldon!' 'Bless me!' exclaimed the Chancellor in his turn, 'what is the matter?' 'Nothing,' said the Prince, 'except that she will never see you again; for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery.' The Chancellor succumbed, and Jekyll had the post. A stronger example of royal importunity could not easily be imagined, but the moral we should deduce from it is the direct reverse of that of Lord Eldon. Nobody could have a deeper sense of the impropriety of the step or been personally more averse to it; for he foresaw what was abundantly verified in the result, that yielding would increase his future embarrassment, by exposing him to harassing applications from the Common Law Bar, which had hitherto not aspired to Equity offices. Yet, in spite of his motives to stand firm, he was compelled to give way, and there was but one circumstance which would have empowered him to triumph—the certainty that the clamour of the public against him for making a blameable appointment would be more difficult to face than the displeasure of the Regent at his refusing to make it. To hold a patron responsible for the discharge of his trust is by his own showing essential to the conscientious fulfilment of it; and, instead of demonstrating that the censure was undeserved, he merely proved that it was insufficient. Jekyll himself was so satisfied of his incompetence, that, on being asked how he came to be picked out for the post, he answered, 'Because he was the most unfit man in the country.' Lord Eldon adds, that his extreme ignorance of his duties was the cause of his getting through them with discretion, for it drove him to consult his brother Masters in difficult cases. This was a result which could not have been reckoned on, and amounts to nothing more at best than that an incapable officer who is willing to be prompted may do very well, provided he is joined with capable persons who are able to prompt him.

True as was the remark of Swift, the application which he chiefly intended it to have, was not a confirmation of it, for he was undoubtedly thinking of himself—of his own vast abilities, of the immense services he had rendered to Oxford and Bolingbroke, and their neglect to force the Queen to confer upon him the coveted bishopric. A declaimer on the neglect of merit is seldom worthy of much attention when the merit to which he inwardly refers is his own. Swift did not perceive, what the world, like him, is too apt to forget, that brilliant talents do not alone constitute fitness. If invention, if wit, if satire, if extensive learning, if singular knowledge of human nature, were the sole endowments proper to the bench, no man living had an equal claim ; but if a preference of theology to politics, if reverence, decency, language not foul, and sentiments not misanthropic, were at all indispensable, he was effectually disqualified. If the profoundest scholarship, if extraordinary gladiatorial skill, if forcible reasoning upon natural and revealed religion, expressed in pure and nervous language, could entitle their possessor to be ranked among the heads of the Church, then Swift's great contemporary, Dr. Bentley, should have been preferred before all others ; but if to be quarrelsome, litigious, and arrogant, to have his hand against every man submitted to his rule till he drove every man to have his hand against him—if these were not episcopal virtues no one could be named who was more properly excluded. Far from being a disgrace to the age of Queen Anne that two such intellects as Swift and Bentley should not have been advanced to the highest honours of their profession, they are signal examples of the unfitness which may co-exist with the rarest faculties. Even the deepest divine and the most eloquent preacher might be far from being a proper person for a bishop. He might be absorbed in his books and compositions, and the duties of the station demand both bodily activity and a steady application to business. He might be a hot partisan, and, as the head of a church comprising men of many shades of opinion, it is requisite that he should be tolerant. He might be of a domineering disposition and of insolent manners, and it is necessary that he should be conciliatory and courteous. He might be deficient in tact and judgment, and his office is of a nature which calls for their hourly exercise. He might be avaricious, and he must be liberal ; he might be lukewarm, and he must be earnest ; he might be bitter, and he must be a Christian. To these disqualifications it may be added, that he might have solicited the office—a proceeding which Archbishop Whately states has not always proved a bar to the elevation, though he evidently considers it ought to be. 'It is a sad sight,' said Baxter, 'when pride gets up into the pulpit to preach a sermon on humility,' and just such another sad sight is an ambitious clergyman.

There are many other cases in which men may make their way to station by a greater or less degree of merit, and in which the art of gaining power is still an imperfect guarantee of the faculty to use it well. A skilful debater in either House of Parliament is secure of high office, though a flow of language and a facility in raising or repelling objections is not much more evidence of a capacity for governing a kingdom, than dexterity in fencing is a proof of the ability to command an army. True political science is not merely needless in popular assemblies, it is positively distasteful, and those who are masters of it can rarely obtain it a hearing. The gorgeous imagery and lofty eloquence of Burke could not atone for the repulsiveness of his legislative wisdom, and few men spoke to thinner benches. The account which Lord Chesterfield has left of the House of Commons of his time is that, having entered it with awe, he discovered upon a brief acquaintance that of the five hundred and sixty members, not above thirty could understand reason. These thirty required plain sense in harmonious periods ; the rest he calls a mob, who were only to be moved by an appeal to their passions, their sentiments, their seeming interests, and their senses. Graceful utterance and action pleased their eyes, elegant diction tickled their ears, but they could neither penetrate below the surface nor follow those who did. Though the senators of our day are probably on the whole a more educated assembly than in the reign of George I., the description of Lord Chesterfield is curiously confirmed by that which is given by Sir Robert Peel a century later. No man had taken a more exact measure of the House of Commons, or was more entirely devoted to it, and arguments, to have weight with the representatives of the nation, must, he said, be such as were adapted to 'people who know very little of the matter, care not much about it, half of whom have dined, or are going to dine, and are only forcibly struck by that which they instantly comprehend without trouble.'* The success of a speaker depends in great measure upon his keeping to this low level, or in other words upon his being in unison with his hearers, which is the characteristic that Burke particularly noted in Charles Townshend as the cause of his singular influence over his audience. If the matter is set off by luminous exposition, eloquence, wit, sarcasm, argument, which rarely happens, it is a proof of extraordinary intellectual endowments, but not of the qualities of a statesman; and when office is conferred for oratory which in style and substance rises little, and often not at all, above mediocrity, or even for a few sarcastic jests, unredeemed by solid acquirements of any description, it ceases to be a wonder that the members of a government are not the least fallible of men. Great debaters have frequently been great ministers as well as the reverse, and where there is free discussion the power of words cannot be neglected. The error is habitually to prefer those who can talk before those who can counsel and act,—a superficial glibness of tongue to the more sterling accomplishments of thought, knowledge, foresight, and promptitude.

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* Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel: Part I., Tho

Brilliant success again at the bar leads naturally to the bench, and in the majority of instances no better test of fitness could be adopted. Nevertheless it is a test extremely uncertain, for the habit of mind which is acquired in espousing one side is widely different from that which arbitrates between both. Very distinguished lawyers who have worn the ermine in the memory of the present generation could never throw off the propensities of the advocate. If he succeeds in bringing his faculties into the requisite equilibrium, the qualities which made him an able counsel may be quite distinct from the functions of the judge. Garrow had a masterly skill in examining witnesses, which amounted to a genius for that department of his profession, and which, conjoined with other resources of a lower calibre, secured him for a long term of years the largest business of any man of his time. But his knowledge of law was nothing, and the talent in which he is supposed never to have been rivalled became nearly useless by his promotion to the bench. That confident and courageous warmth on behalf of clients, such as Lord Brougham describes in Mr. James Allan Park, and which Lord Cockburn says is a common characteristic of favourite counsel who are not of the highest class, the artful and impassioned addresses to juries, the tact, and the trickery, though peculiarly effective in gaining verdicts, must all be left behind on ascending the judgment-seat. Hence the leader at the bar has often proved an inferior magistrate, while many who were less conspicuous in the lower arena have earned themselves lasting renown among the administrators of justice. The deficiency is sometimes palpable beforehand, and improper appointments are wilfully made, but those who seem to promise best not unfrequently belie the expectations which were formed of them. Lord Brougham remarks of Lord Abinger that he was possessed of every endowment for the constitution of a consummate judge —'quickness, sagacity, learning, integrity, legal habits, great knowledge of men, practice at the bar of vast extent, and infinite variety, good nature withal and patience.' He failed, however, from not 'considering that it was a perfectly new duty which he had to perform,' from an overweening opinion that he arrived a finished master at a position where it was necessary that he should first be a learner, and from refusing to employ the industry and to accept the assistance which were required to adapt his ample attainments to his altered functions.

There is one cause which, if no other was in operation, would constantly prevent men from being advanced in proportion to their merit. The public must be the arbiters, and they are often incompetent to judge. In the case of speakers we have seen that the showy qualities prevail over the solid, and

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Roman Catholic Question, p. 66. Mr. Macaulay has expressed similar opinions. 'It is not' he says, 'by accuracy or profundity that men become the masters of great assemblies. And why be at the charge of providing logic of the best quality, when a very inferior article will be equally acceptable? Why go as deep into a question as Burke, only in order to be, like Burke, coughed down, or left speaking to green benches and red boxes? The tendency of institutions like those of England is to encourage readiness in public men at the expense both of fulness and exactness. The keenest and most vigorous minds of every generation, minds often fitted admirably for the investigation of truth, are habitually employed in producing arguments such as no man of sense would ever put into a treatise intended for publication; arguments which are just good enough to be used once, when aided by fluent delivery and pointed language. The talent for debate is developed in such men to a degree which, to the multitude, seems as marvellous as the performances of an Italian *improvisatore.* But they are fortunate indeed if they retain unimpaired the faculties which are required for close reasoning or for enlarged speculation. Indeed we should sooner expect a great original work on political science, such a work, for example, as the '*Wealth of Nations,*' from an apothecary in a country town, or from a minister in the Hebrides, than from a statesman who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons.'

Lord Bacon states the cause in uncompromising language when commenting upon the assertion of Demosthenes that 'action' was the first, second, and third requisite of an orator. 'A strange thing,' says Bacon, 'that that part which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest—nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise, and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent.' It is the same with readers as with hearers. Bishop Butler was taught by experience that of the multitudes who turned over books for amusement, for the sake of talking, or to qualify themselves for the world, very few cared to examine into the accuracy of assertions or the truth of principles. This, he said, 'was to the generality of people a circumstance of no consideration at all'—a phenomenon which to his earnest and inquiring mind appeared nothing less than 'prodigious.' The majority must, therefore, judge of books as of speeches—by their superficial characteristics. Nay, even as to these, the larger part of mankind will prefer false glitter to higher excellences. Verbiage, bombast, and flowery images will impose upon them in an infinitely greater degree than those quiet graces which are the last perfection of style. So, too, a broad jest would be relished by persons who would be nearly insensible to the delicate and far more exquisite humour of Addison. In all departments of knowledge a just estimation and a correct taste can only be attained by an amount of study which is exceedingly rare. Sir Joshua Reynolds, on first visiting the Vatican, was mortified to discover that he could not appreciate the pictures of Raphael. He felt his ignorance and was abashed. Day by day he gazed at them and copied them; by degrees a new perception dawned upon him, and he recognised how unenlightened was his former opinion, and how incomparable were the works of the great master. He afterwards learnt that every student who examined them had passed through the same process, and that none were seized with instantaneous raptures, except those who were incapable of ever understanding them at all. The truth, he says, was, that if they had been what he had expected, they would have contained beauties which were merely superficial and would not have deserved their reputation. Experience and reflection convinced him that genuine excellence lay deep, that the florid style which captivated at once was as false as it was alluring, and that no man ever attained to a right discernment in art without long labour and close attention. In everything, he remarks, it was the same. A nice ear for music and a just poetical taste were equally the work of time, and untutored nature formed conclusions which were repudiated by an educated judgment.

The observation is not only true of intellectual things, but is equally applicable to moral. 'Praise,' says Lord Bacon, 'if it be from the common people, is commonly false and naught, and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous: for the common people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them, the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all, but shows and *species virtutibus similes* serve best with them.'

'What a pregnant remark is this!' adds Archbishop Whately. 'By the lowest of the virtues he means probably such as hospitality, liberality, good-humoured courtesy, and the like; and these, he says, the common run of mankind are accustomed to *praise*. Those which they *admire*, such as daring courage and firm fidelity to friends, or to the cause or party one has espoused, are what he ranks in the next highest place. But the most elevated virtues of all, such as disinterestedness and devoted public spirit, thorough-going, even-handed justice, and disregard of unpopularity when duty requires, of these he says the vulgar have usually no notion. And he might have gone further, for it often happens that a large portion of mankind not only do not praise or admire the highest qualities, but even censure and despise them.'—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 469.

Bacon in other parts of his Essays has specified qualities as calculated to win unenlightened approbation, which rather belong to the list of vices than even to the lowest of the virtues. 'Vainglorious men,' he says, for example, 'are the scorn of the wise but the admiration of fools.' Boldness, again, in state matters, he likens in the extent of its effects to action in oratory. 'Yet boldness,' he continues, 'is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. Nevertheless, it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times.' Upon every point it appears, whether of head or heart, the capable judges are the minority; and though their decrees may ultimately prevail before the calm tribunal of posterity, when the crowd are content to receive the law from their superiors, it must often be otherwise in those decisions of the hour, in which the multitude claim their right to be heard. As long, in a word, as 'there is more of the fool than of the wise in human nature,' so long must wisdom be frequently subordinate to folly, and the lowest virtues be preferred to the highest. The possessor of the great and good gifts is not the sufferer. The main advantage to the individual is in the deserts themselves, and not in the recognition of them by others; as Bacon has it, we should 'rather seek merit than fame.' John Hunter was accustomed to say that 'no great man ever desired to be great,'—meaning that his delight and his reward were in the qualities which constituted his greatness, and not in the tributes which would make him appear great in the eyes of the world. The excellences are the privilege; ambition is none.

Though Lord Bacon condescended to climb by crooked paths, he had far too extensive an acquaintance with the human heart, and, in spite of his deviations in practice, too many godlike aspirations of his own, to fall into an error which Archbishop Whately mentions as common among evil men:—

> 'It was remarked by an intelligent Roman Catholic that the confessional trains the priest to a knowledge not of human nature but of mental *nosology*. "It may, therefore, qualify them," he said, "for the treatment of a depraved, but not of a pure mind." Now, what the confessional is to the priest, that a knave's own heart is to him. He can form no notion of a nobler nature than his own. Miss Edgeworth describes such a person as one who divides all mankind into rogues and fools, and when he meets with an honest man of good sense does not know what to make of him. Nothing, it is said, more puzzled Buonaparte. He would offer a man money; if that failed, he would talk of glory, or promise him rank and power; but if all these temptations failed, he set him down for an idiot, or a half-mad dreamer. Conscience was a thing he could not understand.'—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 202.

An English Ambassador who visited Rome was asked by Queen Caroline why he did not endeavour to convert the Pope. 'Because,' he replied, 'I had nothing better to offer his Holiness than what he already possesses.' This we may presume was a jest; but Buonaparte himself was not a more avowed example of Archbishop Whately's observation than thousands of persons at home and abroad in the corrupt society of the eighteenth century. Rulhière, who was at St. Petersburg in 1762, when Catherine caused her husband, Peter III., to be murdered, wrote a history of the transaction on his return to France, which was handed about in manuscript. The Empress was informed of it, and endeavoured to procure the destruction of the work. Madame Geoffrin was sent to Rulhière to offer him a considerable bribe to throw it into the fire. He eloquently demonstrated that it would be a base and cowardly action, which honour and virtue forbade. She heard him patiently to the end, and then calmly replied, 'What! isn't it enough?' Archbishop Whately relates of a contemporary who long occupied an elevated position, that he imputed motives to all the world which a lofty nature would have considered base, but, having no notion of anything better, he entertained, says the Archbishop, no contempt for his kind, 'was good-humoured and far from a misanthrope, and no more despised men for not being superior to what he thought them than we despise horses and dogs for being no more than brutes.' There is some excuse for the sweeping judgments of persons in high place, for they are condemned to see human nature under its basest aspects. Lord Brougham has put upon record his own official experience, and a darker picture could not well be drawn. 'Cold calculations upon the death of those who stop the way, unfeeling acrimony towards competitors, unblushing falsehood in both its branches, boasting and detraction, the fury of disappointment when that has not been done which it was impossible to do, swift oblivion of all that has been granted, unreasonable expectation of more only because much has been given, not seldom favours repaid with hatred, as if by this unnatural course the account might be settled between gratitude and pride—such are the secrets of the heart which power soon discloses to its possessor.' La Rochefoucauld has said that self-interest speaks all sorts of languages and personates all kinds of parts, even that of disinterestedness. There is none which the greedy petitioners for place personate so often. The transparent and disgusting hypocrisy of desiring preferment purely for the good of the country and from a sense of public duty, is stated by Lord Brougham to be incessant. Once, on his remarking to Lord Melbourne that nobody could tell till he came into office how base men were, the latter humorously replied, 'On the contrary, I never before had such an opinion of human virtue, for I now find that self-denial is the sole motive in seeking advancement, and personal gain the only thing that is never dreamt of.' Lord Brougham brought away from his sorrowful experience a benevolence unchilled and a faith in goodness undiminished, because he had the two grand correctives to a universal condemnation—a generous nature and an extended observation. He who is above the vices he witnesses knows, as Archbishop Whately well remarks, that there is, at least, one person superior to them, and he would conclude there must be more, even if he had none of the actual examples before his eyes which a large acquaintance with the world infallibly supplies. Indeed, the worst minister, and the most contracted in his view, might be expected to reflect that the worthy part of mankind would be the last to thrust themselves under his notice. People of nice honour and sensitive feelings, those who are truly disinterested and philanthropic,

> 'Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire,'

never approach him. It is the bird of prey which gathers where the carcase is. The kinds which are not rapacious maintain their flight in a higher region and a less tainted atmosphere. If Sir Robert Walpole, according to the version of his biographer which we believe to be the correct one, declared of his corrupt opponents, 'all *these* men have their price,' he uttered a truth as undoubted as his alleged maxim, 'all men have their price,' would have been false. Those patriots of whom he said 'that they were easily raised, for it was but to refuse an unreasonable demand, and up sprung a patriot,' were not the world, however convenient they might find it for their selfish ends to speak in its name.

Of all the dark representations which have been given of the motives and dispositions of mankind, the most plausible and acute is embodied in the 'Maxims' of La Rochefoucauld. 'Fundamental truths,' says Locke, 'like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful in themselves, but give light to other things that without them could not be seen. Our Saviour's great rule that "we should love our neighbour as ourselves" is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society, that I think by that alone one might without difficulty determine all the cases and doubts in social morality.' La Rochefoucauld, on his part, has his fundamental truth, and every one is familiar with the famous motto which he put as a text to his work—'Our virtues are generally vices in disguise.' The five hundred and four pithy sentences which follow are mostly illustrations of this pervading principle. He says, for example, that 'Virtue would not go so far if Vanity did not keep her company;' that 'What we cut off from our other defects we frequently add to our pride;' that 'Self-interest, which we accuse of all our crimes, ought often to be praised for our good actions;' that 'We sometimes imagine we hate flattery, but only hate the manner of flattering;' that 'Women weep to get the reputation of being tender-hearted, weep that they may be pitied, weep to be wept, weep to avoid the discredit of not weeping.' Wherever there is an appearance of good, he traces it up to evil motives, and these, again, he resolves into self-love. His creed is thus directly opposed to the precept of our Saviour, so beautifully set forth by Locke, and, if the latter is ever observed, the principle of La Rochefoucauld must in all such cases be untrue. Taken in its extremest latitude, it involves complete infidelity as a consequence; for to believe that the rule of our Lord is habitually violated by the whole of mankind is to assume that His Gospel is a nullity, and that His entire mission on earth has been in vain. La Rochefoucauld himself limits his assertion, and the same qualifying phrase which he introduces into the summary of his system is repeated in many of the succeeding maxims. In fact, his celebrated saying, 'Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue,' supposes the virtue to be real, or it would otherwise come under the denomination of hypocrisy, and there would be nothing left to which to do homage. His profligate followers have outstripped their master, and have often written of his delineation of human nature as though there were no exceptions to the hideous picture. They have especially delighted to quote one detestable proposition, to which he gives a universal application,—'In the misfortunes of our best friends there is *always* something which is not displeasing to us;' but they appear unconscious, or omit to state, that La Rochefoucauld rejected it upon maturer consideration, and excluded it from the later editions of his work. Nor must it be forgotten, in extenuation of his cynical view, that the circle of each man's acquaintances is the world to him, and that the author of the 'Maxims' derived his notions of his kind from the vitiated society of the upper classes during the regency of Anne of Austria and the reign of Louis XIV. However false as a general principle might be his assertion 'that there is no one who believes himself in any quality inferior to the person whom he esteems the most,' it might be truer than we should suspect of multitudes of his countrymen when Courier could say 'that, with many faults, he must claim one great merit—he was the single person in France who did not imagine himself fit to be king.' The definition of friendship, 'that it is only a traffic in which self-love always expects to be a gainer,' with other remarks of the same kind, imputing what ought to be the attachments of the heart to sordid interest, may easily be supposed a correct representation of the alliances he witnessed among the fawning courtiers, who, lost to manliness and independence, were engaged in a miserable rivalry for paltry distinctions and preferments. It must have been another sort of friendship of which he spoke, later in life, when he said that 'a true friend was the greatest of all blessings, and the one which we least thought of acquiring.' The observation shows that he, at any rate, believed in the possibility of ties which are formed by esteem for personal qualities, without regard to grosser advantages; that he was at last convinced that man was capable of ennobling affections as well as of lower desires, and could love his neighbour without coveting his goods. By his own confession he was himself an example of it, for he professed 'to entertain such an attachment to his friends that he would not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice his interests to theirs.' After all allowances, however, his picture of mankind remains partial and bitter. Even Cardinal de Retz, who had been a leader in the same scenes, who had been accustomed to look at the world upon its blackest side, and belonged to that side himself, complained that La Rochefoucauld had too little faith in virtue. Few books could be more pernicious than his, if it is received for the entire truth, and either teaches the reader misanthropy from the belief that all are bad, or profligacy from the notion that it is equally needless and vain to attempt to be better; few books are more useful, if it is employed as a manual for self-examination by which to probe our motives and to learn the deceitfulness of the heart. The false pretences which La Rochefoucauld has specified are defects to which everybody is, in some respects, originally prone, which numbers continue to practise habitually, and which are apt to intermingle with the higher impulses that ordinarily govern those who are labouring to be upright.

Two maxims of La Rochefoucauld—one, 'that before we wish eagerly for anything we should inquire into the happiness of him who possesses it;' the other, 'that there is little we should desire ardently if we knew perfectly what we desired'—find their commentary in Bacon's Essay on 'Great Place.' Dr. Johnson maintained that all the arguments to show the misery of men in high station were deceptive, since everybody wished for it notwithstanding. This proves that the majority imagine that it produces happiness in spite of the reasons which are urged to the contrary, but does not prove the happiness is real. 'They desire it ardently because they do not know perfectly what they desire.' Nobody was a greater dupe to the common opinion than Bacon himself, or in the excessive anxiety to attain his end had been less deterred from verifying his own observation, 'that there is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and *evil* arts.' How little the eagerness of anticipation was a just evidence of the enjoyments of possession, which on Johnson's theory ought to have followed, may be seen in the impressive after-testimony of the illustrious Chancellor:—

> 'The rising into place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy, for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it, but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report when, perhaps, they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults.'—*Essay XI.* Whately's edition, p. 87.

A caliph of Cordova is reported to have said when he was dying—'I have passed a reign of more than fifty years in peace or victory, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, respected by my allies. In this apparent prosperity I have kept count of the days that were really happy, and they amount to fourteen.' The speech may have been invented to point a moral, but the history of kings has assuredly not been the history of human felicity, and their ministers, who have put their experience upon record, have seldom had a more flattering tale to tell than Chancellor Bacon. His contemporary and cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, who was principal Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth and James I., and ultimately Lord High Treasurer, may speak for the major part of them in the letter in which he poured out his feelings to a friend in 1604, when he was acknowledged to be the ablest, as he appeared the most enviable, statesman of his time. 'Give heed to one that hath sorrowed in the bright lustre of a court and gone heavily over the best seeming fair ground. It is a great task to prove one's honesty, and yet not spoil one's fortune. You have tasted a little hereof in our blessed queen's time, who was more than a man, and in truth sometimes less than a woman. I wish I waited now in her presence-chamber with ease at my food and rest in my bed. I am pushed from the shore of comfort, and know not where the winds and waves of a court will bear me; I know it bringeth little comfort on earth; and he is, I reckon, no wise man that looketh this way to heaven.' There is a deep pathos in the words to those who weigh them. And not the least touching part of the confession is the avowed struggle between virtue and ambition, and the undisguised consciousness that ambition would triumph. This is one of the misfortunes of power, that those who have tasted it can neither be happy with it nor without it; they are uneasy upon their eminence, and yet are mortified to come down from it, tenaciously clinging to the dignity while they are oppressed by its troubles. In every stage, as Lord Bacon found, the distress predominates—the upward course toilsome, the standing-place painful, the descent melancholy. In the conflict of such feelings Cecil had never the courage to resign, and yet was thankful when a king more absolute than the monarch he served gave him his dismissal. 'Ease and pleasure,' he said, 'quake to hear of death; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved.' The downfall from power, which Cecil escaped, is the more usual fate of ministers; and though the tenure of kings is in theory permanent, and their overthrow as much rarer as it is more disastrous when it occurs, yet the contemporaneous examples of dethroned sovereigns, when Voltaire wrote his 'Candide,' were sufficiently numerous to suggest one of the most striking passages in the work. Candide, at Venice, sits down to supper with six strangers who are staying at the same hotel with himself; and as the servants, to his astonishment, address each of them by the title of 'Your Majesty,' he asks for an explanation of the pleasantry:—

> 'I am not jesting, said the first; I am Achmet III.; I was Sultan several years; I dethroned my brother, and my nephew has dethroned me. They have cut off the heads of my viziers; I shall pass the remainder of my days in the old Seraglio; my nephew, the Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes permits me to travel for my health, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.
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> 'A young man who was close to Achmet spoke next, and said, My name is Ivan; I have been Emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned when I was in my cradle; my father and my mother have been incarcerated; I was brought up in prison; I have sometimes permission to travel attended by my keepers, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.
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> 'The third said, I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has surrendered his rights to me; I have fought to sustain them; my vanquishers have torn out the hearts of eight hundred of my partisans; I have been put into prison; I am going to Rome to pay a visit to my father, dethroned like my grandfather and myself, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.
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> 'The fourth then spoke, and said, I am King of Poland; the fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary states;* my father experienced the same reverses; I resign myself to the will of Providence, like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and the king Charles Edward, to whom God grant a long life, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.
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> 'The fifth said, I am also King of Poland;† I have lost my kingdom twice, but Providence has given me another state in which I have done more good than all the kings of Sarmatia put together have ever done on the banks of the Vistula. I also resign myself to the will of Providence, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.
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> 'There remained a sixth monarch to speak. Gentlemen, he said, I am not so great a sovereign as the rest, but I, too, have been a king. I am Theodore, who was elected King of Corsica; I was called "your Majesty," and at present am hardly called "Sir;" I have caused money to be coined, and do not now possess a penny; I have had two secretaries of state, and have now scarcely a servant; I have sat upon a throne and was long in a prison in London upon straw, and am afraid of being treated in the same manner here, although I have come, like your Majesties, to pass the Carnival at Venice.
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> 'The five other Kings heard this confession with a noble compassion. Each of them gave

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* Augustus III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. The electorate, from which he was twice driven by Frederick the Great, was the hereditary state of which Voltaire speaks. His father, Augustus II., became King of Poland in 1697, was deposed in 1704, recovered the crown in 1709, and retained it till his death in 1733. His electorate of Saxony was overrun in 1706 by Charles XII. of Sweden.

† Stanislaus Leszczynski. He was elected King of Poland in 1704, through the influence of Charles XII., and was dethroned in 1709, after the battle of Pultowa. He was re-elected in 1733, on the death of Augustus II., and was soon after dispossessed of his kingdom by Augustus III. In 1736 he was invested for life with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, and it was here, by public works and the patronage of literature, that he earned the eulogy of Voltaire.

King Theodore twenty sequins to buy some clothes and shirts. Candide presented him with a diamond worth two thousand sequins. Who, said the five Kings, is this man who can afford to give a hundred times as much as any of us? Are you, Sir, also a king?—No, your Majesties, and I have no desire to be.'

The last stroke is an instance of Voltaire's consummate art, very common with him, in conveying his moral by a single phrase, which tells with electric rapidity and force. These reflections upon the vanity of human wishes are usually numbered among the commonplaces of moralists, and are supposed to be dismissed with formal acquiescence and secret dissent. There is nothing, nevertheless, more deserving of attention. There are thousands upon thousands who, as far as the inevitable trials of life will permit, possess all the elements of happiness except the belief that they possess them. The sum of felicity would be multiplied to an extent beyond calculation if men would make the most of what they have instead of craving what they have not, and the practical testimony of the Bacons and Cecils to the worse than worthlessness of the things which are rated highest is surely a lesson to teach genuine contentment, and turn ambition into thankfulness. 'I thank God,' said Montesquieu, 'that, having bestowed upon me a mean in all things, He has also put a little moderation in my soul!' There will always be plenty to struggle for pre-eminence; but religion, philosophy, and experience are more efficacious than they seem, because by reconciling men to obscurity the result attracts less attention in proportion as it is complete.

With all his worldly shrewdness the passion for wealth is not more countenanced by Bacon than the passion for place. 'The ways to enrich,' he says, 'are many, and most of them foul; parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity.' He remarks that a large fortune is of no solid use to the owner, except to increase his means of giving. 'The rest is but conceit; the personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches.' This is a profound observation, and goes to the root of the common fallacy that happiness will increase with money. To a casual glance the circle of enjoyments appears to be enlarged, but in reality it is only changed, and the extraordinary gratification ceases with novelty. Gray had arrived at the same conclusion as Bacon. 'There is but one real evil in poverty (take my word, who know it well), and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them.' Dr. Johnson, indeed, argued that wealth would buy respect, and respect pleasure. 'If six hundred pounds a year,' he said, 'procure a man more consequence, and of course more happiness, than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried.' The theory is not confirmed by experience. The consequence of the rich does *not* increase with this steady progression, but quickly finds its limits, nor is the consequence which money purchases of a nature to confer substantial satisfaction. Montesquieu says he had found that most people only slaved to make a large fortune to be in despair when they had made it because they were not high-born. The separation of ranks was maintained in France with far greater rigour than with us, and money did less in breaking down the barrier which divided the aristocrat from the *millionnaire*. Yet, as even in England the consideration obtainable by wealth alone is incomplete, no one can fail to have remarked that the effect upon the owner is rather to render him restless than contented. The desire for social distinction has been kindled in his mind, and he is far more irritated by what is denied him than soothed by what he can get. Whatever may be the particular advantages of wealth, the application of La Rochefoucauld's rule, to observe how far the possessor is happy before desiring the possessions, must at least satisfy competent inquirers that the balance of true enjoyment is not in his favour. One reason for desiring riches is peculiarly specious, which is to be above the necessity of a rigid economy or the pressure of debt; but a striking and instructive note of Archbishop Whately shows that even this plausible expectation is deceptive:—

'It is worth remarking, as a curious circumstance, and the reverse of what many would expect, that the expenses called for by a real or *imagined* necessity of those who have large incomes are greater in proportion than those of persons with slenderer means; and that consequently a larger proportion of what are called the rich are in embarrassed circumstances than of the poorer. This is often overlooked, because the *absolute number* of those with large incomes is so much less, that, of course, the absolute number of persons under pecuniary difficulties in the poorer classes must form a very great majority. But if you look to the *proportions*, it is quite the reverse. Take the number of persons of each amount of income, divided into classes from 100*l.* per annum up to 100,000*l.* per annum, and you will find the *per centage* of those who are under pecuniary difficulties *continually augmenting* as you go upwards. And when you come to sovereign states, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find *one* that is not deeply involved in debt! So that it would appear the larger the income the harder it is to live within it.'—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 270.

In other words, the temptation to spend increases in a greater ratio than the wealth. An accession of fortune would at first afford relief, but in a short time it would, to the majority of persons, be more difficult to keep within the bounds of the larger sum than of the less. This common tendency of mankind to go beyond their means has occasioned competence to be defined as three hundred a year more than you possess. With the very rich, for three hundred it would often be necessary to read thirty thousand; since not only is the proportion of involved people greatest among those who have the amplest incomes, but their embarrassments bear a larger proportion to their resources and the demands which are made upon them. As Cowley says, 'The poor rich man 's emphatically poor.' The remedy for debt, after the absolute essentials of each station are supplied, is therefore plainly to be sought in increased economy, and not in increased wealth. It was to ensure the necessary thrift that Swift said 'a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart'—should look after it both in the making and the spending to escape the miseries which the want of it produces, but should beware of loving it. He prided himself much upon a maxim which hit the true medium between imprudence and covetousness, and declared it ought to be written in letters of diamond. Lord Bolingbroke, who knew his propensity, replied that 'a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would most assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions.' There, accordingly, it did descend as he advanced in years. Each must watch against his predominant tendency—the profuse learn to be frugal, the parsimonious to be liberal.

A gentleman in narrow circumstances quoted the common saying, 'Poverty is no crime,' and was answered, 'Yes, but it is worse.' Many prove that they are seriously of this opinion by the dishonest arts which they practise to get money. Others look down upon the indigent as though the things external to a man, and not the man himself, were the proper objects of regard. All such people earn the stern rebuke of Gray that their poverty is in their mind. Archbishop Whately, however, dwells upon the just distinction that though poverty is not disgraceful, the exhibition of it is felt to be indecent. 'A man of sense is not ashamed of confessing it; but he keeps the marks of it out of sight.' He mentions that a person, who disputed the assertion, observed in refutation of it, 'Why this coat that I now have on I have had turned because I could not well afford a new one, and I care not who knows it.' His instance, as the Archbishop acutely remarks, proved the point he was controverting, or he would have worn the coat *without* turning. 'He might have had it scoured if needful; but though clean, it would still have looked threadbare; and he did not like to make this display of poverty.' If his principle had been correct he would have been content in weather, when he did not require it for warmth, to walk the streets, or call upon his friends, without any coat at all, and might have alleged the same reason, that he could not well afford to wear one every day. Ignorance of this difference between shame of poverty itself, and shame of being compelled to expose it in ways which are a violation of the established proprieties of life, has given rise to many erroneous judgments. Among the companions of Reynolds, when he was studying his art at Rome, was a fellow-pupil of the name of Astley. They made an excursion, with some others, on a sultry day, and all except Astley took off their coats. After several taunts he was persuaded to do the same, and displayed on the back of his waistcoat a foaming waterfall. Distress had compelled him to patch his clothes with one of his own landscapes. His reluctance to exhibit his expedient is imputed by one biographer to 'a proud heart.' It was more likely to be due to a sense of decorum.

Archbishop Whately points out that there are other things which are no discredit, but which delicacy keeps in the background because they are offensive when obtruded, and among these he names self-love, or the deliberate desire for our own happiness. Persons not accustomed to reflect are sometimes confounded when a sophist, who is culpably selfish, maintains that they, in their way, are selfish like himself. But it is not the desire for happiness which is criminal, but the attempt to obtain it through pernicious objects and by forbidden means. It makes all the difference whether it is sought through doing good or injury to others, through virtue or vice, through obeying or disobeying the commands of God. Not that those who act from principle have habitually or even usually before their minds the blessing to themselves which is the ultimate consequence of their conduct, for the precepts by which they are guided are intrinsically beautiful, and when once they are justly appreciated are loved on their own account. It is the essential characteristic of the moral regulations of Omnipotence that being contrived in infinite wisdom, they carry with them in the long run every advantage. They are delightful in themselves; and the very same act which is best for each is for the benefit of all. 'It is curious to observe,' says Archbishop Whately, 'how people who are always thinking of their own pleasure or interest, will often, if possessing considerable ability, make others give way to them, and obtain everything they seek, *except happiness.* For like a spoiled child, who at length cries for the moon, they are always dissatisfied. And the benevolent, who are always thinking of others, and sacrificing their own personal gratifications, are usually the happiest of mankind.'

In treating of the difference between the 'disgraceful' and the 'indecent,' Archbishop Whately mentions that the Greeks and the Romans unfortunately had not, like ourselves, a separate word for each; *turpe* and αισχρον served to express both. 'Some of the ancient philosophers,' he adds, 'especially the Cynics, founded paradoxes on this ambiguity, and thus bewildered themselves and their hearers.' It is a peculiar excellence of the writings of the Archbishop that he is careful to weigh the signification of words, and examine whether they give a true representation of things. Upon the observation of Lord Bacon that 'time is the greatest innovator,' he makes the useful remark, that though this is an allowable and convenient mode of speaking, effects are produced not *by* time but *in* time. 'In reality,' he continues, quoting from Bishop Copleston, 'time *does* nothing and *is* nothing. We use it as a compendious expression for all those causes which operate slowly and imperceptibly, but unless some positive cause is in action no change takes place in the lapse of a thousand years.' Bishop Copleston probably borrowed the reflection from Hooker, who says 'that time doth but measure other things, and neither worketh in them any real effect nor is itself ever capable of any.'* Our sense of the importance and responsibility of human actions is extremely increased by the consideration. Out of the physical laws of nature, and the operations of the brute creation, there is no other agent but man. In laws, in government, in arts, in sciences, in every possible institution, all evil and all good are the direct result of his proceedings.

While we are on the subject of language it may be well to mention that both Archbishop Whately and Bishop Copleston appear to us to be mistaken in their derivation of 'toad-eater.' The Bishop supposes it to come from the 'Spanish *todito*, a familiar diminutive of todo (toto), one who does everything for you—a *fac-totum*—a frequent member of the Spanish household.' He seems to have overlooked the objection that the transformation of words of foreign origin into English terms of a similar sound and of an entirely different meaning, can only take place through the ignorant; and when it is remembered that 'toad-eater' did not come into use till the early part of the last century, and was a phrase of the educated classes, which has hardly even now descended to the lower, it is almost impossible that it should uniformly have been written and printed in its corrupted form without leaving in any author the slightest trace of its source. Archbishop Whately thinks that 'toad' is an equally improbable origin, and derives the term from a cognate expression which he sufficiently indicates by the remark, that one element in etymology is the tendency to alter the pronunciation of any word which is in itself unbecoming. Toad, however, is right. In the 'Adventures of David Simple,' a novel by Miss Fielding, which appeared in 1744, the word is used by one of the characters, and was then so uncommon, that an explanation is asked by another, who says, 'it is a term he had never heard before.' 'I don't wonder, sir,' is the reply, 'you never heard of it; I wish I had spent my life without knowing the meaning of it. It is a metaphor taken from a mountebank's boy eating toads in order to show his master's skill in expelling poison. It is built on a supposition, which I am afraid is too generally true, that people who are so unhappy as to be in a state of dependence, are forced to do the most nauseous things that can be thought on, to please and humour their patrons.' Conjectural etymology is little better than jugglery. Where we have the opportunity to compare the guess with the fact the former has almost always proved to be wrong, and the known origin of many words is sufficient to show that no ingenuity could divine the circumstances from which they were derived if once their history was lost.

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* 'And therefore,' proceeds this great and exact thinker, 'when commonly we use to say that time doth eat or fret out all things, that some men see prosperous and happy days, and that some men's days are miserable, in all these and the like speeches that which is uttered of the time is not verified of time itself, but agreeth unto those things which are in time, and do by means of so near conjunction either lay their burthen upon the back, or set their crown upon the head of time. Yea, the very opportunities which we ascribe to time, do, in truth, cleave to the things themselves wherewith time is joined; as for time, it neither causeth things nor opportunities of things, although it comprise and contain both.'—*Hooker's Works*, vol. ii. p. 383, ed. Keble. It is not very likely that the Cardinal Imperiali had ever read Shakspeare, but he expressed under a different metaphor that same 'opportunity of time,' of which the poet speaks in his famous passage,—

> 'There is a tide in the affairs of men.'

'There is nobody,' said the Cardinal, 'whom fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she finds he is not ready to receive her she goes in at the door, and out through the window.'

In the annotations upon Bacon's Essay on 'Custom and Education' Archbishop Whately has again to observe upon a confusion of terms which were formerly kept distinct. 'At the present day it is common to use the words "custom" and "habit" as synonymous, and often to employ the latter where Bacon would have used the former. But, strictly speaking, they denote respectively the *cause* and the *effect*. Repeated acts constitute the "custom," and the "habit" is the condition of mind or body thence resulting.' It was thus that Addison applied the terms when he spoke of 'habits being contracted by long custom.'

'Many examples,' says Lord Bacon, 'may be put of the force of custom both upon mind and body;' and, though there is no truth more familiar, the enumeration of examples never fails to strengthen our sense of its importance. Addison dwells upon one grand feature,—that it renders things pleasant which at the commencement were painful. He quotes an observation of Bacon that the palate acquires a peculiar relish for liquors, such as coffee and claret, which at the first taste are disagreeable; and the assertion holds of a thousand particulars. Numerous hardships are the comforts of those who have been long inured to them. The Highlanders could with difficulty be persuaded to occupy the tents they took from the English at the battle of Preston-pans, and at the end of a Scottish autumn preferred to lie in the open air. Even a short apprenticeship produces the effect in a lesser degree. When Benjamin Franklin was employed in superintending the erection of some forts as a defence against the Indians on the frontier, he passed his nights wrapped up in a blanket on the hard floor of a hut. and on his first return to civilized life could scarcely sleep in a bed. The same sensations were experienced by Captain Ross and his crew when they were taken on board the *Isabella* after their Polar wanderings. Accustomed to lie on the frozen snow or the bare rock, the accommodations of a whaler were too luxurious for them, and Captain Ross was obliged to exchange his hammock for a chair. His comrades, he says, could rest little better than himself, and it required time to reconcile them to their primitive comforts. This beneficent law of our nature equalises to a degree beyond what most persons imagine the happiness of the different classes of mankind. The ruder habitations, the coarser fare, the bodily toil of the poor are not ungrateful to them, and it is only when they drop below their average condition that their sufferings commence. They may, like richer men, be troubled by the cravings of discontent, but their senses are not afflicted by circumstances which custom has rendered natural. As it is with the body, so with the mind. Lord Somers told Addison that, having been obliged to search among old records, the task which at the outset was excessively irksome became so exceedingly pleasant that he preferred it to reading Virgil or Cicero, although classical literature had been his constant delight. It is a frequent remark that those who have risen to the highest eminence in the law conceived in the beginning a disgust of the study. There is, indeed, here a second principle at work. All appreciation depends upon knowledge, and a minuter acquaintance with subjects which to the eye of ignorance present a barren and repulsive prospect, discloses unexpected attractions to the mind. There is no profession which by the combined force of custom and its own inherent interest, will not prove agreeable if once its elements are mastered. Those who retire in disgust have rarely applied with vigour to the task, and a lazy or sullen routine neither communicates knowledge, nor forms habits, unless it be the habit of laziness and sullenness.

The influence of use in subduing painful sensations is conspicuous in the medical profession. The horror of dissections, the sickening faintness produced by the sight of wounds and operations, would incapacitate men from lending to nature the resources of art unless the feelings were blunted by the repetition of the spectacle. But here the gain seems upon a superficial view to be attended with a loss. If the oftener we witness suffering the less we are moved by it, there appears a risk that our desire to alleviate it will be proportionably diminished. Bishop Butler, the profoundest and most practical of metaphysicians, who applied his intimate knowledge of the subtle laws of the mind to show the wisdom which contrived it, and to correct the evils which beset it, has cleared away the difficulty in one of the most luminous and important passages of his incomparable work. What he calls the passive impression, the mere involuntary sentiment of pity, is weakened by familiarity with distress; but as the original compassion is an incentive to render relief, those who obey the call have their habits of benevolence strengthened in the same degree that their mental uneasiness is decreased. Every time the exhibition of misery hardens our feelings, the effort to remove it invigorates our charity. Pity begets beneficence, and the practice of beneficence dispenses with the necessity for the painful instigation of heartrending pity. No one can contemplate these effects of custom—the deadening of a sensation which, if it was continuous, would render philanthropy torture, and the contemporaneous impulse given to the active exertions which are to carry relief—and not admire the wonderful work of the Creator in the moral constitution of man. Paley was so impressed with the necessity of fostering the habit of beneficence, because it is a quality cherished by indulgence and soon obliterated by neglect, that he advised the bestowing alms upon beggars of dubious credit on the ground that a wise man will do for his own sake what he would hesitate to do for the sake of the petitioner. As, however, there are always abundance of deserving objects, there can be no occasion to have recourse to doubtful or pernicious modes of maintaining the principle. 'If,' says Archbishop Whately, 'you give freely to ragged and filthy street-beggars, you are in fact *hiring* people to dress themselves in filthy rags, and go about begging with fictitious tales of distress.' Thus imposture is encouraged, and the virtue of him who gives would be kept alive by stimulating vice in him who receives.

It would be superfluous to quote examples of the tyranny of *bad* habits, for the evil is everywhere. The deeper the chain cuts the more impotent is the galled victim to shake it off; the more it becomes his curse the more surely does he make it his choice. The practice even survives the motives which produced it. 'Though the Count,' says Fielding, describing the social intercourse between the fraudulent gamester and the thief, 'knew if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild he should not receive a shilling, yet he could not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.' The bootless habit will sometimes predominate over death itself. Contades, a sycophant of Richelieu, wrote in his last moments to the Cardinal that he was happy to die before him, that he might not witness the end of so illustrious a statesman. Fawning and flattery could avail him no longer, but he was the slave of a past which was more potent with him than the tremendous future upon which he was entering.

The persevering cultivation of our faculties is a form of custom, and the repetition of an act, with the addition of aiming in each repetition at increasing excellence, is productive both of facility and improvement. The process is exemplified in a hundred familiar circumstances, but it strikes us most when the acquirement is out of the usual routine, though not, perhaps, in itself at all more extraordinary than what we hourly witness. The eye, when perfect, might be supposed to reveal to one person what it does to another, and by no means to require a special education for each set of objects. In nothing, on the contrary, are the effects of training more conspicuous, or to the uninitiated more surprising Gainsborough says, that an artist knows an original from a copy by observing the touch of the pencil, for there will be the same individuality in the strokes of the brush as in the strokes of a pen. Those who can at once distinguish between different sorts of handwriting are yet often astonished at the possession of the faculty when it is exercised upon pictures. No engraver, in like manner, can counterfeit the style of another. His brethren of the craft would not only immediately detect the forgery, but would recognise the distinctive strokes of the forger.* Sir Joshua Reynolds states that a jeweller will be amazed when an inexperienced person is incapable of seeing the difference between a couple of diamonds of unequal brilliancy, 'not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the more perfect.' A shepherd can tell every sheep in his flock by its countenance, which nevertheless seems strange to many who discriminate instantly in human beings between face and face. There is no other difficulty in the case than that they are not accustomed to observe sheep in the same degree as men. Sovereigns receive a multitude of persons at their courts who are flattered by being remembered and by any allusion to past conversations and circumstances. The impression left is that there must be a peculiar regard when the recollection has survived the public events which have intervened, and the unceasing excitement, pomp, and dignity which encompass a throne. The presumed exception is the rule. The importance attached to such complimentary notices causes princes to cultivate the power, and Gibbon had noticed that all the royal families in Europe were remarkable for the faculty of recognising individuals and of recalling proper names. The Marquis de Bouillé said it was like a sixth sense bestowed upon them by nature. 'Are you the relation of the Abbé de Montesquieu, that I saw here in company with the Abbé d'Estrades?' inquired Victor II. of Montesquieu when he visited Piedmont. 'Your Majesty,' he answered, 'is like Cæsar, who never forgot any name.' Montesquieu himself records his reply, for he thought it was happy, and that he had delicately compared his Sardinian Majesty to Cæsar. He was not aware that all monarchs were Cæsars in this particular, and the possession of the same faculty in an unusual degree by an entire order of persons of different sexes, nations, and lineage, and of very unequal and often inferior capacities, is a plain proof of the skill which practice begets. Henderson, the actor, after a single reading of a newspaper repeated such an enormous portion of it as seemed utterly marvellous. 'If you had been obliged like me,' he said in reply to the surprise expressed by his auditors, 'to depend during many years for your daily bread on getting words by heart, you would not be so much astonished at habit having produced the facility.' Euler in consequence of his almost total blindness was obliged to work those calculations in his mind which others put upon paper, and to retain those *formulæ* in his head for which others trust chiefly to books. The extent, the readiness, and accuracy of his mathematical memory grew by this means to be prodigious, and D'Alembert declared that it was barely credible to those who had not witnessed it. The instances in which there is as trong motive to attain an end show the unexpected triumphs of which the understanding is capable. The reason why they are so rare is, that men ordinarily relax their efforts when the imperative demands of life have been satisfied. There would hardly be any limit to improvement if the same pains which they were compelled to take to gain their resting-place were afterwards employed in rising to fresh heights.

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* We are indebted for this remark to an interesting treatise on 'The Security and Manufacture of Bank Notes,' by Mr. Henry Bradbury.

The account which Lord Chesterfield gives of the method by which he acquired the reputation of being the most polished man in England, is a strong example in a comparatively trivial, but not unimportant matter, of the efficacy of practice. His appearance was much against him, and he had by nature none of the grace which afterwards distinguished him. 'I had a strong desire,' he says, 'to please, and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address, and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions, and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, though *de très mauvaise grace*, to all the most fashionable fine ladies; confessed and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them to try their skill in forming.' Lord Bacon says, that 'to attain good manners it almost sufficeth not to despise them, and that if a man labour too much to express them, he shall lose their grace, which is to be natural and unaffected.' To this we may add the observation of La Rochefoucauld, that in manners there are no good copies, for besides that the copy is almost always clumsy or exaggerated, the air which is suited to one person sits ill upon another. The greater must have been the perseverance of Lord Chesterfield to enable him to acquire the art by which art is concealed, and to assimilate borrowed graces to himself without their degenerating into the stiffness and incongruity of servile imitation. He was equally resolved to be an orator, and until he had attained his aim he neglected nothing which could conduce to it. He determined not to speak one word in conversation which was not the fittest he could recall, and he impressed upon his son that he should never deliver the commonest order to a servant, 'but in the best language he could find, and with the best utterance.' For many years he wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading, and either translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. A certain eloquence became at last, he says, habitual to him, and it would have given him more trouble to express himself inelegantly than ever he had taken to avoid the defect. Lord Bolingbroke, who could talk all day just as perfectly as he wrote, told him that he owed the power to the same cause—an early and constant attention to his style. After Pope had undertaken to translate the Iliad he was terrified at the difficulty of the task, had his rest broken by dreams of long journeys, through unknown ways, and wished that somebody would hang him. The harassing occupation became so easy by practice, that he often despatched forty or fifty lines in a morning before leaving his bed, and could at last compose more readily in verse than in prose. In short the instances are endless. The truth is not less clearly manifested in the inferiority of the greatest intellects, in the matters which they have neglected, to the average run of mankind. The want of power which Sir Isaac Newton exhibited on the ordinary topics which most engage the attention of the world, has often been noticed, and persons ignorant of mathematics and science can hardly credit, when they read his letters, that he was the prodigy of genius which his admirers pretend. Yet certain it is that he overtopped every mortal, ancient or modern, and the little talent which he displayed in lesser things is only an evidence that the sublimest understanding cannot dispense with the practice which makes perfect. Absorbed by his lofty and abstruse speculations, he was abstracted from the pursuits which engaged his fellow-men, and when he turned to new departments of knowledge his mind had become fixed by the exclusive addiction to his peculiar studies, and had lost its pliancy.

It is a comprehensive observation of Bacon upon this subject, which can never be too carefully treasured up, that we think according to our inclinations, speak according to the opinions we have been taught, and act according to what we have been accustomed. Thus it is common for a man upon the same point to think one thing, say another, and do a third. The native disposition and the infused precepts are overborne by his habits, and after theorising like a sage he may not improbably act like a knave or a fool. There is no more pre-eminent merit both in the text of Bacon, and the Notes of his commentator, than that their reflections carry with them a practical sense and a force of conviction which is a powerful antidote to this usual error. They not only teach wisdom, but they instil the desire to be wise. There cannot be a stronger inducement to study them. In the few topics upon which we have treated, we are conscious that we have neither done justice to the great variety of the truths which Archbishop Whately has put forth, nor to his mode of enforcing them. The cogency of his arguments, as well as the larger part of the valuable lessons he inculcates, must be sought in his book. Nor will the benefit stop with the direct information which he delivers. He is one of those thoughtful writers who set others thinking, and it is impossible to accompany him to the end without desiring to push on further in that grand track of truth in which he is so original and distinguished a pioneer.

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In the Mediterranean there are certain meeting-places of the East and West which startle the traveller when he first beholds them, and leave an impression on his memory which is never effaced. By the East we do not mean precisely the geographical east, but we use the word conventionally for those regions which wear the characteristics of Mohamedanism or Greek Christianity; as by the West we denote those civilised countries of modern Europe where the costume, the architecture, and all the outward expressions of human life, though differing among themselves, are yet uniform when contrasted with the countries of the Koran or with Oriental Christendom. Thus while that which we call the West must be extended to the very Eastern shores of the Baltic, and along the Danube to Belgrade, our East reaches continuously through the whole of Northern Africa to the Straits of Gibraltar.

Of the meeting-places few are more remarkable than Gibraltar itself. The measured tread of its red-coated sentinels, its shops for beer and porter, the 'coaling' of the English steam-vessels, the gathering of young officers for the 'Calpe Hunt,' make up one side of the picture; its African fruits and wares, the crouching slipshod Jew from Mogador, the turbaned Moor on the esplanade, where cannon-balls are piled among tufts of green palmetto, form the other side; while the Andalusian smuggler, and the muleteer with *sombrero* and *cigarito*, are intermediate links, which might be connected almost indifferently with the East or the West. Malta is another place where oriental characteristics are brought into startling juxtaposition with their opposites; Greek sailors, with red caps and blue petticoat-trowsers, are about the landing-places; the language spoken at the *Nix Mangiare* stairs is a corrupt Arabic; the roofs of the houses are flat; but the streets are thronged with a varied European population, our own countrymen being predominant. A third is Venice, as any one that never left home can perceive, who is told of the music of an Austrian military band filling the square of which the Byzantine arches and bright mosaics of St. Mark's are the distinguishing features, or who imagines the far less harmonious combination of a bustling railway station and an island-convent of Armenian monks. We might add a few more places to our list, such as Athens and Corfu, and of course Constantinople. But of all scenes where the East and West are brought face to face, none is so startling as Algiers. It would be saying far too little to describe Algiers as a French Malta or a French Gibraltar, and this not merely because it is larger and more populous than the city of 'the Rock,' or because its beautiful green suburbs are entirely wanting to Valetta: no contrast at either of those places, is so great as that between the most lively of the European nations and the unbending, savage Mohamedanism which is still predominant through more than half of Northern Africa: and if to the Moor and the Frenchman, whose contrasted figures give the characteristic expression to the picture, we add all the other varieties of man who may be seen every day in the streets and vicinity of Algiers—Kabyles, Arabs, here and there perhaps a Turk, with Jews, negroes, boatmen from Malta, labourers from Minorca, adventurers from Italy and Germany—we have a scene before us the curious composition of which has hardly received the attention it deserves.

If anything else were required to excite our interest in Algiers, we find it in the picturesque connexion which associates this colony with the most remarkable events of recent history, and with the stirring incidents of the lately concluded war. The dress of the Zouaves indicates the scenes in the midst of which they were originally organised. Long before the battle of the Alma, narratives were published describing the extraordinary activity and endurance of these fearless and serviceable troops. In the accounts of Marshal Bugeaud's Campaign in Kabylia, we may read of the gay *vivandière*, 'seated on her horse, with her laughing face overshadowed by a little hat adorned with feathers, and jesting lightheartedly with those around her,' while a storm of bullets is causing the twigs of the olive trees to fly in every direction.* All the French generals, who were conspicuous in Paris in 1848, or during the *coup d'état*, received their training in Algerian campaigns: Bedeau, who was wounded in the terrible conflict of June, two days before the death of the Archbishop of Paris; Cavaignac, who gave six months' comparative quiet to Europe; Oudinot, who besieged Mazzini and Garibaldi and took Rome with no little difficulty; Lamoricière and Changarnier, who were called early from their beds on the 2nd of December, 1851, and compelled to share the exile of their African companions in war. And the same may be said of others, whose names are now household words in every English village; Baraguay d'Hilliers, Saint-Arnaud, Canrobert, Bosquet, and Pélissier.

Let us take a glance at the outward appearance of Algiers and Algeria, before we proceed to give a rapid sketch of the earlier and later history of this part of the African coast, and speculate on the probable destinies of this French settlement on a Mohammedan shore. When the poet Campbell, the first of our countrymen who described the place after the French occupation, was roused from his morning sleep in Algiers, the sound which disturbed him was the muezzin's monotonous cry from a neighbouring minaret; when we were there in 1848, the sound which made sleep in the morning impossible was the irritating rattle of the regimental drums. And the Mussulman is still retreating before the Frenchman. Algiers is becoming more and more like a town in Provence or Languedoc.

When approached from the north, or when seen from the deck of an Alexandrian steamer, Algiers the Warlike, 'the Pirate's Daughter,' appears like a triangular town of chalk on the slope of a green range of hills, with the high and distant ridges of Atlas rising darkly behind. On a nearer view, the flat roofs, with a few low minarets, a few cupolas, and here and there a palm-tree, would give the impression of a thorough Mohamedan city, were it not that the activity of Europe is clearly revealed in the various shipping in the port, the steamers, the elaborately constructed mole, the lighthouse, the large French barracks, and at least one tall narrow structure which is not a minaret, and reminds us of Manchester rather than of Morocco. Immediately on landing, all the elements of the contrast to which we have alluded strike in rapid succession on the eye, and multiply as we pass through the streets. The general plan and distribution of the city is easily described. The main thoroughfares must in all ages have followed the narrow space of level ground which lies between the hill and the harbour; and that which was formerly the Roman forum, then the Arabian and subsequently the Turkish bazaar, is probably coincident with the fine square, which was the *Place Royale*, and (after being for a short time *Place Nationale*) is now *Place Impériale*. The level region of the city is almost as French in its architecture as the Boulevard des Italiens; while the other or ascending region is as Moorish as Fez or Morocco. Yet even without leaving the modernised part of Algiers, we encounter the most curious varieties of population. On our road from the mole, we have fought our way through a motley crowd of French soldiers, miscellaneous tradesmen, negro women, and half-naked Arabs. We have received our English letters at a window, whose slender marble shafts recall a state of society which is utterly at variance with all associations of the Post-office; we have looked at the unfinished Cathedral, which is so ugly that it deserves nothing more than a look; we have entered another church, which was formerly a mosque, and there a priest was saying mass with a congregation of Maltese, and the *suisse*, walking about with his hat on, made us feel that we were in the atmosphere of the Romanism of Paris. Other mosques remain what they were under the Turks, except that they may now be visited by Christians with impunity. As the traveller enters, he hears in French from the Mohamedan worshippers the laconic admonition '*sans souliers*,' and, on taking off his boots, he may sit down, if he pleases, cross-legged on the mats, and read his translation of the Koran without fear of interruption, while the monotonous perspective of pillars and arches in all directions invites him to dream over the great days of the Arabian power, when it extended unbroken from Mecca to Cordova. From the mosque we go to present our introduction to the governor, and we find Cavaignac engaged with military and political business in a palace of the Deys, which retains unaltered its cool staircases and porcelain pavement, its large open court in the centre, and its horseshoe arches supported on wreathed marble columns. As we saunter up the street, a young Mohamedan *gamin* runs up to us, all eagerness to clean our boots. We look into a shop, and there a dark-eyed girl with long ringlets is selling gloves to a young officer of dragoons. We turn into a bazaar, and watch a Moor and a Jew playing chess. The relative positions of these two elements of population are now strangely altered; the Jew has fairly checkmated the Moor in Algiers. If we inquire about education, we are directed to a college which was formerly a barrack of Janissaries. We pass another large building, which is a noble hospital, and there we see Sisters of Charity calmly moving on their errands of mercy. At the next turn our eye is arrested by an omnibus full of closely-veiled Mohamedan females, on the point of starting for the Moustapha suburb. What a crowd of thoughts are immediately suggested by such an antithesis between woman raised to the highest place by becoming a servant unto all, and woman in her lowest state of slavery and degradation! But how varied, when evening comes on, are the groups which fill the great square round Marochetti's statue of the Duke of Orleans! Jewish dandies, with blue turbans and gay embroidered coats, and rings covering half the fingers of both hands; Jewesses, whose headdress, however tempting to the pencil, is too singular to be described by the pen; the red sashes and dark contented faces of Minorcan labourers, coming in after their day's work from the gardens round the city; here a negro and a Kabyle, carrying a barrel on a pole between them; there, the clean white apron and the handkerchief round the head, which none but a French woman knows how to wear; *Zouaves,* with wide red pantaloons and blue jackets; *Indigènes,* distinguished from the former only by wearing black instead of yellow gaiters; *Spahis,* with red jackets, and boots over blue pantaloons; *Chasseurs d'Afrique, Chasseurs de Vincennes,** and representatives of other parts of the army which keeps Algeria in subjection to France: this is only an imperfect analysis of the lively masquerade which surrounds us. We might add some circumstances peculiar to the year 1848—such as the magic words, '*Propriété Nationale, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*' inscribed in large letters even on the mosques—and squads of National Guards, in singular varieties of dress, some with shoes, some with yellow slippers, drawn up on parade near the trees of liberty. But these scenes were temporary.

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* Mr. Borrer's *Campaign in Kabylia.*

While the lower part of the town is as full of busy life as any European city, the upper part of it, as we have already stated, reposes in the calm and impassive state of its former Oriental existence. This broad contrast of light and shade must be recognised in the picture, besides the chequered alternations in that half of it, which we have hitherto been considering. If we examine the other half, if we climb up the hill and enter the old town, we come upon a scene as Moorish as Tetuan, and far more picturesque. The streets are all narrow and steep, more like staircases than roads, winding this way and that without any purpose or plan. The houses are very high, their upper and projecting parts being supported by beams slanting outwards. All is delightfully cool. The few turbaned men whom you meet seem engaged rather in contemplation than in work. The few women are like living bales of flannel, with only one eye visible. Here you may wander long and lose yourself in a silent labyrinth, till at last you emerge unexpectedly on the Casbah at the summit. This is the site of the principal palace of the Turkish Deys; and here is preserved (like the windmill at Potsdam, or like the house of Peter the Great at Saardam) the kiosk where that insult was offered to the French Consul, which has led to the subjugation of the whole Turkish territory between Morocco and Tunis.

If now we wish to obtain a general view of the tract of country which acknowledges French Algiers as its capital, let us ascend the steep winding road constructed by the Duc de Rovigo, till we stand on one of the higher ridges of the range of hills on which the city is partly built, and which extend several miles along the seaboard in each direction. This range is called the Sahel; and it is the first feature of the physical geography of the neighbourhood which demands our attention. However bare and hot the aspect of the city may be when we approach it from the water, we should be much mistaken if we were to imagine that its immediate vicinity is of that torrid and tawny character which we are apt to suppose characteristic of Africa. The Sahel, or *Massif d'Alger,* exhibits as pleasant and luxuriant a vegetation as the district round any European capital. Not only are country-houses and gardens numerous in every direction, but the ground is charmingly diversified with all the elements of picturesque beauty. There is strict truth in what Campbell says in his 'Letters from the South,' of the wild-flowers and sea-coast views, and 'streams worthy of a Scottish glen.' Here, too, the same combinations which we have observed in the streets of the city are reproduced, and attended with no painful feelings. The vegetation of the East and West—or rather, if we are to write correctly, the vegetation of the North and South—meet together. The banana and the English hawthorn are seen side by side, the olive grows with the elm, and you may gather honeysuckle in a thicket of fig-trees, brambles, and aloes.

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* The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are cavalry. The *Chasseurs de Vincennes,* an infantry force, bore the name of *Chasseurs d'Orléans* after the death of the Duke of Orleans till 1848.

The depth of the Sahel range towards the interior reaches only a few miles, and then succeeds the extensive plain of the Metidja, about ninety miles in length, and fifteen miles in breadth, which, sweeping round along the base of the Lesser Atlas, and opening on the sea at each extremity, is the second great feature of the neighbourhood of Algiers. Its first aspect, as seen from the Sahel, is very impressive. Like the Roman Campagna, it stretches in an unbroken level, while the mountain-wall, rising high and abrupt on the further side, may fitly be compared to the line of the Sabine hills. Now, unhappily, the Metidja resembles the Campagna in desolation as well as in impressiveness. But it was not always so. Shaw says that in his time (about a hundred and thirty years ago) it was 'a rich and delightful plain, watered in every part by a number of springs and rivulets;' that it was full of the country-seats and farms of the principal inhabitants of Algiers; that it supplied the city with provisions, and produced 'flax and *al henna*, roots and pot-herbs, rice, fruit, and grain of all kinds.' And this was after the bad government of the Turks had cast a blight on what had flourished under the Arabs, and begun the decay which the French war turned into utter desolation. General Daumas acknowledges that it is now a pestilential desert; that men go there, not to live, but to die; and that a generation must be sacrificed before it can become what it was. It is, indeed, true that as we quit the Sahel we leave all efficient and prosperous vegetation behind. On reaching the level ground we travel at first through the same kind of low shrubby vegetation which is seen near Civita Vecchia, except that the palmetto grows among the broom and dwarf ilex, and flowering rush. But all the central portion of the plain is a reach of uncultivated desolation, with here and there a Moorish village, and here and there a fortified camp. The only other signs of human life, in their European and Mohamedan aspects, are such as these: long rows of labourers engaged in making the hopeless government drains; a long string of mules endeavouring to drag a load of corn imported for the use of the army; a solitary marabout, with a few green shrubs; and Bedouins with flocks of sheep and tents of black camel's hair. Across the breadth of this waste you have probably travelled the five leagues by an indifferent road, in a diligence so clumsy that you can hardly help believing that the old vehicles of the *Messageries Impériales* in France have been sent over in their decrepitude to serve for the *Messageries Africaines.*

And now we are at the base of Mount Atlas, about thirty miles south of Algiers. The town of Blidah, which is immediately under the mountain-range, used formerly to be famous for its charming orange-groves; and Abd-el-Kader remembers its appearance when its beauty was a proverb, like that of Broussa, his own later residence, or of Damascus, his present home. But the traveller will be disappointed now, if he expects to find at Blidah an African Damascus or Broussa, with Atlas for Lebanon or the Mysian Olympus. It is true that some scanty orange-groves on the further edge of the Metidja are still fragrant; but Blidah is sadly changed, partly by an earthquake, but still more in consequence of the dreadful fighting which took place here in 1830, and the following years, when the French were making their way, with smoke and bloodshed, through the first passes of Mount Atlas. Through these passes we must now penetrate, that we may reach a higher point, from whence to take a general survey of the whole country included under the name of French Algeria.

It must be remembered that the true Atlas of the poets, 'with his head in the clouds, and his feet in the sand,' is not in French Algeria at all, but far to the west, within the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco. But connected with those celebrated heights, a vast mountain-system extends continuously, in a direction on the whole parallel to the Mediterranean, eastwards through Algeria to the regency of Tunis. The range of what is called the Lesser Atlas, running W.S.W. towards the ocean, divides the whole country between the Greater Atlas and the Mediterranean into two long halves. The southernmost of these halves is the *Sahara,* a region of rugged defiles and broad upland pastures; the other is the *Tell,* or cultivated district near the coast, intersected more or less by spurs projecting irregularly from the mountain. The fortified camp of Boghar is a convenient point of geographical reference, not only for the Tell and the Sahara, but for the whole country, eastwards and westwards, which is now reduced to the condition of a French province. Two marked physical features may be the guides of our survey in these opposite directions. Towards the east we follow a mountain region called Kabylia, which extends continuously from the point where we stand to the sea and along its shore, and which has been the scene of the greatest difficulties yet encountered by the French. Towards the west we follow the river Scheliff, a stream famous in Arabic legends, which rises under the heights where the fort of Boghar stands, and flows through many windings towards Tlemcen, the early home of Abd-el-Kader.

When we make use of the term Kabylia, it must not be supposed that this is the only district of Algeria which is inhabited by those who are called Kabyles as opposed to the Arabs. But this is the region in which these fierce and sturdy mountaineers have maintained the most determined resistance to successive occupants of northern Africa. The Turks never subdued them. The French have not been perfectly successful.* From this circumstance, and also because of the formidable physical peculiarities of the country, it is emphatically called *Great Kabylia.* It is difficult to determine the exact boundaries of Great Kabylia. But we should not be much in error if we were to give 150 miles for the length of its whole coast line, reckoning eastwards from Algiers. The same distance of 150 miles again repeated would bring us to the extreme limit of Algeria in that direction. In the interior of this eastern part of the French possessions, is the city of Cirta or Constantina, remarkable alike for its extraordinary position and for its connexion with the most exciting incidents of African history. Here Jugurtha besieged and murdered his cousin Adherbal. Here Marius quartered his victorious legions. Here, the puppet-king Juba I. held his court. Julius Cæsar erected great works here, and called the place Julia. Constantine rebuilt the city, and left the name which has been permanent, and which is associated with Christian martyrdoms and Christian schisms, and, within the last few years, with some of the most courageous efforts of the modern French army against the Arabs and Moors. Situated on a pedestal of rock above a terrific ravine in the midst of a wild and tawny landscape, and isolated on three sides by precipices which are said to rise in some places a hundred fathoms above the bed where the river Rummel flows deep in green foliage, Constantina seems a fit scene for the strange events which have made it memorable again and again since the days of the republic and empire of Rome. Nor are the monuments of its earlier fortunes wanting in our own days. When the French took the place in 1837, they found grand Roman arches rising above the poisonous dwellings and even the mosques of the Mohamedans (to use the comparison of a soldier who was present) like oaks above brushwood. In fact, Roman remains form a characteristic feature of all this part of Algeria. Cirta was itself the centre of the great roads of Numidia. Lambesa was long the head quarters of the second legion; and here it is that the greater part of the four thousand Latin inscriptions have been found, which have been diligently collected at Algeria by M. Léon Renier and Commandant de la Mare, and which are now in course of publication in Paris.

Reverting now to our station at Boghar, turning our faces westward towards Morocco, and following the line of the Scheliff, we find that the mouth of this river is about 150 miles distant from Algiers. Measuring again 150 miles, we reach the other frontier of Algeria, nearly in the meridian of Cape de Gat, or that point where the sudden turn in the Spanish coast takes place from an easterly to a northerly direction. The volume of the Scheliff seems to vary according to the seasons between violent extremes. When the Oxford Professor Shaw crossed it in autumn, he found it 'nearly of the bigness of the Isis united with the Charwell.' Saint-Arnaud writes with impatience of the floods which checked his military movements in December; and, in another letter, he says that, while for six months in the year the Scheliff is nearly without water, it flows at other times 'like the Rhone or the Loire.' Its banks are steep, and the winding bed of the stream is invisible in the dry season until the brink is reached. Sidi-el-Arhibi, Agha of Mostaganem, so runs the legend, was a chief illustrious for his wealth, courage, and piety. His daughter once went to draw water from the only well in this region, when she was received by the Arabs with jeers and insults, and driven away with her pitcher empty. Sidi-el-

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* In 1848 the inhabitants of Great Kabylia paid a tribute and were responsible for the safe conduct of travellers, but otherwise they were independent. On the excellent map in the *Itinéraire de l'Algerie* (1855), the words 'Kabilie Indépendante' are marked across the Jurjura Mountains, and the words 'Sahel Insoumis' follow in the direction of Bona.

Arhibi was enraged and thought at first of revenge, but he controlled his passion and meditated in silence, and then, turning towards Mecca and calling on the Prophet, he cursed the well, which immediately became dry. Yet unwilling that the curse should be without remedy, and knowing that he had power to do good as well as harm, the holy man sprang on his favourite mare and galloped furiously towards the sea. A river rose behind as he galloped. The day was hot, and the mare, tormented by the flies, whisked her tail to and fro. Hence come the windings of the Scheliff. Its steep banks, which add to the toil of fetching water, are a punishment to the descendants of the inhospitable men who insulted the daughter of Sidi-el-Arhibi.* This Arabian myth, which we have used to serve a geographical purpose, is not without its use, as giving us some notion of the characteristic course of the river. Within the Scheliff (*i. e.* nearer to Algiers) the two points of greatest interest on the coast are Tenez and Cherchell—the former nearly on the site of Cartenna, which was a Roman colony built by Augustus for the second legion,—the latter built by king Juba in honour of the same emperor, as Cæsarea was built by king Herod in Palestine, and still retaining in its name, like Saragossa, a faint trace of the patronage under which it rose.† If we cross to the western side of the bed of the Scheliff, the historical interest changes at once from what is ancient to what is modern. Our thoughts travel no longer to Jugurtha and the Roman empire, to Constantine and St. Augustine—but rather to the time of the Reformation and the recent history of Italy and Spain. The ecclesiastic whose name is most closely associated with this part of the coast is Cardinal Ximenes, who forsook for a time his dear university of Alcalá and the preparation of his Polyglott that he might give life and success to the siege of Oran. It was the settlement here of the refugees from Granada that was the chief incitement to the crusade of 1503. The form of Ximenes was said to hover afterwards in all times of danger above the battlements of the city which he had won in Africa from the infidel. The Spaniards held the place continuously for a long period, though with a gradually loosening grasp. They were still in possession of it in Shaw's time: and it was not finally given up till 1790, in which year an earthquake made it untenable. Thus when the French came they found here, not Roman baths and mosaics, but modern Latin churches, and fortifications erected under Charles V. Now it contains 10,000 European inhabitants; it is the second city in Algeria, and is the capital of the western province, as Constantina is of the eastern.

From this survey, it appears that the length of French Algeria along the Mediterranean is about 600 miles. Its breadth, towards Central Africa, is so irregular that it would be foolish to attempt to define it; and there is little doubt that the Arabs and their invaders would take very different views of the subject. Perhaps we should not be far wrong in saying that it varies from 50 to 250 miles. In both respects the French possessions are nearly coincident with those of Imperial Rome. The early history of Algeria, both classical and ecclesiastical, is indeed peculiarly Roman; for the commercial empire of the Tyrians and Carthaginians was evanescent, and has left no memorial. The Latin synonym for Algeria, until lately, was quite uncertain. Dapper, and Forbiger after him, made it coincident with Iol. Mannert fixed upon Iomnium, a town further to the east. The materials for the solution of the problem have always been in the hands of European scholars, but an inveterate error caused them for many years to throw all the ancient places on this part of the African coast too far to the west. The French invasion, which has drawn a closer attention to this subject, has been the means of recovering what had long been lost to antiquarian science. One by one the true sites of Roman cities have been ascertained, partly by a more exact comparison of distances, but still more by the permanence of names in close connexion with existing ruins, and Algiers has now been identified with the ancient *Icosium.* The last appearances of the word Icosium in historical annals are in relation with the fall of the Western Empire and the Vandal war; and this brings us to the noblest name that has ever been associated with the Algerian coast. It would, indeed, be no exaggeration if we were to say that the name of Augustine is the noblest of all the names in the Christian Church since the death of St. John. Not far from the further limit of Algeria is the large modern city of Bona; and two miles to the south are the moss-clad ruins of Hippo. Here it was that during an episcopate of four-and-thirty years the Great Doctor not only lived a life of extraordinary piety, charity, and humility, not only maintained with every form of heresy a conflict so unbending that he was recognised and felt throughout the Church of the fifth century as the foremost man of his time, but composed, year by year, those sermons, treatises, and commentaries, which have exercised an unparalleled influence on all subsequent ages. On such a site as this the Protestant traveller may well share the enthusiasm of the Roman Catholic Poujoulat, and join him, not indeed in worshipping the relic of the saint's right arm, which has been sent from Pavia to consecrate the recovery of Hippo to Christendom, but in imagining the basilica where the son of Monica may have preached; in pressing the pavement of the Roman road, and the arches of the Roman bridge, over which his footsteps must have passed; in touching the crumbling city-walls, within which he wrote the '*Confessions*' in the early days of his episcopate, and stored up for us the wisdom of his old age in the '*City of God;*' in gazing over the sea from which he saw the sun rise, and the hills behind which he watched it set, during the long Vandal siege; in standing on the quay, still unbroken along the river's brink, and looking down into the water, still deep enough for small merchant-ships, whence those precious manuscripts were conveyed that have for centuries instructed Christians, and contributed more than any other writings towards the solution of the most anxious problems of modern thought.

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* *Algeria and Tunis in* 1845. By Captain Kennedy and Lord Fielding. Pp. 116-118.

† Cherchell is a corruption of Cæsarea Iol, Saragossa of Cæsarea Augusta.

Augustine prayed during the Vandal siege for one of three things, either that God would free His servants from the enemy, or endue them with patience, or take him from the world unto Himself. The last of these three petitions was granted. Augustine, who felt so deeply the crash of the falling Western Empire, was spared the sight of that desolation of his city and his flock, which would have affected him most closely. The Vandal war was a dreadful episode in the history of Northern Africa; and the Vandal reign was a gloomy inauguration of the cruelty, piracy, and slavery which afterwards were the inheritance of these shores for so many ages. The corsairs of Genseric and his followers sacked Rome and desolated Naples, destroyed the Western Imperial fleet at Carthagena, and the Eastern at Bona; and thousands of captives pined in misery, which was alleviated only by that charity and courage of the Bishop of Carthage and other prelates, which anticipated the Christian exertions of latter times in behalf of similar wrongs. At length Belisarius came, and was victorious; but the link which bound Africa to Rome was broken for ever; nor was the link with which it was hastily joined to Constantinople destined to endure. It is true that the Byzantine sway was substituted for the Vandal; but by thus becoming dependancies of a distant centre of government, preparation was really made in Numidia and Mauritania for the Mohamedan conquest.

The great chasm between the ancient and modern history of Northern Africa was rent, not by the torrent of Vandal invaders from the Straits of Gibraltar, but by another torrent which flowed in the opposite direction. The process of disintegration had, indeed, begun before the entry of the Mohamedans. The Byzantine soldiers revolted. The Vandals had been almost exterminated. The native population reappeared; and the country, which used to be rich with Roman harvests, and strong with military colonies and roads, was overrun by hordes from Mount Atlas. Then it was that the Arab conquerors poured in from Egypt, and in the course of the latter half of the seventh century impressed their religion on the whole southern coast of the Mediterranean sea. The churches were converted into mosques. The Arabic language spread with the Koran. The East gained rapidly and unceasingly on the West. To this period it seems that we must assign the introduction of the familiar use of the camel in North-western Africa. This one circumstance is enough to indicate the progress of the Oriental element, and the entire decay of the civilisation of the Western Empire. The very phraseology by which the inhabitants of these regions were designated, underwent a total change at this time. Those who used to be called *Numidians* (a Greek name, as it would appear, originally given to designate the characteristics of a *nomad* life) were now called *Berbers* (and this term also is probably to be traced to the same source, being a contemptuous epithet bestowed by the degenerate Greeks of Constantinople), whence *Barbary* has continued even in our own day to be the expressive appellation of Northern and North-western Africa. The word *Moors* (*Mauri*) still retained its place, though it was destined to undergo some modifications of meaning. To give any comprehensive view of the ethnological and political changes of that time—to classify the tribes which fought against the *Arabs*, or were united with them in the Tell and the Sahara—to arrange in order the fragments of shattered caliphates,—

would be a difficult, and perhaps an impossible task.

The true history of that Algiers which was familiar to the last generation does not begin till after 1500. Our attention is now called to two Moslem races, the Moors and the Turks, who have a far closer connexion than the Arabs with our usual notion of Algiers. By the *Moors*, in the modern sense of the word, we are to understand the descendants of those Spanish Arabians, who in a long and glorious residence on the northern side of the Straits had acquired a distinct nationality.* By their expulsion a strong reinforcement was given to the African Mohamedans both in numbers and in zeal against Christianity. The last years of Ferdinand and Isabella raised up, within the distance of a short sail of their own coasts, a vindictive and implacable enemy of their faith. We have already spoken of the taking of Oran by Ximenes, and of the occupation and retention of certain points in Africa by the Spaniards. The reign of Charles V. presents us with a continuance of the same history under a new phase. The *Turks* were connected by no ethnological affinities with the African or Spanish Arabs, though united to them by the bond of a common religion, and destined, through greater energy and cruelty, to become their rulers. The steps by which a handful of Turks became masters of the Barbary States form one of the most curious passages in the early troubles of the sixteenth century. It was in the very year when Charles succeeded Ferdinand on the throne of Aragon and Castile th at two brothers, Baba-Haroudj and Khair-el-din, the sons of a potter in the island of Lesbos, reaped the reward of their audacious and successful piracy by receiving an invitation from the king of Algiers to aid them against the Christians. The elder brother, named Barbarossa from the redness of his beard, promptly made himself master of the palace which he came to assist, and proclaimed himself king. His destructive expeditions against the European coasts induced Charles to send reinforcements to Oran; and in a conflict near Tlemcen, the famous buccaneer was killed by a Spanish sergeant. His brother (often called Barbarossa II.) was either more fortunate or more politic. He wisely placed the Algerine territory under the protection of the Grand Seignor, from whom he received a garrison of Turkish soldiers. He himself was made Capitan-Pasha, and, while he exercised all the influence of a successful courtier at Constantinople, as a corsair he swept the Mediterranean with his fleets. Tunis was the point where his power was brought into conflict with that of Charles V. This city had been seized by shameful treachery for the Sultan. With its fortifications strengthened it became a new point of departure for incessant outrages against the Emperor's subjects. At last the evil became intolerable. Charles gathered together a fleet from the Low Countries, and placed on board Germans and Spaniards, and the Italian veterans who had fought against the French. Doria was made High-Admiral, and the expedition was animated with burning zeal for the chastisement of an infidel and barbarous foe. The resistance was desperate; but a timely insurrection of the Christian captives co-operated with the energy of the assailants, and Tunis was surrendered. The Turks being driven out, the rightful Moorish monarch was reinstated under the condition of being a vassal of Spain, while 20,000 liberated slaves proclaimed the fame of their deliverer through all the countries of Christendom. This was in 1535. In 1541 Charles V. undertook another enterprise, with the same ends in view, but with very different results. Barbarossa II., deprived of Tunis, continued to be Capitan-Pasha, and one of his followers, established in Algiers, prosecuted the old course of cruelties and depredations. The Emperor, against the advice of Doria and the Pope, resolved to inflict on this city the same punishment which had fallen on Tunis. Never was an armada more thoroughly defeated and destroyed, except the armada from which our own coasts were rescued a few years later. And both armadas were ruined by the same causes. It is one of the strange coincidences of history, that a violent storm of wind and waves protected the rising liberties of England, and encouraged the growing crime of Barbary. The shattered remnants of the fleet, which had been equipped for the destruction of Algiers, were brought together with difficulty at Cape Matifoux, and sailed back to Spain in disgrace. Nothing in the career of Charles V. had been more distinguished than the expedition against Tunis; nothing was more disastrous than the expedition against Algiers.

Thus it came to pass that the fall of Tunis was the means of strengthening Algiers and helped to constitute it the metropolis of piracy. The city now assumed the form which it retained through three centuries of misery. The materials of the old Roman Icosium had indeed been used by the Arabs of the Middle Ages in the construction of their dwellings on the same site. But the Turks proceeded with more vigour in constructing fortifications and improving the port. Some small rocky islands (*el Djezaïr*) in the bay of Icosium had given the Arabic name to the place. A large mole was formed by uniting these islands with the mainland; from the forts along the front of the two harbours thus created, the walls were carried over the first slope of the Sahel, till they converged to the point where the Casbah crowns the whole, the houses within rising so gradually up the hill, that the roof of each commanded a full prospect of the sea; and the city became in appearance what Lord Exmouth saw it when he anchored before it in 1816. During the whole period of the Turkish rule it was emphatically the *city* of Algiers which held the country, nominally for the Sultan, but really for the Deys and their crews of pirates. On the edge of this port and within these walls a very small number of the ruling race overawed the Arabs of the Metidja plain—kept in check the Kabyles of the mountains—used as instruments of their government the Moors of the cities—plundered and oppressed the Jews—and systematically insulted the few Christian residents who were free. It does not appear that the Levantine Turkish soldiers, who constituted the efficient garrison of Algiers, were much more than 5000 in number. The inhabitants of the city were estimated by Shaw at 100,000 Mohamedans and 15,000 Jews, with 2000 Christian slaves. The country (excluding the territory immediately round the city) was divided into three provinces, which have afforded the basis for the existing French subdivision. The Beys of the provinces of Tlemcen on the west,* Tittery on the south, and Constantine on the east, were appointed by the Deys, for whom their duty was to collect the taxes, and by whom they were assisted, in case of insurrection, with forces from Algiers. The relative importance of the three provinces may be gathered from the estimate that Tlemcen produced 45,000 dollars, Tittery 12,000, and Constantine 90,000. We are destitute of materials for a complete chronology of the Deys; nor, indeed, is history in need of so despicable a catalogue. The succession was very rapid; for the government was not hereditary as in Tunis and Tripoli. Each Dey was elected by the Janissaries; thus hardly one in ten died in his bed. Every bold and aspiring soldier might regard himself as heir-apparent to the throne, 'with this further advantage, that he lay under no necessity to wait till sickness or old age might have removed the present ruler.' Corruption and insolence and unscrupulous robbery were the gentler characteristics of this ferocious and contemptible government. 'Give a Turk money with one hand, and he will let you pull his beard with the other,' was a common proverb. The true spirit of the Algerine court is well illustrated by what Mahomet Pasha, who was Dey in 1720, said to a French Consul: 'My mother sold sheep's feet, and my father sold neat's tongue; but they would have been ashamed to expose for sale so worthless a tongue as thine.' Another Dey frankly said to an English Consul, when he complained of injuries inflicted on British cruizers, 'The Algerines are a company of rogues, and I am their captain.'

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* This is a narrow definition, but it is difficult to give any other. The word 'Moor' is very commonly used to denote any Mohamedan of Northern Africa. Probably the 'Mauri' were originally so called simply because they were the most swarthy of the Numidians.

Such anecdotes as these illustrate the vast amount of injury and suffering which this power was permitted to inflict for three centuries. The sufferers were mostly Christians. Many were the true martyrs called to follow the example of Raymond Lulli, who in the thirteenth century laid down his life on these coasts for his religion. *Christian slavery* is the one black stain which was never removed from Algiers from the beginning of the sixteenth century and the earlier part of our own, and which must for ever make the memory of its Turkish period hateful. It is hardly possible now to believe that these marauders used once to carry off British subjects into captivity from the cliffs of Kent and from the Western coast of Ireland, and that even when the Channel was made secure, English prisoners for the Mohamedan markets were taken through France to Marseilles. But throughout the seventeenth century the evil was so pressing that it seems interwoven with all the history of the time. It was the subject of sermons preached and published on behalf of captives. It was a topic of much interest in the correspondence of Laud and Strafford. We might quote Waller, both as poet in 'The Taking of Sallee,' and as politician in his place in Parliament. We find even George Fox writing a book to the Grand Sultan and the King at Algiers, 'wherein he laid before them their indecent behaviour and unreasonable dealings.' In 1620 the first English fleet which had sailed in the Mediterranean since the time of the Crusades, was sent, but without any important results, under Admiral Mansel against Algiers. In 1655 Blake was more successful; all the English captives were set at liberty, and Cromwell opened Parliament in the following year with the announcement that peace had been concluded with the 'profane' nations. Other expeditions, however, were necessary, and four or five treaties were made between the Restoration and the Revolution. Nor was England the only nation involved in this inveterate conflict. Algiers was twice bombarded by the French in the reign of Louis XIV., and with so much success, that Voltaire says of his countrymen that they now began to be respected on that African coast, where previously they had been known only as slaves. As to the relations between Barbary and Spain, they were characterised by the same hostility and by incessant mutual reprisals. Here the names of two illustrious men, the one a Frenchman, the other a Spaniard—two of the greatest names of the seventeenth century—demand our particular notice. They represent the two currents of feeling which kept the sympathy and indignation of Europe in reference to Algerine slavery perpetually fresh. Religion and charity in St. Vincent de Paul and the institutions which he founded—poetry and literature in Cervantes and the writers who followed him—were agencies quite as powerful as treaties or bombardments. St Vincent, when a young deacon, was taken by Barbary pirates within sight of the French coast, while he was going from Marseilles towards Narbonne, on his way to revisit the home of his childhood. The sufferings which he witnessed made an indelible impression, and he became the founder of those Sisterhoods of Mercy, which have been a true honour to the modern Church of Rome. Thus the horrors of slavery gave the impulse to organised efforts for the alleviation of sorrow; and so we hope that the miseries of our recent war will be remembered hereafter as the fruitful beginning of wider opportunities for woman's mission in scenes of sickness and pain. Cervantes, after his own captivity, laboured in another field on behalf of the Christian slave. The scenes in his dramas, *El Trato de Argel* (or 'Life in Algiers') and *Los Banos de Argel* (or 'The Galleys of Algiers') were, as he says himself, 'not drawn from the imagination, but born far from the regions of fiction, in the very heart of truth.' He was followed by Lope de Vega in *Los Cautivos de Argel* (or 'The Captives of Algiers'), and by Haedo in *Los Martyres de Argel* (or 'The Martyrs of Algiers'). The French, too, and Italians took the plots of a large number of their stories at that period from the same source. The 'Sallee Rover' of Robinson Crusoe is, in fact, only a specimen of a widely-spread characteristic of contemporary European literature. Nor, indeed, can we limit ourselves to Europe. The story of 'The Algerine Captive' was one of the earliest literary works of the United States reprinted in London. America, as well as Europe, was afflicted by the Barbary pirate both before and after the Declaration of Independence. In 1793 there were 115 American slaves in Algiers; and Franklin, on his death-bed, gave his last word for emancipation by making a parody of a speech delivered in the American Congress, 'transferring the scene to Algiers; and putting the speech in the mouth of a corsair slave-dealer in the Divan at that place.'

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* Corresponding to the French Province of Oran.

Even Algerine slavery had its alleviations. The Koran enjoins kindness to the captive; the Christian bondmen in Algiers were frequently raised to places of honour and trust, or encouraged by the prospect of earning their redemption; above all, Christian ecclesiastics were allowed to preach and to administer the sacraments among them. Campbell tells us of an Algerine Turk who bequeathed a legacy for the distribution of alms among the most necessitous of the 'infidel dogs;' and in Arago's curious autobiography, which contains a representation of Algiers as it was at the beginning of this century, we have a pleasing picture of an old Lazarist priest, who in a residence of half a century had so won the respect and affections of all the Mussulmans that he was able to shelter his fellow-Christians from insult and violence. Nevertheless, slavery is still slavery. 'Thanks be to God,' says the captive in Don Quixote, 'for the great mercies bestowed upon me; for, in my opinion, there is no happiness on earth equal to that of liberty regained.' Putting aside the horrors of a perpetual exile, cut off from relations, friends, and countrymen, the kindness bore a slight proportion to the sufferings. Whatever might be true of domestic servitude, the condition of those who were engaged in the day on public works, and shut up at night in the bagnios, was perfectly frightful. Pananti, whose narrative is one of the latest, says, 'Of all human sufferers, I have been taught to believe the Christian slaves of Barbary are the greatest.' It is no wonder that the indignation of Europe, irritated still further by the insolent treatment of consuls and free Christian residents, gradually ripened, and that the general feeling at length reached its crisis in the English expedition of 1816.

Though Tangier is not within the limits of the French colony, we can hardly in passing avoid mentioning a possession which, as part of the dowry of the queen of Charles II., is connected with the history of England. A tribute of respect is due to Lord Dartmouth, who, when commissioned in 1683 to go and destroy the fortifications and the harbour of the expensive and useless African settlement, invited Ken to accompany the expedition, 'thinking it of the highest importance to have the ablest and best man he could possibly obtain to go with him, both for the service of God, and the good government of the clergy that are chaplains to the fleet.' Such was the language of the invitation; and great is the sacrifice of feeling which the author of the Morning and Evening Hymns must have made in yielding to the call. Tangier seems to have been a sink of iniquity. In the Diary of Mr. Pepys, after an amusing account of the incidents of the voyage, especially the hot disputes, on deck and in the cabin, 'about spirits,—Dr. Ken asserting there were such, and Pepys with the rest denying it,'—we find the following:—

> '*Sunday, Sept.* 30—To church (in Tangier). A very fine and seasonable, but most unsuccessful, argument from Dr. Ken, particularly in reproof of the vices of this town.' And again, 'Had a great deal of good discourse on the viciousness of this place, and its being high time for Almighty God to destroy it. . . . Very high discourse between Dr. Ken and me on one side, and the governor (Kirke) on the other, about the excessive liberty of swearing we observe here.'

The works of the African colony were blown up and abandoned; Ken returned to his English home; and while the Asiatic colony of Bombay, the other part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, grew daily into greater importance, Tangier disappeared from our national history, except, indeed, that the battalions which bore its name fought under King William at the Boyne, as the Zouaves of Algiers fought at the Alma.

The last great passage of Algerine history previous to the French occupation is the expedition of 1816. Lord Exmouth's interpreter Salamé narrates with a charming oriental *naïveté* his experiences and feelings during this bombardment by the English and Dutch. The twenty-five ships with which Lord Exmouth sailed from Plymouth had been joined at Gibraltar by five gun-boats, and by six Dutch ships under Admiral Van Cappellan, whom Salamé describes as 'a very mild and good-tempered old officer, about sixty-five years of age, rather thin, and of the middle size.' Meanwhile the Dey of Algiers had heard something of the expedition through the French newspapers, not by reading them himself, for he was unable to read or write even his own language; but by the information of a European consul who spoke Turkish. The news of the coming of the English was confirmed by the captain of a Danish merchant-ship, which happened to touch at Algiers about that time.

> 'The Dey replied, "Let them come." The Danish captain said, "Very likely they will come with a great quantity of shells." The Dey in reply said, "When they send me their shells I shall hang them in my rooms like these melons" (alluding to the water-melons which are preserved in Algiers by being hung from the roofs). Then the Dane told him, "Now you say so because you do not know what the English shells are, but I was at Copenhagen when they came there, and I know what their shells are."'

On the 27th of August the fleet lay off Algiers, and Salamé with the flag-lieutenant was sent with a letter containing the admiral's demands for the immediate abolition of Christian slavery, and reparation of the wrongs inflicted on the European powers. As the interpreter left the Queen Charlotte, the officers called out to him, 'Salamé, if you return with an answer from the Dey that he accepts our demands without fighting, we will kill you instead.' He was 'much delighted' with this bravery and determination of the English nation, but his alarm was considerable during two hours, while he waited in the boat near the mole for the Dey's answer, 'within pistol-shot of thousands of those barbarous people, and hearing their impertinences.' But he consoled himself with reflecting that 'no one in this world can obtain the end of his wishes without exposing himself to perils.' The time expired, and no answer was returned. Then the admiral led the way, followed in succession by the rest of the squadron. Each ship anchored by the stern, the Queen Charlotte abreast of the mole-head, within one hundred yards' distance. The Algerine gun-boats, with their red silk flags, lay crowded close under the batteries. Thousands of Turks and Moors looked on in astonishment; and during this movement of the English fleet, not a gun was fired from the city. Indeed, it appeared afterwards that the guns were not loaded. Lord Exmouth's bravery is thus described by Salamé, who honestly tells us that he had reached the Queen Charlotte 'more dead than alive.'

> 'I was quite surprised to see how his Lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild, and now he seemed to me *all-fightful*, as a fierce lion which had been chained in his cage and was set at liberty.'

The first Algerine gun was fired a few minutes before three. About six the enemy's fire began to slacken, and their fleet was set on fire. At ten, the works being nearly silenced, the squadron moved out to sea, though the bomb-ships continued the action till midnight. Salamé's own part in this engagement was not very distinguished. He describes his sensations as follows:—

> 'After the attack took place on both sides, immediately the sky was darkened by the smoke, the sun completely eclipsed, and the horizon became dreary. Being exhausted by the heat of that powerful sun, to which I was exposed the whole day, and my ears being deafened by the roar of the guns, and finding myself in the dreadful danger of such a terrible engagement, in which I had never been before, I was quite at a loss, and like an astonished or stupid man, and did not know myself where I was. At last, his Lordship having perceived my situation, said, "You have done your duty: now go below." Upon which I began to descend from the quarter-deck, quite confounded and terrified, and not sure that I should reach the cockpit alive.'

When he joined the surgeon and the wounded men in the cockpit he was somewhat reassured, on learning that they were two or three feet below the water-mark, though, he adds, that he thinks the taking off of arms and legs is the most shocking sight in the world, 'in preference to which, if I was a military man, I should certainly prefer to be on deck than being with the doctor in the cockpit.' His general conclusion is summed up in a note, which we find in a later part of the book.

> 'When very young in Alexandria, my native country, I heard the report of the guns of the famous battle of Aboukir, and saw the light of the explosion of the ship *L'Orient*, since which time I always had a great desire to see, from a distance, a naval action; but having now been in such a tremendous one as this, I have got very full satisfaction, and do not wish to see any more.'

When the ships had hauled out at night, he ventured on the poop to behold the destruction of the enemy's navy, the blaze of which illuminated all the bay and made it almost as clear as in the day-time. 'It was astonishing,' he adds, 'to see the coat of his lordship, how it was all cut up by musket-balls and by grape; it was behind as if a person had taken a pair of scissors and cut it all to pieces.'

On the 28th, a second letter having been sent by Lord Exmouth with the same demands, the captain of the port came on board to signify the Dey's submission. Then followed a series of interviews with the Dey himself. A number of evasions were attempted in reference to the liberation of the slaves, the payment of the money, and the apology due for the brutal treatment of the English consul M'Donnell. At length the Dey was overheard to say in an undertone, '*The foot of the red-haired man is on my neck; what shall I do?*'* He complied with the conditions which he could not escape, saying that all had happened according to the Divine decree, and that it would be better to forget the past. The slaves came on board shouting with so much exultation, that Salamé says, 'Even I, who had hardly done anything in the battle, when I heard the exclamation of these poor people, was quite delighted, and forgot every danger and labour that we had passed, in the happiness of seeing them released.' The dollars were piled up in the court-yard of the palace, and brought down in sacks to the mole. On the 3rd of September, all the accounts being finally adjusted, the fleet sailed away to Gibraltar at midnight. The discouragement given to slavery and piracy is not the only result of the battle of Algiers. Some of the consequences of this memorable expedition are still in the future; for it was the first of those blows on the Mohamedan power in the Mediterranean, of which the second was inflicted by the English, Russians, and French at Navarino, and the third again at Algiers in 1830 by the French.

Just a quarter of a century has elapsed since the French invaded Northern Africa, and yet this short period carries us through three dynasties. The expedition sailed and Algiers capitulated in the reign of Charles X.; the conquest was continued and perfected, so as to embrace the whole Turkish Algerine territory, under Louis Philippe; the results have been secured by the generals of Napoleon III., and are peacefully incorporated with the Empire. It forms no part of our plan to give an *exposé* of all the motives which led the Government of Charles X. to equip the African armada. M. Duval, the consul, had been struck on the face by the Dey with a fan. The ship *Provence* also had been fired upon. Polignac was irritated. Perhaps he thought that a *coup d'état* might more easily be accomplished under the shelter of a military success.* He resolved not simply to bombard Algiers, as it had been bombarded under Louis XIV. and by Lord Exmouth, but to conquer it. In some minds the thought of renewing the *prestige* of Bonaparte and Egypt was very active. Others felt with some pride that France was taking up the cause of civilization, of Europe, of Christianity. More practical spirits thought of colonisation and rivalry with England. In the midst of this excitement of politics and romance, the great expedition, consisting of 11 line-of-battle ships, 19 frigates, and 274 transports, under the superintendence of Admiral Duperré, sailed at the end of May from Toulon. On the 13th of June they arrived in front of Algiers. On the 14th a landing was effected at Sidi-Ferruch, a few miles to the west. The three divisions of Berthezène, Loverdo, and the Duc d'Escar contained 37,000 men, the whole being under the command of Marshal Bourmont. Ten days of hard fighting brought them to the height which rises over the town and commands a view of the Metidja plain. It was found (as Tacitus says in his account of the affair of Tacfarinas) that African cavalry are no match for disciplined European infantry. During the night of the 29th the first parallel was begun at a distance of 250 metres from the *Château de l'Empereur*, so called because it was built where the German Emperor had been encamped before his disastrous retreat. The fire opened at daybreak on the 4th of July. The bombardment was short. At half-past nine the Turks were in despair. At ten they blew up the castle with a terrible explosion, and the French monarch was king of Algiers. At the end of the month he had ceased to be king of Paris.

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* This part of the story is told rather differently by Salamé. We give it as we received it from an officer engaged in the action.

If we pursue the history of Algeria during the few years which succeeded the French occupation of the city, we find it characterized by energetic military advances, which, however, were seriously hindered by hesitating counsels and a fluctuating policy at home. The revolution in Paris and the siege of Antwerp threw the interests of Algiers into the shade. The government of July were embarrassed by the legacy of the Absolutists. The national feeling, however, compelled them to accept it; and the first success of the African enterprise was promptly seconded. Marshal Bourmont, whose going over to the Allies on the eve of the battle of Waterloo was probably not forgotten, was succeeded by Marshal Clausel, another old soldier of the Empire, whose gallant bearing at Salamanca after Marmont's disaster is well known to all students of the battles of the Peninsula. Bourmont had advanced into the interior only so far as to make a *reconnaissance* to Blidah. Clausel laid Blidah waste, massacred its inhabitants, penetrated into the Atlas through the *Col de Mouzäia*, and established a new bey at Medéah, the capital of the Turkish province of Tittery. This was the first military expedition of the Zouaves,* who were a creation of Marshal Clausel, and who in their original organisation consisted partly of indigenous Arab soldiers and partly of *enfans de Paris* and other reckless Europeans. And certainly no more curious meeting-point of the East and West can be pointed out than that which is presented by this scene, when the swarthy children of Africa, wearing the turban and shouting the Bedouin war-cry, and the *Volontaires de la Charte*, singing *La Marseillaise*, and still wearing their blouses, pressed on side by side through the gorges of Mount Atlas under the command of a Peninsular general. A vigorous step seemed to have been taken towards securing the country to the south of Algiers. About the same time Oran on the west was occupied; and though at first it was made over to Tunis, with the view of forming a counterpoise to the power of Morocco, it was presently found necessary to garrison it with French troops. Bona on the east had been seized when Algiers itself was taken; but it could hardly be said to be a source of strength to the French unless it could be used as a point of departure for the assault and capture of Constantina. So Clausel would probably have used it; but just at the critical time he was succeeded by Berthezène, and with him came a change of policy. Clausel is said to have called Algeria a paradise; Berthezène to have spoken of it as an accursed place, of which it would be impossible to be rid too soon. For a time it seemed as if nothing was to be attempted beyond a colonial establishment limited to the very neighbourhood of Algiers. The views of the government at home were hesitating and uncertain. When Algeria was visited by Campbell in 1836 he found the retention of the colony treated almost as an open question, and on his return through Paris, where he had a conversation with Louis Philippe on the subject, still saw reason to regard the problem as awaiting its solution. Nevertheless, the French power made progress on the whole. Fighting was necessary; and this fighting commonly ended in victory. In Paris a decided step was taken by the *ordonnances* of July 23, 1834, which made formal mention of the 'French possessions in Northern Africa.' Meanwhile that remarkable man, whose name has been connected with all the subsequent annals of Algerian warfare, began to make his influence felt throughout the whole region which lies in the south of Oran. At first it was thought safe and prudent to make treaties with Abd-el-Kader; and for a time it seemed that mutual concessions would secure what was desirable on both sides. But the prophet-chief was too wily to be really held by these agreements, and too fanatical to be content with a compromise between the Crescent and the Cross. His movements on the Scheliff became presently so formidable, that it was determined to send Marshal Clausel once more, and the Duke of Orleans with him. Still there was difference of opinion at Paris as to the course which should be followed. The saying attributed to the Duc de Broglie, 'Alger n'est qu'une loge à l'opéra,' may be regarded as an indication that there were many who would willingly have seen the undertaking given up. In truth, it was evident that France had done either too much or too little. An army of 10,000 men was not enough to secure the conquest of Algeria; but it was far too great to make it possible for the Moors and Arabs to remain quiet. Of those who were decidedly bent on the vigorous prosecution of the war, the most energetic were Thiers—who was in office in 1836, and who saw that Africa might be made a nursery of soldiers worthy of the Empire—and Clausel himself, who urged in the strongest language that an expedition against Constantina was essential for the purpose of striking a blow that would be felt in Eastern Algeria. The change of ministry, when Molé succeeded Thiers, appears to have been attended with some diminution of enthusiasm. But the expedition was determined on; and 30,000 men were placed under the command of Marshal Clausel, who was accomponied by the king's second son, the Duc de Nemours. It was in this expedition that Changarnier, on one occasion, said to those who were following him into action—'Come on, my men; they are 6000, we are 300: you see we are equal!' There can be no doubt of the gallantry with which the campaign was conducted. But it was altogether unsuccessful. The French army received a very serious check, and then it was that the warlike spirit of the nation was thoroughly kindled. It was said of Constantina, as formerly of Carthage, '*Delenda est.*'

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* On avait pensé qu'un coup d'état passerait plus facilement à l'ombre d'un succès militaire. Les Français, disait-on, oublient facilement la liberté en présence de la gloire.—Lacretelle, *Histoire de France depuis la Restauration*, iv. p. 419.

* M. V. de Mars refers the origin of the word 'Zouave' to the name of a confederation of tribes called Zouaoua, and seems to imply that the French were the first to use it. But we find Pananti giving the name *Zouavi* to the native soldiers under the Turks. He describes them as Moorish soldiers commanded by Turkish officers, and compares their organization to that of the Bengal sepoys.

Constantina was now about to become the scene of the most conspicuous victory of the French arms in the course of their conquest of Algeria. General Damrémont was placed at the head of the new expedition, and the first division was commanded by the Duc de Nemours. The siege-train was disembarked at Bona. The march was laborious. But in due time the army took position on the plateaux, which, on one side (and on one side only), give the means of opening a cannonade on the city. The reception was one of fierce defiance. The hated Mussulman flags waved in scorn over the battlements, and discordant cries and yells of women filled the hot air. When an officer was sent, proposing terms of surrender, a proud answer was given worthy of Numantia or Londonderry—'If you want powder we will give you some; if you want biscuit we will share ours with you.' One of the first events of the siege was a disaster to the French.—The Commander-in-Chief, standing incautiously, and against the advice of his staff, within range of the enemy's guns, was struck by a ball and died almost immediately. General Vallée, who had seen much service in the wars of the Empire, took the command, and after a severe struggle he brought the siege to a successful issue.

Constantina was taken on Friday the 13th of October, 1837. An old Moorish prophecy had said that the city should be captured on a Friday. The doom of the Mahomedan supremacy on this coast was really come. Though much remained to be done among the Arabs and Kabyles, the last Turkish stronghold had fallen. After several days of anxious suspense the news was brought by telegraph to Paris on the 23rd of October. The satisfaction with which it was received was extreme. The ministry of the day was consolidated by the success, as an earlier ministry had been consolidated by the taking of Antwerp. '*Il faut garder Constantine,*' was the immediate language of the Government. Even the *doctrinaires* now accepted the policy of continuing and completing the subjugation of Algeria. It was well said by M. Blanqui —'The taking of Constantina made us conquerors; till then we only ruled from the sea.' The history of the next ten years (1837-1847) is the history of continued progress. They may be divided into two nearly equal periods, Marshal Vallée being governor during the first of them, Marshal Bugeaud during the second.

In the same year during which Constantina was taken, Bugeaud, who then held a command at the other extremity of Algeria, made a treaty with Abd-el-Kader, which in some quarters was severely censured. It is hardly possible, however, to believe that any want of energy was shown by the French general, if the anecdote is true, which represents him as seizing the Emir by the hand, while venturing to be seated in his presence, and raising him up with the rude exclamation, '*Mais relevez vous donc.*' The conditions of the treaty itself imposed very narrow restrictions on the Emir. In other parts of Algeria great activity was displayed during Marshal Vallée's tenure of office. Bugeaud himself became governor in 1841, and the war was prosecuted with unceasing energy. Abd-el-Kader fled into Morocco, and brought a new power into antagonism with France. Then followed the battle of Isly on the frontier, and the bombardment of Mogador on the same day (August 14, 1844), by the Prince de Joinville on the coast. During all this period we encounter at every step those generals whose experience and promptitude became so valuable in the streets of Paris during the February and June of 1848. Bedeau was in command in the East, Cavaignac in the West. The activity of Changarnier and Lamoricière was unceasing. A new group of generals soon came into view. A lively picture of the last three year sof Bugeaud's administration is presented to us in the recently-published Letters of Marshal Saint-Arnaud; and the names which we find there are those of Bosquet, Canrobert, and Pélissier. Separated in some degree from this group is Baraguay d'Hilliers; but his work in Africa was contemporary, as it has been in Europe since. In following the history of Algiers we are gradually leaving those who were destined to play a great part in 1848, and those who were reserved for 1851 begin to take their places—*les Numides contre les Africains*, to adopt a *bon mot* of the *coup d'état*.

It is impossible not to read with extreme interest what Saint-Arnaud (who in 1845 was only a colonel) said of those who were destined to be his comrades and successors in the Crimean campaign. First comes Pélissier, in co-operation with whom he adopted the terrible measures for the extirpation of the Arabs of the Dahra, which became notorious throughout Europe.

> '*Au bivouac de Sidi-Yacoub*, *Juin* 27, 1845.—Colonel Pélissier and I were ordered to conquer the Dahra and the Dahra is conquered. The journals will give you the sad details of the extremities to which Pélissier was obliged to have recourse in order to subdue the Oued-Riah, who had fled into their caverns. If I had been in his place I should have done the same. . . . . If people have said that I marched sword, axe, and torch in hand, what will they say of Pélissier—a brave and excellent officer, but with a rough rind?'

Again he says in the course of the next month (July 19):—

> 'I must destroy the Sbèhas and lay siege to their caves like Pélissier.'

And again (July26):—

> 'Well, brother, what do you say of our French press? I should have done and shall do what Pélissier did. In eight days I shall perhaps find myself in an identical position, and if I lay siege to the caverns of the Sbèhas, I shall act as a soldier, and shall inflict the greatest possible loss upon the enemy to escape loss myself.'

We leave these passages to speak for themselves; for we have no wish to dwell either on the general cruelties of this long Algerian war, or on the particular proceedings of these two unscrupulous soldiers. The mention of Canrobert is more pleasing. He went to Paris in 1846, and promised to visit Saint-Arnaud's son at school, and, in a letter of introduction which he carried to the boy's uncle, is thus described:—

> 'He is one of the officers of the African army that I love and esteem the most—an old friendship of ten years which dates from the breach of Constantine.'

Of the third distinguished Crimean general he says:—

> 'Bosquet, whom you don't know, is very well known and well appreciated in Africa; a man of merit, mind, and sense, who began his career when captain of artillery, as orderly officer to General Lamoricière, and who, pushed forward

by him, and his own services in the *bureaux Arabes*, has risen rapidly to the rank of colonel.'*

A vigorous description of him is given by Castellane, in his Souvenirs of the African War :—

> 'Colonel Bosquet was one of those men whom one rarely meets. With an iron will, with strong sense, and exact judgment equal to the breadth of his mind and the vivacity of his intelligence, he had succeeded in every enterprise entrusted to him. All esteemed him ; but his kindly disposition earned for him also the affection of all who came near him. He was evidently a man made for great commands, evidently a man capable of rescuing from a great danger when all are despairing. If ever a great occasion should arise, no one who knows him fears that he will ever be wanting to the occasion or to himself.'

One of the most important of Saint-Arnaud's own exploits related to the pursuit of Bou-Maza, an Arab chieftain second only to Abd-el-Kader in activity and resources. But it is more interesting to look at some of those passages which indicate the writer's vanity and ambition, and his curious anticipations of the career to which he was afterwards called :—

> 'I perceive with pleasure that in the most difficult circumstances I preserve a calmness and *sang froid* that I had not formerly. I feel that I command ; I find myself at home and collected, and everything prospers. Who knows what all this might become on a larger scale and in a more extended sphere ?'

The following is strangely prophetic :—

> 'Affairs are threatening in Turkey. I rejoice at it. How happy I should be to strike a blow at Russia, conjointly with England !'

In 1847 Bou-Maza surrendered to Saint-Arnaud ; but in other respects also this year was remarkable. In the spring was executed the famous expedition into Great Kabylia under Marshal Bugeaud, which is described with much animation by our countryman Mr. Borrer, who accompanied it. Two columns moved on Bougie through the disaffected country at the same time : one from Algiers, over the Metidja plain, under the Marshal's own command, the other, under General Bedeau, from Sétif. The result was the complete submission of 55 clans, reckoned to have the power of sending into the field a contingent of 33,000 men. If the French arms in the early part of the year were thus signalized by victory in the east, success still more remarkable awaited them at its close in the west. On the 23rd of December the Duc d'Aumale (who had succeeded Bugeaud as Governor-General) landed at an Algerian town near the frontier of Morocco. Just two days before Abd-el-Kader had proposed to Lamoricière to hold a conference. Twenty-four hours passed in the exchange of communications. Then the Emir was received with military honours at the marabout of Sidi Brahim, and was conducted to the Duc d'Aumale, who found himself, almost at the moment of disembarking, victorious over the modern Jugurtha. The chieftain laid down his sandals on the threshold, waited a signal from the young Prince to be seated, kept silence a moment, and then said in Arabic, 'I would willingly have done sooner what I have done to-day. I waited the hour marked by God. I demand l'aman from the King of the French for my family and myself.' The 24th was taken up with the arrangement of his personal affairs, and Christmas-day saw him on his way to Toulon, with his mother, his wives, and his children. The violation of the promises made to the Arab chieftain is an incident most discreditable to the last days of the rule of the House of Orleans.

The extraordinary circumstances, in the midst of which the year 1848 broke on France, appear in no connexion under a more romantic aspect than in connexion with Algiers. On the first day of the year the news came to the Boulevards that Abd-el-Kader was taken. Great rejoicings followed and high congratulations of the youthful Governor-General. Probably there were few persons in France at that time who did not accept this event as a new proof of the consolidation of the throne of Louis Philippe. Such had been the thoughts of many during the summer of 1830 in reference to the throne of Charles X., and the result which now ensued is one more instance of the singular tendency of French history to reproduce itself. In the early part of the year 1848 we took up the *Journal de Constantine* in an Algerian *café*, and read the following parallel between Charles X. and Louis Philippe :—

> 'Each was driven from his throne at seventy-four years of age: one just after the victory over the Dey, the other just after the surrender of Abd-el-Kader ; each having lost an eldest son by a violent death—one on February 13th, 1820, the other on February 13th, 1843 ; each left a grandson of ten years old ; each was expelled by a revolution on the same three days of the week.'

The next words are an amusing specimen of the French tendency to prolong a comparison till it vanishes in an absurdity; 'In each case bread was dear just before, and a violent storm occurred just after.' When the Revolution was accomplished, the Algerian club in Paris waited on 'Citizen Crémieux,' at the Hôtel de Ville, and he received them with such sentences as the following: 'A king once had the courage to say, "There are no longer any Pyrenees," and can you suppose that under the Republic there can ever be a Mediterranean between you and us? It is impossible. France is Algeria and Algeria is France.' Four deputies were allowed to the French in Africa, and the electors gave their votes (characteristic choice!) on Easter Sunday in the unfinished cathedral. The walls were covered with placards of all colours, each headed with the words 'République Française;' and for a time everything was in a ferment in French Africa, as well as throughout continental Europe. On the whole, however, there was very little real care for the Republic in Algeria. Thoughtful men were anxious; the lighter spirits made jokes about liberty, equality, and fraternity; the sons of Louis Philippe were sincerely regretted;* and the ladies mourned over the aristocratic balls which the Princes used to give. The tree of liberty, always a sorry shrub, soon withered in African soil. The *garde mobile* disappeared, and the strict military government resumed its sway in all the new towns between Morocco and Tunis. Though the commotions of Paris produced no important effects in the condition of Algiers, the military experience of Algiers exerted a most important influence on the fortunes of Paris. In fact, the true continuation of Algerian history during the year 1848 is to be found in Parisian squares and among Parisian barricades. In February indeed it seemed as if the extraordinary infatuation which came over the King and his Ministers paralysed even the veteran Bugeaud, and held back the energy of the two younger African generals, who were in Paris at the time, Bedeau and Lamoricière. But in June (when Cavaignac was Dictator, and Lamartine had ceased to be the people's idol) we see how much may depend on the prompt application of military experience, whether we follow Duvivier* to the *Hôtel de Ville*, or Lamoricière to the *Clos St. Lazare*, or Bedeau and Négrier† to the *Faubourg St. Antoine*. It is indeed impossible to disentangle the narrative of Algerian warfare from the most exciting of modern European changes, and it is precisely this impossibility which gives their most intense interest to the French conquests in Africa.

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* It appears from one of Saint-Arnaud's later letters that Bosquet was made a general after having been a colonel only nine months.

The crash of a dynasty in France did not in the least degree compromise the French power in Algeria. The results of the year preceding 1848 were permanent. Kabylia was tranquil. Abd-el-Kader remained in prison. By his surrender the last blow had been given to the Arabic nationality, as the last trace of the Turkish domination had been swept away in the taking of Constantina. There was no reason why Algiers should not float on in the wake of Paris, as she pursued her rapid but steady course towards her present Imperial anchorage. Napoleon III. has reaped where others had sown. No great events have occurred during the period in which the new *régime* has been gradually consolidated. In 1849 some minor military movements took place, and especially the storming of Zaatcha, a fortress within the verge of the eastern Sahara. It was in this siege that Canrobert said to the Zouaves, whom he was leading—'Whatever happens we must mount these walls, and if the retreat sounds, be sure, Zouaves, it sounds not for you.'‡ In the same year, at Midsummer, Marshal Bugeaud—the fierce destroyer of the Kabyles—*le bon père Bugeaud*, as the soldiers called him—died of cholera at Paris. In 1850 we read of nothing more important than the coming of fifteen hundred Arab horsemen to the first horse-races at Algiers, and their termination of the entertainment with a grand national *fantasia*.§ In 1851 took place a new campaign in Kabylia, under the direction of Saint-Arnaud, now governor of the province of Constantina, who, in conjunction with Bosquet and other well-known officers, obtained for himself a high military renown. The year 1852 was marked by hostilities on the frontier of Morocco, but more especially by Pélissier's success in the taking of Laghonat in the far south, a position about twice as far from Boghar as Boghar is from Algiers, and probably the destined centre of the future trade among the oases of the Sahara.

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* Lamping, 'the soldier of the Foreign Legion,' writes thus as early as June, 1841:—'The Dukes of Nemours and Aumale were with the column: the first as Brigadier General, the second as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 24th regiment of the line. Both are tall and well made, and are much respected by the army as brave officers, and indeed they do their duty on all occasions, even better than the other superior officers. The Duke of Nemours, however, is not so much beloved as the duke of Orleans, as he is thought proud and aristocratic, whether justly or not I had no opportunity of telling.'—*The French in Algiers*, p. 46.

* The centre of the insurgents was in the *Cité*. The position was gained by Duvivier 'stone by stone;' and he died in consequence of wounds received in the struggle. His reputation in Africa had been such that he was placed in command of the second battalion of Zouaves at their first organization.

† Négrier was killed near the same place as the Archbishop of Paris, and on the same dreadful Sunday.

‡ The commanding officer on this occasion was General d'Herbillon, who commanded at the battle of the Tchernaya. He was also engaged in the *coup d'état*, on the side of the President.

§ The *fantasia* of the Arabs may be described as

In the celebrated event of December, 1851, Paris and Algiers were again indissolubly bound together. Saint-Arnaud, recalled from Constantina, had been closeted daily with the Prince President for the space of a fortnight, and at length everything was arranged throughout Paris for simultaneous action at a quarter past six on the morning of the 2nd. The first act of the drama was the seizure of five African generals at their separate lodgings. The apprehension of Changarnier was regarded as the most important, and its incidents may be taken as a specimen of all. At a few minutes past six the police-officer rang the bell at No. 3, *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*. The porter was suspicious and refused to open the door. It struck the officer that a grocer's shop adjoining probably communicated with the court. After telling one of his men to keep the porter in conversation, he entered the shop, demanded the key, penetrated with the rest of his men into the general's house, and ascended the stairs. Changarnier sprang from his bed, and appeared with bare feet, and a pistol in each hand. After a moment's pause he yielded himself up with perfect calmness. On his way to the prison of Mazas, he said, 'When the President has a foreign war, he will be glad of my services again, that he may give me the command of an army.' To the same prison the other generals were presently brought after more or less indignant expostulation or resistance —brave and able men, like himself, and illustrious in the campaigns of twenty years —Bedeau, Lamoricière, Leflô, and Cavaignac. Canrobert, on the contrary, was peculiarly energetic on the 4th at the barricades of the *Porte St. Martin*, and penetrated on the following day with complete success through the *Faubourg Poissonière* to Ménilmontant. Bosquet and Pélissier were in Africa. The result of these events is that since the close of 1851 the first group of Algerian generals (*Les Africains*) have been in exile, while the second group (*les Numides*) have become the prominent agents in the Russian war. As to Algiers itself, its fortunes, like those of France, now seek to wear the aspect of industrial and commercial progress. The latest articles of intelligence relate to the digging of Artesian wells, the opening of markets for the native tribes, and the exportation of corn and other produce. We turn with pleasure from the horrors of war to say a few words in conclusion on the natural products and social condition of the great African colony.

No view of the natural capabilities of Algeria can be so complete as that which was afforded by the collection of its products in the Paris *Exposition* last year. Those who visited that exhibition, and penetrated to the long *Annexe* by the river, will remember the 'Algerian trophy' in the midst, with its fruits and ears of corn, and the vegetable, animal, and mineral produce which were distributed round it. No more interesting moment occurred in the history of the Exhibition than the visit of Abd-el-Kader—no meeting point of the East and West in our times has been more remarkable—no scene could form a more suitable termination to the sketches with which we have endeavoured to illustrate the various fortunes of Algiers. The Emir's appearance on that occasion is described as sorrowful and yet prince-like. 'He wore the simple Arab dress, without any personal decoration, and acknowledged with sedate grace the salutations of the bystanders.' It would be difficult to imagine the feelings with which this child of the desert saw the progress of European energy in discovering and using the resources of his conquered African home.

The vegetable resources of Algeria are, perhaps, on the whole the most conspicuous. In Roman times Northern Africa was so famous for its harvests that it was proverbially called the granary of Italy. Pliny is profuse in his praises of its fruitfulness. We are told that Proconsular Africa used sometimes to be allegorically represented under the form of a woman with an ear of corn in each hand, and standing on a vessel loaded with grain. This character seems in a fair way of being again realised in reference to France. In the Exhibition of 1855 might be seen the finest samples of wheat, oats, rye, barley, millet, rice, and Indian corn. And these ripe specimens were exhibited in Paris six weeks before

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a mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous. Its main point consists in the sudden reining up of horses at full gallop, and the discharge of every gun at the same moment.

the French harvest was ready. Fruits, too, of the most various kinds were there—ripe apples and pears in July, with dates from Laghouat in the distant Sahara; with oranges so fine as to remind one that the gardens of the Hesperides were in North-western Africa; with lemons, citrons, guavas, almonds, figs, pomegranates; with other garden produce, such as beans, haricots, potatoes, and yams. Samples of cotton were exhibited in great profusion; and the attention of merchants and manufacturers was drawn to other vegetable fibres,—especially that of the *urtica nivea*, brought prominently into notice by the want of hemp during the Russian war,—and the *crin d'Afrique*, produced from the dwarf palm, and much esteemed for the stuffing of cushions and beds. A long list of miscellaneous articles might be enumerated, such as gums, resins, madder, shumac, linseed, opium, tobacco, olive-oils, and wines both white and red. But in estimating the vegetable resources of African France we ought particularly to notice the invaluable woods for furniture and cabinet-work which its vast forests are able to send,—cedar of such dimensions that a table was exhibited of one slab nearly five feet in diameter; olive of an almost fabulous age; myrtle, holly, walnut, mulberry; and above all the Thuja wood, with its rich brown veins on a reddish base, identified by Sir William Hooker with the *citrus* of the ancient world, tables of which were purchased at incredible prices for the palaces of the noble Romans.

The wealth of Algiers derivable from the animal kingdom also is copious and varied. The Arab is essentially a shepherd: the sheep of the Sahara plateaux is supposed to have a close relationship to the merino of Spain; and, as we should expect, the exhibitions of wools gave indications of rivalry with our own colonies of new South Wales and Victoria. Northern Africa appears to be quite as favourable as Southern France for the cultivation of the silk-worm, and the silks formed a conspicuous part of the collection of 1855. The coral-fishery near Bona was conducted with much enterprise even in the Turkish days;* and, whether it remains chiefly in the hands of Italians or not, must be a valuable source of profit to France. To this section of our commercial catalogue we may add the items of cochineal, hides, beeswax, and honey.† If we turn to the mineral resources of Algeria, as represented in the Exhibition, we find iron, copper, and lead rich in silver. The shares in the Tenez and Mouzäia mines appear, indeed, to be low; but it is not very clear at present whether this arises from the veins being worked out or from defective experience and skill. The rich marbles of the colony are probably inexhaustible.

We cannot justly lay much stress on the show of colonial manufactures, on the saddles and harness, the arms and articles of dress, the medicines and liqueurs, the Moorish carpets and earthenware, which gave a curious and characteristic appearance to the Algerian compartment of the *Annexe*. And, indeed, it is obvious that a mere collection even of raw produce may only exhibit possibilities in their most hopeful aspect. In order to estimate the true value of a colony, a balance must be struck between its productiveness and the expense of maintaining it. Our belief is that Algeria is destined to become of the highest value to France, in the literal and material sense, independently of the benefits of having afforded an outlet for restless and dangerous spirits, and a training-ground for a courageous and experienced army. We think that Saint-Arnaud expressed in 1844 the true state of the case: 'The future of this country is immense, but the gold that it will swallow up is incalculable.' The second part of this prophecy has been already abundantly fulfilled, and we believe the first part is now entering on its fulfilment. Ten years ago, when the question was asked, 'What do you export?' the answer was, 'Nothing but dates and wounded soldiers.' The very corn for the sustenance of the troops was imported. During the Russian war, on the other hand, we read of large supplies of grain sent from Algiers to Kamiesch, and recent returns seem to show a continued improvement. During the last three years agricultural enterprise has received a great impulse. The first race of immigrants—the storekeepers, innkeepers, and miscellaneous speculators—are ruined, and are now giving place to more industrious and settled colonists. The population is extremely heterogeneous. Every European nation has its representatives in Algeria, our own excepted, unless indeed we reckon '*les Anglo-Maltais*' in this character. Some villages are as German as the German villages of Pennsylvania. Perhaps we may regard this mixture as an advantage, when we consider the great varieties of soil and climate which are included within the limits of the colony.

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* Some cruelties inflicted on Italian coral-fishers were amongst the immediate causes of the expedition of 1816.

† A recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled 'Le Cheval de Guerre,' points out Algeria as an admirable country for the rearing of horses for the army. The writer is General Daumas, than whom no one is more competent to form a just opinion; and he is fortified by letters written by Crimean officers during the recent war, which put so many horses on their trial.

Many popular mistakes have existed in reference to both the soil and climate of Algeria. When the French landed they were probably under the impression that the sand of the interior reached almost to Sidi-Ferruch. Then they became acquainted with the Metidja, where (to use one of Pélissier's expressions) you could not find sand enough to sprinkle a letter; and the contrary error began to prevail, that there was no Algerian sand at all. The characteristics of the Tell and the Sahara are now fully known and understood. The former is the country of harvests, the home of the agricultural Arabs, and in its more level parts very rich and very uniform. The latter is the region of the high plateaux, over which the pastoral Arabs wander with their flocks, or travel in trading caravans from one oasis to another. It is true that the Sahara is a desert, but, as a recent traveller has truly said, it is no more a barren unvarying wilderness than the Highlands are one continued moor. The palm-trees round the wells of water form green islands, often so numerous as to be truly archipelagos, in the midst of a wide ocean of plains and mountains. Some tracts, usually unproductive, are fertilised and turned into pasture for a time by the rains of early spring; others remain always an arid waste, over which the simoom reigns supreme.

With these varieties of soil are corresponding varieties of climate. The summer heats are excessive, though the winters also are very cold, in the Sahara, beyond the Lesser Atlas. The extremes of temperature and other conditions in the table-lands near the Tell, elevated above the sea to about the height of the Vosges, are probably very favourable to the health and industry of Northern Europeans. The climate of the coast-region is moderated and made equable by the proximity of the sea, and is far more like that of Naples than of Sierra Leone. Algiers lies to the north of Malaga, though, without consulting the map, many persons would find it as difficult to believe this as to believe that Edinburgh lies to the west of Liverpool. Moreover, while the mountains behind Malaga are so placed as to receive the hot southern sun, the Sahel behind Algiers has a northern slope. Already French Africa is resorted to by European invalids. For the sake of health, and for other reasons, we anticipate an increasing tide of travellers in this direction. A very useful '*Itinéraire de l'Algérie*' was published last year in Paris; and we hope the time is not far distant when our friend Mr. Murray will complete his circuit of the Mediterranean, by adding an Algerian chapter to his excellent 'Handbook for France.'* To the naturalist, to the archæologist, and the student of ecclesiastical history, this country presents new fields full of intense interest; and Algiers is not much more distant from Marseilles than Edinburgh (by water) from London. Even in 1842 three lines of mail-steamers for this service were established. Now communication takes place almost daily between the South of France and some point of the Algerian coast.† The submarine telegraphic wire is just laid down from Cagliari, and Paris will be in instantaneous communication with Algiers. The associations between the mother country and the colony, or rather between the conquering country and the conquered, are daily becoming closer. That Algeria should ever detach itself from France, or become the possession of any other European power, we regard as in the highest degree improbable. A king was dethroned when the conquest was hardly begun; but the enterprise was not arrested. Another revolution occurred, when the Arabs had received their most humiliating defeat; but the French cause did not waver for a moment. Whatever changes may take place in Paris, we believe that Algiers is secure; and so long as the tricolor is a symbol, not of war and bloodshed, but of peace and real improvement, we shall watch its progress over the Atlas with satisfaction and hope. Not faultless ourselves in India or at the Cape, we will not scan too narrowly all the process by which the French have become firmly possessed of what Montalembert calls, with some bitterness towards the present dynasty, '*Ce legs magnifique de la monarchie constitutionnelle;*' and we feel no temptation to grudge to our allies the natural pride with which they look forward to '*l'avenir de la belle colonie.*'

The Governor-General of French Algeria, who is always a soldier, has nearly absolute power.* Each province under him has its own military lieutenant-governor. There are also three civil *préfets*, but their cares are limited to municipal, agricultural, and mercantile questions. The Governor-General has an administrative council, including the bishop and the rector of the academy. The whole territory of the colony is divided into districts or *zones* of three kinds, the Civil, the Mixed, and the Arab. In the first of these the Government has reference chiefly to Europeans, and (with certain limitations) is similar to that of an ordinary French department. In the second all administrative functions, both civil and judicial, are discharged by military officers. The third are placed under strict martial law. The most difficult and delicate task of Government relates to the management of the native tribes. Hence the importance of the *bureaux arabes*, conducted by French officers skilled in the Arab language and customs. Lamoricière took an active part in their first organization, and in them Bosquet began his distinguished career. The necessity of dealing directly with the indigenous Mussulmans was imposed upon the French by their expulsion of the Turks after the first conquest of Algiers. There were some who questioned the wisdom of this policy. But the Turks could hardly have been useful servants. They were at best only an army of occupation; they had never been the authors of any improvement; their only care had been to prosecute piracy by sea and to extort taxes by land. Now hardly a Turk is to be found in the colony. Many retired to Tunis; some to Alexandria. The substitution of the French for the Turkish rule in this part of Barbary had an immediate and extraordinary effect on the condition of the Jews. No two persons can be more different in outward demeanour than the Jew of Tetuan and the Jew of Algiers. The former crouches and trembles, is mercilessly plundered, and meekly submits to every form of insult. The latter is the most insufferable dandy that ever wore a turban.

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* Why is not Mr. Ford's lively, learned, and almost encyclopædiacal '*Handbook for Spain*' made complete by the addition of a chapter on the Balearic Islands? A chapter on Corsica has been added to the last edition of the '*Handbook for France.*'

† Steamers belonging to the Messageries Impériales leave Marseilles six times a month for Algiers, three times for Bona, three times for Oran, and three times for Store. There are also Algerian screw-steamers belonging to a private company.

As to the other races which are found among the 2,500,000 Algerian subjects of Napoleon III., we have little to add to what we have already said in following the successive waves of the population of Northern Africa. Traces of the Vandals are still seen or imagined in the blue eyes and light complexions of some of the mountain tribes. The Kabyles are believed to be the representatives of the ancient Berbers. The ethnological point of most practical interest and importance lies in the distinction, so clearly exhibited by Daumas, between the Arab and the Kabyle. The two races, independently of the radical difference of language, are separated in their moral even more than in their physical characteristics. While the Arab is idle and desultory, the Kabyle is a diligent gardener and a busy manufacturer; he cultivates fruits and vegetables, he keeps bees, he makes gunpowder, sabres, pottery, cloth, even soap. The most curious example of the Kabyle's skill in handicraft is to be found in the minting of false coins, which, before the French occupation, was carried on to a vast extent in the mountains, to the disturbance of the currencies of various countries. The contrast between the two races might be pursued through a variety of amusing details. The Kabyle lives in a fixed habitation; the Arab is a horseman and a wanderer. The Kabyle is a republican; the Arab has feudal institutions. The Kabyle takes a pride in the cleanness and brightness of his gun; the Arab says that a black dog will bite as well as a white one. The Kabyle pays fewer compliments than the Arab, tells fewer lies, and in war is a more open foe.

Whatever may be the movements or quiescence of the Arabs, there is no doubt that the Kabyles will yet give much trouble to the French, and require the maintenance of a considerable army. In 1846 Marshal Bugeaud had under his command more than 100,000 men; and since that time the number of troops in the colony has rarely been less than 80,000. Algeria has not only been the training-place for almost all parts of the French army in succession, but it has brought into existence new corps of the highest military value. Of these the most distinguished are the *Zouaves*. For some time the recruiting went on slowly, and difficulties were experienced from the mixture of Europeans and Mahomedans. In 1833 the two battalions of which the force originally consisted were thrown into one. About this time Lamoricière was placed at their head, and in 1835 the two battalions were again reconstituted. They were raised to three in 1841 by Marshal Bugeaud, who now entirely separated the Arab soldiers from the French, and created a new corps of native troops, called *Tirailleurs Indigènes*, in which Bosquet and other Crimean soldiers saw much active service. Lamoricière was succeeded in the command of the

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* Since 1851 Marshal Randon has been Governor, with the exception of a short *interim* when the post was held by Pélissier.

Zouaves by Cavaignac, and Cavaignac, after an interval by Canrobert.* In 1852 they were raised to three regiments of three battalions each. About the close of the Russian war the Emperor, with his usual tact, added a regiment of Zouaves to the Imperial Guard; and the famous Algerian and Crimean costume is now seen by every tourist who moves through the streets of Paris. In their first constitution the *Spahis*, like the Zouaves, were a mixed corps; but the Spahis now are almost entirely native, as the Zouaves are entirely European. The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are the French cavalry who owe their formation to the campaigns of Algeria. To use the expression of Count Castellane, 'Two elements are united in the cavalry of Africa to insure success—the French element and the Arab element, the Spahi and the Chasseur.'

Even to the conclusion our notices of Algeria are more full of war than we could wish. In most French works on the subject we should be glad to see a more sensitive feeling of the suffering, carnage, and death, through which the conquest has been completed. In some there is a mixture of war and religion which we deeply regret. It is, however, some satisfaction to reflect that Christianity, entangled as it is in this instance both with war and superstition, is reinstated in the country of St. Augustine. Algiers was constituted a bishopric about the time when our English colonial episcopate was so widely extended. The first bishop, Monsignor Dupuch, is said to have been active, laborious, and benevolent, but he seems to have wanted capacity for business; for when he resigned in 1846 he was deeply in debt. Monsignor Pavry, who succeeded him, has a high reputation for energy and ability.† As to religious truth, it is a grievous evil that, in addition to the other corruptions of Romanism, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception will be preached as part of the Christian Gospel by the new African episcopate. As to religious practice, the saying of Abd-el-Kader to the Abbé Suchet is, we fear, equally applicable to the case of our own missionaries, impeded as they are in every part of the world by the lives of inconsistent Englishmen:—'Since thy religion is so beautiful, so benevolent, tell me why it is that all the French do not observe it.'

ART. III.—1. *A few Words on the important Subject of Church-Building.* London.
2. *Report of the Incorporated Society for Building, Repairing Churches, &c.* London, 1856.

THE unpretending and sensible little pamphlet on 'Church Building' treats a subject which is steadily rising in interest and importance. Every year the sums bestowed on works of piety and benevolence are more considerable, yet in their aggregate they by no means keep pace with the expanding views of philanthropy and the increasing wants of society; and every year we are made to feel more strongly the necessity of husbanding them to the utmost, and employing them so as to gain the confidence and stimulate the future liberality of the public.

Unfortunately while the office of dispensing charity is become thus important and delicate, there seems to prevail among those who undertake it not a little confusion of thought as to the objects to which their aims should be directed, and the duties they are called on to fulfil. The thrift which in the selfish concerns of life is thought a merit, the prudence which before commencing an undertaking sits down to count the cost, the regard for fitness which adapts the design to the purpose which it is intended to serve—all are too frequently discarded when a charitable project is entertained. The taste for architecture, which is one of the characteristics of the present day, is indulged at any sacrifice of sense and prudence. Whatever social want is felt, the first impulse is to build; whatever moral reform is proposed, the established panacea for all human ills is brick and mortar. It might be suspected that the worshipful Bricklayers' Company was the chief mover in all charitable collections. It certainly is the first gainer by their proceeds.

Let us open at random a few of the circulars which accumulate so rapidly in the couse of the season on a London library table. The first perhaps sets forth a scheme for some new hospital; it is headed by a woodcut of the proposed elevation, and the architect has done his best to make it attractive. Our forefathers used to say that 'gout cannot be cured by an embroidered slipper,' but assuredly the present generation must assume that there is some curative quality inherent in oriels, tracery, gurgoyles, finials, barge-boards, and fantastic ridge-tiles. The charitable projectors seem to anticipate no inquiry as to how many patients' beds must be retrenched in order to secure all this architectural decoration. No one seems to have objected that the complicated roof and the unnecessary quantity of external wall unite the maximum of expense to the minimum of convenience, or that large mullions obstruct the sun, and casements are apt to let in the cold. Nay, it will be well if on further examination we do not discover that the southern front is occupied by entrance halls, staircases, and board-rooms, while the patients are left to languish in the cheerless north. In short, the architect has confined his attention to external effect, and the inducement most prominently held out to subscribers seems to be the glory of adorning one of the suburban thoroughfares with so showy a specimen of modern taste.

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* Baraguay d'Hilliers and many other officers who have been conspicuous in the Russian war, formerly served in Africa in the corps of Zouaves.

† Saint-Arnaud's remark, when he describes his first meeting with the new bishop (Jan. 4, 1847), is characteristic: 'He is a clever man, but he speaks from the head more than from the heart; I should preach better than he.'

The next circular we open foreshadows the fate of this ambitious commencement. It contains an urgent appeal from a committee who have just completed their building according to the tasteful design of their programme. They assert that the greatest attention has been paid to economy; and so far truly, that all they have accomplished is only shabby splendour and flimsy magnificence. But nevertheless the funds, ample as they seemed, have been exhausted. A heavy debt has been incurred, and unless the 'benevolent public' will again open their purse-strings, they must be content to witness the shipwreck of the charitable project which they supposed, and had a right to suppose, was secured by their first subscriptions.

The next appeal perhaps calls our attention to some old foundation parish-school which has of late years fallen into lethargy and jobbery. There needs an infusion of fresh vigour into its management. The trustees should be roused to a sense of their duty, or should be changed; a new master should be engaged, the plan of study revised, and the confidence of the neighbourhood restored. The schoolhouse, venerable in its simplicity, is as sound as it has been any time for the last two centuries. But her Majesty's inspector discovers a want of some of the modern machinery of education, and instantly recommends a new building, which must exhaust the means of the parish, and will not remedy one of the subjects of complaint. It is a case of suspended animation, and instead of applying restoratives, the physician has nothing better to prescribe than a handsome coffin.

In one of the midland counties some munificent individuals desired to institute a foundation school for fifty destitute orphans of the lowest class. For this purpose they raised the noble sum of 6000*l.*, and they lavished it all on their building. No wonder that we now find a circular exhorting the reluctant public in a tone of expostulation, which though not unnatural is quite unreasonable under the circumstances, to make a further contribution for its endowment.

Not long ago a proposal was widely circulated for educating a limited number (from fifty to eighty) of the orphan sons of the clergy. Not less than 25,000*l.*, at the very least, the prospectus informs us, almost in a tone of menace, will be required for the building alone; and if, nevertheless, unabashed we venture to protest against all such displays of prodigality, we are straightway told that, 'if unfortunately for posterity William of Wykeham and Henry VI. had been possessed by our niggardly utilitarian spirit, they never would have raised those magnificent foundations at Eton and Winchester which were the glories of their times, and have been main supports of sound learning ever since.' In this, and all such retorts, the different condition and the different needs of society at those remote periods—the very circumstances, in fact, on which our judgment must be founded—are studiously kept out of sight; and in one, and that the most important, particular, the parallel wholly fails. Henry VI. and William of Wykeham had the means of endowing their foundations yet more magnificently than they adorned them; above all, they were not accountable to the public, and used the right of doing what they pleased with their own. They did not print circulars and beg alphabetically through the Court Guide and the charity lists.

In a suburban county a few years ago, when the educational movement, as it is called, was strongest, a public meeting was called and a very large subscription made for the purpose of building a training school for masters and mistresses. The building committee, anticipating, as we may presume, entire success for the plan, resolved to raise at once an edifice such as could be needed only if the experiment had entirely succeeded and the institution had reached the highest pitch of vigour and efficiency. The next we hear of the training school is from a circular, which informs us that the funds are all exhausted, that no less than 10,000*l.* has been spent on the building, and that to finish and furnish it a large additional sum will be required. To supply this deficiency, it calls on the liberality of the county with an unhesitating air of authority. Nor does the tone of this document betray the slightest misgiving that the committee have fallen short of absolute wisdom in their management, or the faintest consciousness of the fact (which is notorious, nevertheless, to every practical man in the district) that the instructors who will resort for their training to a school of so much pretension will require larger salaries than the agricultural parishes of which the county is mainly composed can afford to pay. Again, in a northern diocese, not long ago, a meeting was held to consider what use could be made of a building, which, with similar precipitation and want of foresight, had been constructed for a training school at a very great expense, but which now lay as useless and unserviceable for the purpose to which it was destined as Robinson Crusoe's longboat.

But it is in church-building that the present rage for architecture finds its amplest, and we will at once admit, within certain limits, its most legitimate development. So great, however, is the anxiety to obtain certain constructional combinations, that architectural effect rather than the worship of God might be supposed to be the chief object of our exertions. Among the heap of circulars before us we shall probably find more than one from the incumbent of St. Stephen's, Devonport. And here, in a recent Report of the Oxford Architectural Society,* we find a further account of his difficulties and his struggles. His curate explains to the meeting the poverty of the district and its wants. A congregation of no less than 3000 souls, composed chiefly of the families of absent sailors, is unprovided with a place of worship. No help is to be obtained in the neighbourhood. For eight years efforts have been made to raise a church—for three, the work has been in progress—and for two, the building has remained roofless for want of funds. No art of begging (and to this we can bear witness) has been left untried. Our sympathy is warmly excited; but, as we read on, we find that 'the President had been attracted to visit the church by a distant view of the beautiful spire.' So, then, the beautiful spire had been built before there was any reasonable ground for believing that funds could be obtained for the roof? What should we say to a beggar who spent his money on cambric frills, and then, in a tone of reproachful importunity, asked the passers-by if they meant to leave a fellow-creature to starve for the want of a shirt?

Here again is another circular of more than usual importunity of appeal, setting forth a case of more than usual urgency of distress. It speaks of extreme spiritual destitution, perishing thousands, a poor district, selfish landowners, Dissenting manufacturers, hostile Papists. There is no school, no parsonage, no church. To supply the last of these wants, in spite of all difficulties, a considerable sum had been raised; and the building was nearly completed when an unlooked-for disaster reduced the parish to despair. The centre tower had fallen on the clerestory, and had crushed it beneath the ruins. We are not surprised that the tower fell. We can easily imagine that some young architect eager for a job might engage to build a cathedral with a sum which would barely suffice for a chapel, or that, in all the good faith of ignorance, he might undertake to poise several hundred tons of stone in the air without more knowledge of the art of construction than suffices to make a showy sketch; but we own we are surprised that good and zealous men should think of opening the campaign, against such a host of formidable adversaries, with centre towers and clerestories.

The above cases, however, it may be urged, are exceptional. Let us take an instance so common that every reader's experience may supply him with a parallel. A zealous archdeacon, we will suppose, has long been grieved by a more than usually urgent case of spiritual destitution in his district. At 'Brimston-upon-Ooze' the number of persons who are without any church accommodation is reported to be positively awful. He takes a favourable opportunity of calling a meeting of the neighbourhood. 'The bishop of the diocese kindly consents to take the chair.' Both the ecclesiastical dignitaries subscribe more than they can afford. One or two influential laymen come forward handsomely. A manufacturer, not supposed to be particularly friendly to the Church, electrifies the meeting by a liberal contribution. The proposal to build a church is carried by acclamation, and a committee for the purpose is named. Some orthodox Amphitryon gives a handsome luncheon. All is mutual congratulation and collaudation, and the sanguine already look upon the spiritual darkness of the benighted town-ship as a cloud which has been swept away. The sum which has been subscribed in the room warrants the committee (so they think, though not without something of doubt and trepidation) in applying to some fashionable 'ecclesiologist' for a plan. To their infinite relief, his estimates exceed the amount subscribed by only a few hundreds—a mere trifle, which is quite unworthy of notice when compared with the advantage of securing so beautiful a design and the attention of so accomplished a critic in ecclesiastical antiquity to the details of the building, and which will, of course (it is argued), be very easily procured by a further appeal to the public. But now the difficulties begin. The appeal entails a certain expense of printing and advertising, and brings a surprisingly small addition to the 'first sprightly runnings' of spontaneous bounty. The estimates, of course, are exceeded by the builder: of course, too, nobody is to blame for this. Alterations were made in the design after the contract was signed, and, moreover, in the estimates much that is indispensable had been omitted, much that is desirable had to be added. 'Extras' accumulate. The fittings of the church had not been thought of. It must be warmed, or the poor will not attend. It must be lighted, or the evening service must be given up. Before it is finished a heavy debt is incurred, which there are no means of paying but by importunate begging, and this accordingly is systematically begun by the incumbent, on whom the committee generally devolve the ungracious task.

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* 'Ecclesiologist,' No. cxiii. p. 137.

All this is very natural. In all human undertakings there is a constant tendency to confound the means with the end, and, moreover, building has many special attractions of its own. It realizes a positive and ascertainable result. It is pleasant to enumerate the newly-raised edifices and to count the gain. A showy church seems to give a permanent expression to the zeal of its founders. When some great work of reformatory charity is urged upon us, building at once gratifies the natural love of activity and aversion to labour. It is easy to send for an architect and discuss plans and elevations; to attack evil in its stronghold is full of anxious toil and painful thought. To all these temptations (and many more might be added) it is, we repeat, most natural, and therefore in some degree excusable, to yield. But the more natural the error, the more imperative is the duty of protesting against it; and so far are the lovers of architecture and archæology from accepting the excuse which we offer them, that they boldly claim the merit of reasserting a great principle, and of reviving the zeal and devotedness of by-gone days.

> 'Non veniam *antiqui* sed honorem et præmia poscunt.'

If, in answer to the clamorous demands with which he is assailed, the perplexed Samaritan ventures to ask how so free an expenditure is reconcileable with so abject a state of distress, he can obtain no further explanation than a lecture on the virtue of 'largeheartedness' and the duty of selfdenial; and if, still unsatisfied, he tries to grapple with details, his investigation is evaded by a repetition of the same generalities, or perhaps he is taunted with allusions to the 'splendour of the nobleman's mansion,' and inquiries why he desires that 'the house of the Lord should lie waste.'

In all this there is no little want of logic or of candour. Two subjects are confounded which are essentially distinct, and which it is our duty to keep separate. The first is the grave question which every man must settle with his conscience at his peril, how large a part of his good things he should devote to the service of God and the relief of his fellow man. The second, which alone belongs to our present discussion, is how he can employ the charitable funds at his disposal, whether furnished by himself or intrusted to him by others, to the best advantage; and on this question we complain that good men do not bestow so much thought, nor exact so rigorous an account from themselves, as we have a right to expect.

With a given amount of means to effect the greatest amount of good is a problem which, it must be owned, admits of no general and simple solution. To consider it too closely might perhaps have the effect of paralysing us with inaction. It is at all times compounded of the consideration of what would be most desirable if we could attain it, and what it will be in our power to effect, and must generally end in a compromise. We dare not dogmatize upon it; yet certain misconceptions may be removed, and principles may be laid down, which, if steadily kept in view, would greatly diminish the chance of error in practice.

But before we can make any progress in the discussion, we must endeavour to clear up the point on which there exists the most confusion of thought and the greatest diversity of opinion. We must endeavour to ascertain on what ground the duty rests of adorning our places of worship, and what are its due limits; and though perhaps for a brief space the argument may lead us into more serious subjects than our readers anticipated when they undertook to read an essay on charitable economics, we must not shun the examination of a question which is not only constantly brought before us in a practical shape, but is studiously mixed up with all others to which it bears even a remote analogy. If fault is found with the unnecessary cost of school, hospital, almshouse, or even parsonage, it is usual to couch the reply in terms of studied ambiguity, and, by classing them all together as 'buildings devoted to the glory of God,' to shift the defence, by this rhetorical sleight-of-hand, to the stronghold of ecclesiastical decoration.

It is not easy to grapple with a subject where the disputants seem to insinuate more than they directly assert, and to feel more than they choose to express; but if we rightly collect the meaning of the vehement advocates of rich decoration in churches, their opinion seems to be that, independently of any effect we hope to produce on man, the subject of devout impressions, we are bound, according to our means, to make our places of worship suited in some degree to the greatness of God their object; and this, in these days, when a new nomenclature passes for novelty of matter, and obscurity of style for profundity of thought, is called discriminating between the 'subjective' and the 'objective' worship—a distinction which, moreover, it is implied, if not directly asserted, is acknowledged in God's revealed word. It is common for Christians of all times and of all denominations to seek in the Old Testament that support for their favourite doctrines which they fail to find in the New. Accordingly we hear much from such reasoners of the 'cunning work of the sanctuary,' and of the minute details of magnificence which God thought proper to appoint for his temple and worship on Mount Sion. Now, without pausing to protest against the danger of applying the analogy of the old dispensation to matters of ritual and of detail under the new, we must at once profess our conviction that in both dispensations the general scope of God's dealings with his creatures as regards his own worship appears to be substantially alike, and that the splendour of the temple, not less than the simplicity of the primitive church, was subservient to a spiritual end. If we carefully study the whole tenor of the Old Testament, nothing can be clearer or stronger than the intimations that, though God is pleased to accept the service of man's spirit and the devotion of his heart, he cannot be glorified by any work of man's hands. 'Obedience is better than sacrifice' is a moral repeated in diversified forms and on multiplied occasions. 'The silver is mine and the gold is mine; what house will ye build me? saith the Lord of Hosts.' No doubt the whole Jewish dispensation was ceremonial and visible to a far greater degree than the Christian. The very promises held out to the Jew were in a greater degree temporal, while the Christian's are almost exclusively eternal; but we cannot question that the magnificent temple and the gorgeous ritual were ordained to impress God's chosen people (to whom we may presume this sensuous worship was necessary) with awe and reverence at the time, and with conviction in ages to come, when the mighty events which these ritual enactments foreshadowed should be brought to pass. In fact, then, as now, the 'objective' worship is inseparable from the subjective, and through it only can be attained: that is to say, worship, with its ceremonial and all its accessories, is acceptable to God, its object, only in proportion as it animates man, its subject, with feelings of true piety. In the New Testament St. Paul's brief injunction, 'Let all things be done to edifying,' is the closest possible condensation of the same principle, and contains all that is left us by apostolic authority, and, in fact, all that is needed, for the decision of controversies regarding the externals of worship.

There can be no danger therefore in substituting the edification of man for the glory of God, as our first and *immediate* aim in all that appertains to His worship. Edification supplies at once an unvarying standard whereby to test the value of all our efforts made in His service, and at the same time a flexible rule applicable to all the circumstances of each case of doubt as it may arise. If, however, we suppose, as is the belief in Roman Catholic countries, that God is honoured by the elaborate decoration of buildings dedicated to His name,* such decoration becomes the first of duties, it has no limits but our means, and we must leave to better casuists than ourselves the task of deciding how far we are at liberty to divert our resources from this all-important business even to works of charity and love. But, to do justice to the reasoning of the advocates of architectural display among ourselves, we must remember that they would probably disclaim any idea that the Creator of the universe can be glorified by the work of his creatures' hands. They would rather explain their meaning to be that the offering of man's most elaborate work is acceptable only as a proof of his desire to dedicate 'his best' to his Maker. The duty of 'offering our best' is a favourite subject with modern preachers, and if rightly understood a most profitable one. But there often lurks a fallacy in the word '*best*.' We do not presume to limit the acceptance which God may be pleased to extend to our efforts, however imperfect, to please Him. But let no man, without closely scrutinising his conscience, flatter himself that he is offering 'his best.' Let not the rich and pious ecclesiologist imagine he is giving God his best when he is only indulging his taste by collecting costly marbles or drawing patterns of encaustic tiles. Our author remarks—

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* Unquestionably this is the prevailing belief in Roman Catholic countries, however the expression of it may be modified by the professors or defenders of Romanism among ourselves. In illustration of this we may quote an anecdote of Canova, which we remember to have heard from a friend who was his constant attendant during his last illness. When attacked by the sickness which ultimately proved fatal, the popular sculptor was engaged in building at Posagno, his native village, a church of the architecture of which he was immoderately vain. As he grew worse, he frequently sought to reassure himself by repeating, 'It is impossible God should permit a man to die who is raising such a work to his glory!'

> 'Surely those who prefer beauty to use in a sacred building, too much resemble children, when they ought to be men. We can well imagine that a parent, having given a girl money from time to time, and with it excellent lessons as to how money should be spent, would feel exceedingly disappointed if those lessons had been so little understood by the child, as for her to suppose that the best proof she could give of her love was to present her mother with a doll. We may imagine the little girl saying, "Dear mother, there is nothing so beautiful as a doll, and no one I love like you; therefore, to prove my love, I give you what I myself value above everything. I have saved up all my money to buy you a doll." In reply, the mother might very properly say, "I think a little self-examination might have proved that you are somewhat deceived; you fancy this is an act of love to me, but you are, perhaps, unknowingly, influenced by a regard to self; for though you give the doll to me, you do so with the expectation of playing with it yourself; besides which, I have again and again told you that the most acceptable way in which you could show your love to me was by spending your time, money, and strength, in endeavouring to do good to your fellow-creatures.' "—p. 7, *et seq.*

The hint that the donor of the doll has not ceased to expect some amusement from it shows how closely our author has watched the progress of church restoration, and the excitement and gratification of vanity which are derived from directing, inspecting, and displaying the works in progress, to say nothing of the more questionable indulgence of a spirit of controversy and strife which must often be included in our author's metaphor of 'playing with the doll,' and which still less deserves to be considered as the devotion of our best gifts to the service of the God of charity and love! Alas! the 'doing up' of a church has too often been made the pretext for giving vent to every unchristian temper, and the cause of general discord and discomfort in the neighbourhood.

But having now arrived at the principle that a place of worship is acceptable to Him to whom it is dedicated only in proportion as it is made so by the devotion of its founders and its frequenters, let us return to the new church at Brimston-upon-Ooze. We left it overwhelmed with debt. Let us suppose that the incumbent, by the pertinacity of his begging, or the questionable expedient of a bazaar, has nearly got rid of his pecuniary difficulties, and has begun his pastoral labours. His district is large, his stipend is small—he has no private fortune—no house—no school. To obtain even a part of the usual machinery for working his parish he lives in a state of chronic mendicancy. It is wonderful how much zeal and talent may be allured to engage in such a disadvantageous struggle—and we will suppose our incumbent has more than an average share of both; but the mass of evil, as he daily becomes better acquainted with it, seems only to increase; the good he can accomplish dwindles in his own eyes to nothing. He is menaced on the flank by a Methodist chapel—a congregation of Ranters have established themselves in his rear—a formidable position in front is occupied by an ostentatious establishment of monks, who are supported by the controversial liberality of some rich perverts in the neighbourhood; and against all these foes (and their name is Legion), penniless, friendless, curateless, he has to struggle singlehanded.

Our measures in all such cases are taken as if those who have been a prey to spiritual destitution would flock as eagerly to receive the bread of life as a famished mob to a distribution of wheaten loaves. But, alas! they have lost all appetite. They must be sought out—they must be won—— they must be 'compelled' to come in. Who can suffice for all these things? We have known more than one instance in which the health of the overworked incumbent has given way: sick and helpless, he cannot starve, and must needs obtain a curate, without overstrict inquiry into his qualifications, at the cheapest rate he can. Meantime the new district church raises its goodly spire through the smoke of the neighbouring tall chimneys. It figures in the Reports of the Diocesan Church Building Society as affording 1500 sittings, 'of which the greater part are FREE;' yes! in capital letters 'Free.' But who fills them? Alas! they are as empty as they are free.

The failure of the new church reads a lesson far more important than the duty (important as it is) of economizing charitable funds. It proves convincingly, as we think, that in cases of great spiritual destitution, when there are not funds sufficient for all purposes, to begin by building the church is to put the cart before the horse. The sight of a church will not generate the taste for devotion. In this sense there are not sermons in stones,—at least they speak feebly and to few: but spread first a knowledge of the Gospel, and it is certain, however poor the district may be, ere long the church will rear its head. Apply the first subscriptions to provide an additional curate, a schoolmaster, and a schoolroom provisionally licensed for divine service, and the rest in due time will follow. A passage in Dr. Arnold's letters expresses this opinion so forcibly that we are tempted to transcribe it. In answer to a request for a subscription to a church, he writes thus:—

> "Fox How, December 22, 1839.
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> 'I shall be happy to subscribe towards the endowment of the church, and not towards the building. My reason for this distinction is, that I think in all cases the right plan to pursue is to raise funds in the first instance for a clergyman, and to procure for him a definitely marked district as his cure. The real Church being thus founded, if money can also be procured for the material Church, so much the better. If not, I would wish to see any building in the district licensed for the temporary performance of divine service, feeling perfectly sure that the zeal and munificence of the congregation would in the course of years raise a far more ornamental building than can ever be raised by public subscription; and that, in the mean time, there might be raised an adequate fund for the maintenance of a clergyman; whereas, on the present system, it seems perfectly hopeless by any subscriptions in one generation to provide both clergymen and churches in numbers equal to the wants of the country.'—*Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold*, vol. ii. p. 181, 5th ed.

This truth indeed is nowadays so far acknowledged that most Church-Building Societies devote part of their funds to the maintenance of additional curates; but we could wish to see 'pastoral aid' a more prominent part of their plan.

The payment of the ministers of the Church becomes every day a more important and more difficult question. The charges of zealous Archdeacons glow with descriptions of 'fields white to the harvest,' and breathe aspirations that more labourers may be sent into the field. In the same spirit the schemes of all Church reformers tend to reduce the cost of ecclesiastical education, and to allure a poorer class into the ministry. How far this is wise we cannot now discuss; but the fact is undeniable and brings with it important practical consequences. Hitherto the clergy have been, as Sydney Smith truly remarked,* in a great measure a self-supporting body. They brought to the service of the Church, in the shape of private income, funds as considerable in the aggregate as those which they received from her under the name of salary. We must now (and the task is by no means easy) prepare ourselves to deal with a yearly increasing multitude whose sole support is derived from their stipends. If we want more labourers, we must remember that the labourer is worthy of his hire, or, at all events, that he must live; and if he is to labour to any good effect, he must not be reduced to the lowest degree of penury permitted by law.

Nor in selecting the design for a church is it enough to calculate nicely the resources at our present disposal. The future claims our attention. In building his own dwelling the wise man avoids encumbering his estate with a mansion of disproportionate size. In a poor district even the gift of a highly decorated church might be a most unprofitable boon; for costly structures, it must be remembered, will need costly repairs, and these must greatly add to the burdens of future generations, and limit their means of supplying more pressing wants.

In some Diocesan Societies a rule prevails which is so much at variance with the principle we are endeavouring to establish, and is so inconsistent with the universal cry raised by the church for help at the present moment, that we must not omit this opportunity of recording our protest against it. By this rule grants are made to all churches built or repaired in proportion to the number of new sittings provided, without making any inquiry as to the sums that may have been spent on their construction. 'The Society, it is urged, pays for the new accommodation obtained for the public, leaving it to the original contributors to spend what they think fit in decoration. To act otherwise would be positively to discourage the embellishment of churches.' This sounds plausibly, but is fallacious. When a certain debt is incurred, it matters as little which of the items we contribute to liquidate as into which part of the bucket we pour the water. A building committee, hesitating between the temptations held out by their architect and the small balance left at their bankers, calculate with confidence on the grant of the Diocesan Society, and are perfectly indifferent on what pretext the grant will be made. The rule may be a very proper one in dioceses, if any such there be, where the rescources of the Society are equal to the demands upon it; but where the Bishop is in the habit of making frequent and urgent appeals in behalf of the spiritual destitution of portions of his flock, the Society does not act consistently nor ingenuously if it hesitates to declare boldly and openly that till this destitution is relieved, it has nothing to bestow in aid of what is superfluous.

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* Letters to Archdeacon Singleton.

But what, it will be asked, is unnecessary decoration? Where does the superfluous begin? As far as the case before us is concerned, there is a ready answer. By a calculation sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes it is estimated that at a certain cost per sitting a decent and sufficient church can be erected. Each diocesan society may fix this minimum at the lowest point, or may raise it a little higher, according to the state of the church accommodation within its limits; but when this tariff is once deliberately determined, all grants should be steadily refused in cases where it has been exceeded.*

To the general question no answer applicable at all times and all places can be given. We would gladly, if possible, have the architecture of our churches so impressive as to impel even the Quaker instinctively to take off his hat on entering them. We would have them conspicuous, so as to remind the denizen of the duty of prayer, and to strike the stranger with the conviction that he is in a land where sacred things are regarded with veneration. But at the least a church should be built solidly to resist the attacks of time. Its design should be such as to enlist in its favour the associations of decency, order, and reverence. If the funds collected do not suffice for this, it would be better to build a mere school or lecture-room, and to trust to the increase of religious feeling in the district for the erection of a suitable church at a future time. We will add, in anticipation of the taunt with which those who advocate economy in church-building are usually assailed, we would *not* have a church like a 'dissenting chapel;' by which term we presume are intended the singularly ugly brick barns which have generally been erected by the Methodists and Baptists and other Protestant denominations of Dissenters for the last eighty years; but we must caution our orthodox ecclesiologist that it is more important to distinguish the churches of the Establishment from the meeting-houses of Dissenters by the sound doctrine preached within their walls than by the richness of their decoration without. If we look round the exhibition of architectural designs, we shall find that the opulent denominations of Dissenters are already adopting the fashionable taste in architecture. In one of the principal provincial towns of the empire the visitor is struck by the orthodox aspect and profound symbolism of one of its sacred buildings which everywhere displays the emblems of the Trinity—it is the Unitarian chapel!

In selecting the class of architecture best adapted for our sacred buildings, we readily admit that although what may for the sake of brevity be called the 'Italian' style of church-building, is, in many respects, the most commodious and also the least expensive, it would not be advisable in this country to adopt any other style for our places of worship than the Gothic. We use the word in its widest and most comprehensive sense, and by no means intend to enter into the controversy respecting the relative merits of its various modifications. Most men of education have from their earliest years associated the idea of a church with something of Gothic decoration; and the image of the first well-remembered parish church which rises to conjure up thoughts of tenderness and reverence in the midst of all the sorrow and turmoil of after life, is characterized by a tower or a spire, or a battlemented porch. Our majestic cathedrals, with one noble exception, are all Gothic; and the almost universal prevalence of this style in our country has secured for it the suffrage of custom, an influence so powerful that Sir Joshua Reynolds is tempted to resolve into it all our perceptions of beauty. For these reasons we think, in spite of past and possible future fluctuations of the public taste, that Gothic with its varieties will permanently maintain its ground as the ecclesiastical architecture of this country. But not content with this concession, many seem so far to mistake their own arbitrary associations of ideas for the common instincts of humanity as to imagine that this popular style has by inherent qualities of its own some necessary affinity with religious impressions. Many a youth whose awakening taste has been first touched by the glories of the Gothic style is led, in defiance of fact and in ignorance of history, to dream of some mysterious union between piety and genius, of some imaginary period when 'Christian art,' advancing to perfection, walked hand in hand with holiness of life and purity of doctrine, till at some happy moment both arrived together at their culminating point. All this is entirely fantastic and arbitrary; but there are no limits to the power of the will over the associations; men in this state may so mould their feelings to their fancies as to be devoutly affected where the windows are geometrical, to be lukewarm where the tracery is perpendicular, and to be so disturbed by the sight of the classic orders as to be unable to pray in an Italian church. In truth, however, the power of Gothic architecture to predispose to devotion, independently of the association of ideas, is only that which is shared by every other object of nature or art sufficiently striking to exalt the imagination, and of course can act only on minds sufficiently refined to be amenable to such influences. Neither the Gothic, nor, indeed, any other of the many styles adopted in different ages and countries by the Church, has any essential connexion with Christianity, or can claim to be called 'emphatically Christian architecture.' The Italians cannot understand what we mean when we complain that their gay Basilicas, with their magnificent colonnades and golden rather than gilded roof, do not look like a church. To their eyes they look like nothing else. The Jesuits, who sought by a revival of devotion in the Romish Church to withstand the advancing tide of the Reformation, and in order to effect their purpose studied minutely every movement of the human heart, made their churches attractive and devotional by airiness, lightness, and grace —by gay colour and profuse gilding. They did not deny the effect of the dim religious light, the sober splendour, and stately grandeur of Gothic cathedrals, but they felt that no style of architecture is privileged exclusively to convey religious impressions; they saw that Fashion had declared itself in favour of classic models, and they dexterously availed themselves of its powerful influence. The tendency of the present day is to overrate the importance of architecture as a means of fostering devotion. Circumstance at all times affects us more strongly than architectural effect, and, as circumstance varies, the same object excites the most different emotions. In a remote sequestered district an humble chapel, gray and time-worn, shaded by its yew-tree, and surrounded by the mouldering graves of the rude forefathers of the hamlet, may often produce a more devout emotion than the most gorgeous cathedral in the centre of its close. Place the same building under circumstances which connect its rudeness and dilapidation with the ideas of neglect and irreverence, as for instance in the neighbourhood of new and expensive buildings and in the midst of a bustling population, and it excites only feelings of pain. In this country and at the present time we have already said it would be contrary to our own principle not to avail ourselves in church architecture of the connexion which is established in many minds between the Gothic style and devotional feelings, but we must not forget that this association is by no means universal. A pretty close observation has led us to the conclusion (which is important as connected in many ways with practical results) that among the middle and busy classes there is scarcely any preference for the Gothic model, nor indeed do devotional feelings seem to be assisted by architectural grandeur of any kind; while on the other hand, the poorest classes in our great towns are unquestionably revolted by it. They associate the idea of fine people with grand churches, and nothing can persuade them to enter the doors of a building the very architecture of which flouts their rags.

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* It may be supposed that rich committees will then keep down their expenditure to obtain the Society's grant; but that grant is, in all cases, too inconsiderable to have this effect.

It is frequently urged against the advocates of economy, that if our ancestors had reasoned thus we should not have inherited from them those magnificent structures which we owe to their piety—models to guide our taste and rouse our emulation—an enduring protest against the littleness and the selfishness of the present day. No one can rate more highly than we do this legacy of our forefathers. Nor will we scan their motives too closely, nor inquire how far the abuses and superstitions of the Romish Church contributed to constitute that which, mystified by the haze of time, appears to us as their piety. We will at once accept the *reductio ad absurdum* which it is desired to force upon us, and admit that, if no majestic cathedrals had been bequeathed to us by former ages, we should not be justified in endeavouring to raise them, so long as the present state of spiritual destitution and ignorance, and our many other social evils, have prior claims on our energies and resources. That we possess these noble monuments is a matter of rejoicing; but we must also recollect that, because we do possess them, it is less necessary to produce repetitions of them, even if it were in our power to do so.

If it were in our power! We have hitherto permitted the assumption that our modern architecture is all it claims to be, as pure in taste as perfect in execution. Logically our argument gains no strength by proving the worthlessness of the decoration, which, good or bad, we have no right to purchase at the expense of higher considerations; but, practically, we should gain a great deal, we should remove much of the temptation to go astray, if we could make our lovers of church architecture feel how doubtful and transitory is the good they strive to obtain. Much, it must be owned, of the decoration which they so much admire arises from poverty and not from wealth of imagination. The architect who is not gifted with what Michael Angelo called the compass in the eye (and how rare is the gift!) finds himself unable to please even himself with the meanness of his proportions and the meagreness of his designs. He adds buttress and battlement, and gurgoyle and pinnacle, circular crosses, windows like diagrams in spherical trigonometry—whatever his eclectic archæology can collect from different styles and periods of Gothic art to make a showy plan; and by all his struggles only more completely exposes the poverty he intended to conceal.

If the prudence or the taste of building committees were wont to reject these superfluous decorations, so far from checking the progress of architectural improvement, they would greatly contribute to it by compelling the architect to give more of his mind to the more important study of proportion and design. To stop the fluctuations of taste by endeavouring to impress on church architecture a permanent character, is a dream. Whether hereafter the reaction will be in favour of the classic style, or whether our successors will devote themselves more exclusively to mediæval art, they will rate what we are now doing much as we rate the works of our immediate predecessors. Nor need we look to any remote futurity for this result. At the present time not only are the churches of William's and Anne's days pulled down, but many which have been restored during the last thirty years are now undergoing a second transformation. At S—— Pennington, in Hampshire, we are informed ('Ecclesiologist,' cvii. p. 130), 'a most miserable pseudo-first-pointed church was built at a considerable expense some twelve years ago. Mr. —— has been called in to recast it in a more ecclesiastical form.' This is quick work. Only twelve years ago *a considerable expense* was incurred to build a pseudo-first-pointed something—which we cannot call a church, for it was not in an ecclesiastical form: who can say what will be thought twelve years hence of the present renovation, and whether by that time it will be held to exceed or to fall short of what is necessary to constitute a church? By writers on these subjects it seems to be assumed that we are just emerging from a period when churches are designed without any distinctive character or any regard to their sacred destination. We know of no such period. For the last two centuries churches have been built, as they ever have been and ever will be built, in the prevalent taste of the day, whether that taste be in its character imitative or original; and as the Great Fire of London took place shortly after the introduction into this country of what is called the 'Renaissance,' the larger part of the metropolitan churches belong to that now proscribed style. The cheapest and the meanest are the proprietary chapels, built on speculation and endowed only with their pew-rents; but not even in these do we see any absence of 'distinctive physiognomy,'' nor of anything else which is needed for decency or reverence. The 'churches built under the Million Act' are sneered at for retaining the use of galleries. They were erected under a special grant from Parliament (the first ever made for such a purpose), to supply a pressing need in the speediest and most effectual manner; nor could the persons entrusted with this fund have dealt a heavier blow to the interests of the 'establishment' than by daring to fritter it away by wasteful designs and questionable decorations. It is, doubtless, no easy matter to reconcile Gothic architecture with a gallery, and in rural districts it may be possible to provide for the church accommodation of the population without having recourse to this unsightly contrivance; but how in attempting to relieve the spiritual destitution of our large manufacturing towns the Established Church can afford, in the present state of her resources, to deprive herself of an expedient, by which at a slight expense the accommodation of every place of worship may be nearly doubled, we must leave the admirers of ecclesiology to explain. The *onus probandi* lies with them. Mr. Petit most justly remarks (in a paper read before the Oxford Architectural Society), that in the condemnation of galleries we are setting aside our own wants for the sake of our architectural system, rather than adapting the system to our wants. In policy, if we wish for permanency to our own labours, we should not set the example of destroying those of our predecessors; and, in common sense, we should not destroy what, if not perfect, at least is serviceable, while 'that which is wanting cannot be numbered.' Dives, in the wantonness of his wealth, builds up and pulls down:

> 'Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.'

But he professes no higher principle than the gratification of his own caprice, and the money he is squandering is his own. Yet even thus he is laughed at for his folly by his brother Epicureans.

Of all the sources of beauty, that which is least subject to the caprices of fashion is fitness. To those who are dealing with the resources of others, it is the only guide which it is entirely safe on moral grounds to follow—it is a secondary consideration that, on architectural grounds, they could not have a better. Our domestic architecture is improved of late years both in comfort and picturesque effect, chiefly because the sense of fitness is more generally deferred to. The citizen no longer builds on an area of 30 by 40 feet a battlemented castle, flanked with towers, armed with loopholes, and perforated with ogee arches and quatrefoil windows. Why should the country curate be tormented with visions of aisles and transepts, and all the pomp of cathedral design? When the rector of a Tudor church repairs the chancel in what he considers the purer taste of Plantagenet times, how does he act with more regard to fitness than Inigo Jones, who, under similar circumstances, and for precisely a similar reason, would have copied a classic model? and what right has he to complain that the 'Sybarites,' his parishioners, refuse to pull down their beautiful and venerable church because it is no longer in harmony with his modern mediævalism? The present age is vaunted for acknowledging the principle that every public building should, as such, have a 'distinctive decorative physiognomy.' To a certain extent this principle may be admitted. But it is far more important the building should bear the impress of the purpose for which it was designed than of the body corporate to whom it belongs or by whom it was built. An exquisite adaptation of means to ends is more worthy of a powerful agent than any amount of embellishment. The taste for 'decorative physiognomy' has made the union workhouses, speaking generally, the most absurd specimens of modern art. Better internal arrangements for the comfort and the edification of the inmates would have redounded more to the credit of the British public than these fantastic elevations. If we would carefully study the buildings of the age which we profess to admire so much, we should observe that a scrupulous regard to fitness was their most striking characteristic. Not only every building, but every part of each building, is designed according to the use for which it is intended. An hospital for old women, a school for poor children, is not built in flimsy imitation of the palace of a sovereign. Even in the noblest foundations the architectural decoration is reserved for the gateways and the chapels. Brewhouses and stables are not decked with pinnacles nor pierced with trefoils and Norman arches.

We entirely agree with our author that the arrangement of a church is a matter much too serious to be treated as a question of taste. Churches, he says, should be contrived so that all can hear and all can see. Yet every day, in defiance of what might appear a truism, plaster is scraped away to expose dark grey or red stone, and internal walls are made to exhibit red brickwork, which, by some strange confusion of thought, is supposed to be a more 'real' material than other combinations of lime and clay; and the result of all this is, that, except on a very bright day towards noon, it is impossible to see to read. This in some churches, where the 'ritualistic arrangements' are such that the congregation cannot follow them, is of little consequence. But it seems that even the officiating minister may be doomed to darkness. The 'Ecclesiologist' (No. cxiii. p. 160) mentions a report that a certain curate has put a skylight into the roof of his church, and his excuse seems to be considered an aggravation of his offence. The man alleged (we are told) that the light had been so excluded by donations of painted glass, that he could not see to read. The 'Ecclesiologist' will not vouch for the fact, but seems charitably disposed to suspend his belief of the enormity till positive proof is adduced.

But even if architecture of a certain class were as effectual in influencing the feelings as its warmest admirers have ever dreamed, it would not be right, even in order to secure so great an advantage, to set aside those rules which it is thought dishonest to violate in the ordinary concerns of life. When the managers of a charitable fund get into debt by carrying out their own notions of architectural propriety, they are hardly acting fairly by the rest of the contributors. If, for instance, the building committee of a school believe that sound instruction can be communicated only under a roof of true Gothic pitch, and that piety and mullioned windows are inseparable, let them say so, and diligently canvass the neighbourhood for increased subscriptions, but let them not recklessly accept an estimate which exceeds by one-half the amount of their funds.

We will take an example of actual occurrence and general notoriety. Some sixteen years ago the inhabitants of the diocese of Hereford were informed by a circular letter that the tower of their beautiful cathedral was in a dangerous state; a subscription was consequently opened, and a large sum was raised. Shortly afterwards those who visited Hereford found that the choir was dismantled, the additions of later date had been swept away, the tombs of several generations had been torn down and lay smashed together in the cloisters in confusion that defied, and it might be suspected was intended to defy, all future restorations. In the nave also great alterations were projected, and the diocese were asked for a second contribution. For a long time divine service was suspended. At last the nave was completed. The roof of the side aisles has been painted with a light scroll pattern which contrasts as strangely and disagreeably with the stern plain masonry of the walls as a French lace cap with the naked limbs of a Grecian Venus. But it is not the taste of this proceeding with which we are now concerned. We complain that the questionable and the superfluous parts of the design were finished first, in the belief, as we must infer, that what was essential must of necessity, by some means or other, be provided for. If this was the calculation it has failed. The funds are long since exhausted, and the choir still remains unfinished. Divine service is performed in the nave by the help of some clumsy woodwork belonging to the old choir, and of a canvas screen which shuts out the unfinished part of the building. We profess to give no more of the history of these repairs than may be learnt by a perusal of the circulars and a visit to the cathedral. The dean, under whose superintendence these works were carried on, is no more. We charge his memory with no heavier imputation than an excess of ecclesiological zeal; and the more amiable and upright his character may have been, the more instructive is the warning his example conveys.* We beg it may not be supposed we are finding fault with the necessary repairs or the restoration of one of our noblest monuments. The subject of restoration, it is true, is not the simple matter which it appears to many; it is full of difficulties, and much mischief has been perpetrated in its name; but this is a question of taste, and, though well deserving attention, does not belong to our present subject. We are now making our protest only against the improvidence which begins an undertaking without funds to complete it, and the disingenuousness which asks for subscriptions in the name of charity and necessity, and applies them to the purposes of taste.

That we may not, however, freeze all zeal into the methodical prudence of a bill-broker, we will admit that there may be cases of such urgent need that the Christian is justified in throwing himself headlong into a host of liabilities from which he can be rescued only by the exertions of the charitable, just as of yore the Roman leader has been known to throw the eagle into the thickest of the fight, in the desperate confidence that the legionaries must rush forwards to redeem it. But such cases are rare, and must each be judged on its own merits; and, above all, to ensure an acquittal for the insolvent philanthropist, it must be proved not only that the necessity was great, but that nothing has been wasted on superfluities.

Our concession thus guarded will, we fear, in practice be found to exempt but few cases from our censure. Those who will take the trouble to examine the statements containing the piteous tale of deficits and debts which they weekly receive, will be struck by the want of care, and want of knowledge of business, which have for the most part led to these entanglements. Half the amount of patience, ingenuity, and perseverance which are displayed in begging might have prevented the necessity for begging. The time that is lost in poring over the Court Guide and the charity lists, might be profitably spent in acquiring a practical knowledge of business which, of all accomplishments, is the most useful to those engaged in works of charity.

It would surprise those who have never served on building committees to find how much money may be saved, not merely by the judicious choice of an architect, but by severely scrutinizing his plans, and taking care to ascertain that they provide the accommodation wanted at the cheapest rate compatible with durability and good workmanship. In the case of a metropolitan hospital, we have been assured that an estimate was reduced from 10,000*l.* to 6000*l.* by a member of the committee who had firmness enough to insist on the duty of economy. It is still more surprising how great is the difference between the tenders of different builders, all responsible and trustworthy men, for the same contract. The cause of this difference is not that one is content with a much lower rate of profit than another, but that the different circumstances of each at the time, arising out of the accidents of trade, alter the combinations out of which he is to make his profit. But be the cause what it may, the fact is notorious, and should be turned to account by those who have the superintendence of charitable funds. We are not now alluding to the evils of jobbing or favouritism. No doubt we should steadily keep in mind the possibility of their occurrence, though we trust it is rare, and to be apprehended chiefly in the case of long-established and highly-endowed charities. Our present protest is against honest and well-intentioned error alone, and we must urge the credulous and indolent not to resign themselves supinely to the first architect's plan and the first builder's estimate as to an inevitable necessity, and then to reserve all their energies for levying contributions subsequently by circulars, bazaars, and dinners.

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* We understand that the present chapter are about to complete the repairs at a considerable sacrifice.

It is to be regretted that public boards show as little disposition to economize the resources of the charitably disposed as private committees or as single individuals. The rules of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners seem framed with the view of making gifts to the Church as onerous and expensive to the donors as possible; they act as a tax and a check on liberality; and had Rome shown as little worldly wisdom, the statute of mortmain would never have been needed. The Committee of the Privy Council of Education seem only to fear that they should not impose enough of expense as the price of their patronage and assistance. It is natural that the rector of the parish should treat the school, the building of which he is superintending, as his hobby and plaything, and that he should hear with jealousy any proposal for curtailing its cost. But 'my Lords' have the cause of education throughout the country to promote, and should extend their views. One of their first steps, we might expect, would have been to offer to public competition a premium for the plan of a school-house which should combine all their requirements with the cheapest form of construction; but, on the contrary, their model plan is framed without any special regard to economy, and an impression generally prevails that it would be by no means easy to obtain their sanction for any less expensive design. Among the most prominent of their requirements is a boarded floor, a point which has met with much resistance, and to which the committee attach more than proportionally great importance. They even condescend to reason the point, though we must say with something of the looseness with which Dives, who holds the purse-strings, will always argue with Lazarus, who begs. It is unnecessary, say their Lordships, to prove that wooden floors are better than those of brick or stone, 'because all use wooden floors who are sufficiently well off to pay for them,' a mode of argument which would be quite as valid for the introduction of Turkey carpets. But admitting the premises, which are not quite unassailable, and admitting further the conclusion that those who (like all others who live in their kitchens) must pass their lives on a brick floor ought nevertheless to be educated on a wooden one—for we do not deny that the sedentary habits of school may make a difference—can any reason be given, we would ask, why the simple expedient would not answer of placing a foot-board to the forms and tables at which the scholars are seated, and a wooden platform or a few yards of cocoa-nut matting for the teacher?

It would be a startling calculation could we ascertain how many schools this rule of their Lordships has caused to be rebuilt; and this perhaps in the eyes of many is its principal merit. When a school-committee receive an order to construct a wooden floor in reply to their request for assistance, the builder who is consulted is (of course) of opinion that it is not worth while to effect so expensive an alteration in so 'tumble-down a building.' Of course, too, her Majesty's inspector coincides in this decision, and the old school-house is condemned. It is true that their Lordships make liberal grants in aid of the expense they impose. This is an answer to the complaints of the individual contributors; but it is no answer to us. We complain that by the local subscribers and by the public, whose stewards their Lordships are, an aggregate sum, varying from about 800*l.* to 1500*l.*, is spent. We do not say it is all thrown away—the new schools are undoubtedly better than the old; but can any one who has studied the subject of charity, who is aware of the social wants of the country, and its charitable resources—can such a one tell us that it has been laid out to the best advantage?

The system of begging, to which we have so often been obliged to allude, has grown to a magnitude which threatens to be highly injurious to the cause of charity. Applications come in such numbers as to excite little or no attention; their language is so pressing and so importunate that it has become as difficult to find phrases to carry the conviction of real distress as to impress a belief of the virtues of the defunct in an epitaph. They come to us from the most remote districts, without one guarantee of the truth of the statements, or even of the genuineness of the application; and it is an important consideration that the professional writers of begging-letters have already availed themselves of this method of levying contributions on the credulous public.

Supposing that a reference to the clergy-list proves that there is such an incumbent and such a parish, and that we take care, by a post-office order, to convey our contribution to the person intended, and to no other, who is to guarantee that the need is as great as is stated, or that the money will be judiciously employed? We have never heard of a case in which such applications have been corruptly made, nor have we ever heard (and the fact greatly redounds to the credit of the clergy) that such a suspicion has been entertained. But though there may be no fear of corruption, there is no certainty that the case is one of those which are most deserving of assistance. Moreover the drain on the time and resources of the incumbent is no trifling consideration. One reverend gentleman, the minister of a suburban district, informs us, in his circular, that he intends to ask 10,000 persons for one sovereign each, and many, whether by mistake or by design we know not, address their applications again and again to the same individuals.

We can easily understand that the ecclesiastical authorities are unwilling to damp the zeal of a pious pastor, or to cut off his only resource for the relief of the spiritual destitution with which he is surrounded. We can also understand that they are unwilling to interfere to regulate this system of begging, as such interference would also seem to sanction it. But something, we think, might be done. Where it is intended to circulate the begging-letters out of the diocese, the formal sanction of the Diocesan Church-building Society might be required, or at least a reference to the archdeacon should be given.

It must not be supposed that by these remarks we desire to check the flow of charitable contributions, or to teach the wealthy how they may be benevolent at the cheapest rate; on the contrary, if we could persuade them to enter into the details of the various plans that are submitted to them, even with the intention of reducing the estimates, we are convinced the gain to the cause of charity would be great. The views of all who can be persuaded to give personal attention to charitable designs must expand. The more they go into the subject the stronger must be their perception of the immensity of what remains to be done; and in seeking to economise in the project under their actual consideration they will mainly be influenced by a sense of the enormous demand which other undertakings make on their attention and their resources. The question is not whether rich edifices are better than plainer, but whether, when the funds are limited and the wants almost boundless, an additional minister of the gospel is not of more importance to a parish than painted glass or mediæval tracery, a score of extra beds in an hospital of greater moment than a profusion of external decoration. The charity is not in the building but in the amount of suffering which the building enables us to relieve; and we cannot but think that if the good men of the world were to consider how much physical agony goes untended, how much ignorance untaught, and how much sin unreproved, they would pause before they bestowed upon wood-carving and stone-work those sums which, wisely dispensed, would alleviate the ills of the flesh, and give immortal life to benighted souls.

We have for the most part omitted to specify particular examples, or to make pointedly intelligible allusions to the different instances of mismanagement which we have quoted. If it were possible to doubt the facts on which we ground our argument, there could have been no difficulty in multiplying proofs to any extent. But as our object is rather to illustrate our meaning than to prove our case, we think it hardly fair to cite before the public worthy individuals whose imprudence or mismanagement is not so great perhaps as that of others whose names will be immediately suggested to the reader by his own personal experience. But we are not sure that our consideration and forbearance will meet their reward. The cap suits so many heads that many for whom it was not intended will put it on, and perhaps take pains to prove how well it fits :—

> 'The fewer still you name you hit the more—
> Oldfield is one, but Harpax is a score.'

ART. IV.—1. *La Vie Publique de Michel Montaigne.* Par Alphonse Grün. Paris, 1855.

2. *Nouveaux Documents Inédits ou peu connus sur Montaigne.* Recueillis et publiés, par le Dr. J. F. Payen. Paris, 1850.

MONTAIGNE supplies the French with what Shakspeare does ourselves—a perpetual topic. The 'Essais' have a breadth and depth which criticism is not yet weary of measuring and re-measuring. And, notwithstanding all the excellent things that have been said on these unique effusions, doubtless there remains more still that can be said. There are some books which partake of the inexhaustible multiformity of our moral nature, and the 'Essais' is one of such books. 'On y trouve tout ce qu'on a jamais pensé,' as one of Montaigne's admirers says.

But besides the book of essays, the author's life offers a fund for the regular investment of floating public curiosity. In this department the material for speculation is constantly on the increase. 'Montaignologie' is become a science by itself. Documentary research has yielded the French antiquaries year by year a residuum of 'new fact' Each small bit of ore passes in its turn through the smelting-pot of public discussion, till the portion of precious metal it contains is extracted from it. When the grains have acumulated to a heap, comes a new 'étude,' which digests and arranges all the facts new and old into a consistent whole. One of these is now before us, and gives occasion to our present notice. We shall confine our remarks to Montaigne's *life*. We are not going to re-dissect the 'Essais.'

We have likened Montagnesque to Shakspearean criticism, as two perennial streams supplied each by its glacier on the far off mountain-top. The writings of the two men stand in marked contrast as sources for their biography. From Shakspeare's plays nothing can be gathered about Shakspeare. The great charm of Montaigne's Essays is their egotism. They are a transcript of his mind. 'Ce ne sont mes gestes que j'escris ; c'est moy, c'est mon essence.' When Henri III. told him that he 'liked his book,' then, replied Montaigne, 'Your majesty must needs like me. My book is myself.' But it is the man—his habits and opinions, his tastes and likings that we find there, not his history. The biographers, therefore, have endeavoured to discover elsewhere the body belonging to this soul. They have ransacked libraries and archives to resuscitate something of the frame-work of bone and muscle to all this sentiment. They have had some success. Indeed they have had as much success as could be expected, considering that it was known beforehand that all that could possibly be discovered lay within fixed limits. They have ascertained dates, distinguished the members of his family, and altogether given a local colouring and verification of the course of his private life. They have not turned the literary lounger into a careworn statesman, or a fighting captain of the forces of the League. In this, as in many other cases, all the efforts of inquiry have but repeated the lineaments of the traditional and received biography. Such labour, however, is not thrown away. We are not to propose a paradox, or a revolution in opinion, as the only results worth arriving at. If we can deepen the lines, or freshen the colours, cover a scar made by time, or remove a little gathered dust, we do our part towards maintaining the Gallery of Worthies. It is only when the original portrait is discovered not to have been a likeness, that we should paint it over again.

The great feature of Montaigne's life, as impressed on his 'Essais,' was, that it was a country life. Early in 1571, at the age of thirty-seven, he withdrew to his estates in Perigord—'with full purpose, as much as lay in me, not to trouble myself with any business, but to pass in repose so much of life as remaineth to me' (i. 8). My design is, he repeats in the Third Book written after 1580, 'de passer doulcement, non laborieusement, ce que me reste de vie' (iii. 9). It was solitude at first. He declined society, and occupied himself with his family, his books, the care of his property. This lasted some little time, but his temper was sociable, and he found he could not support solitude. 'Je suis tout au dehors, et en évidence ; nay à la société, et à l'amitié' (iii. 9). And he disliked the cares of the ménage. He sought distraction, therefore, in the company of his neighbours, in travelling, and in writing. He wished retirement, not solitude. What he would shun was the pressure of business, not crowds. Repeated tours—one to Italy—a journey or two to Paris about the publication of his 'Essais,' and his mayoralty at Bordeaux, in 1582, forced on him against his wishes, are the principal events of his life after his retirement. Such at least was the received biography. Nor had any of the disinterred facts disturbed the repose of the picture. His diary of his tour in 1580, written in Italian, was found at Montaigne 180 years after his death, and was published in 1774. Now De Thou had said, in the 104th book of his history, that Montaigne was at Venice when he received the news of his election to the mayoralty. This journal enables us to correct De Thou. It was at the baths of Lucca, on the 7th of September, in the morning. The latter was dated Bordeaux, August 2, and had followed him into Tuscany, by way of Rome. Such incrementa reassure, instead of invalidating, history.

An attempt, however, is now made to wrest from us the Montaigne of our youth, the 'Gentilhomme Perigourdin;' to tear him from the frame in which he was set in our memory and our affections, from the 'librairie' and 'chambre d'études au troisième étage' of the old 'manoir' of Montaigne, and to make of him—good heavens! —to make of him a man of business, a man about court. M. Grün's volume is entitled 'La Vie Publique de Michel Montaigne.' The titles of its several chapters are :—Ch. 2. 'De la Conduite publique de M.' Ch. 3. M. Magistrat.' Ch. 4. 'Relations de M. avec la Cour.' Ch. 5. 'M. Chevalier de l'ordre de S. Michel.' Ch. 6. 'M. Gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du Roi.' Ch. 9. 'M. Négociateur Politique.' Ch. 10. 'M. Militaire.' Ch. 11. 'M. aux Etats de Blois.'

Such a metamorphosis of our prose Horace, the man of whom 'la liberté et l'oysiveté sont les maîtresses qualités' (iii. 9) into a hardworking man of office, dressed in the imperial livery trimmed with red tape, is one of those harlequin tricks which paradoxical biographers try upon us from time to time. We have been lately told that Tiberius has been slandered by Tacitus; that the world was never better off than under Caracalla; and that Henry VIII. was the victim of domestic infelicities. On examining M. Grün's volume we find there is no more evidence for the Imperialist transformation of Montaigne than there is in the other three instances. There is in M. Grün's mode of arranging his facts, indeed, a certain degree of art, but it is the skill of the special pleader. It is the argumentation of the Palais de Justice, not of the Court of History. The highest praise is due to French archæologists for their zeal of research, but they cannot, apparently, apply their discoveries. Such a piece of historical reconstruction as this 'Vie Publique de Montaigne,' in which hypothesis and imagination are the principal architects, would not stand a chance of a hearing in Germany. We shall add, however, that this attempt to disguise Montaigne has not passed unchallenged in France. With all the authority of his own name, and of the body to which he belongs, M. Villemain has in the gentlest language pointed out that the critic's evidence will not bear all the weight of his conclusions. To no one could this task fall with so much propriety as to Villemain. His own earliest step into publicity was an éloge of Montaigne. It was in 1812 that he carried off, though the youngest of the competitors, the prize proposed by the Académie Française on this subject. It is proof of the national feeling for Montaigne that the first of French living critics, after having made the whole circuit of his country's literature, returns after half a century to the object of his youthful devotion.

It is not our intention to controvert M. Grün's conclusions. It is unnecessary even to examine his reasoning. It is not merely that his evidence is inadequate, but his case is bad to begin with. His intention is worse than his argumentation. An able legist, government employé, and ex-chief-editor of the 'Moniteur,' he brings into literature the habits and prepossessions of his position. The Academy, and the established reputations look coldly on the administration from which they are systematically excluded. It is not from republican principle, from antipathy to despotism that they do so—it is from the repugnance which the lettered and cultivated man feels for the official man who is not so. Times are changed since the statesmen in France were the writers—when to be a journalist conferred *portefeuilles*. Statistics is your only reading now. Point and epigram, and sparkling style—how childish to be governed by such instruments. Let us have men of business, and have done with *mots*. All the great men—Sully, Richelieu—have been able administrators. And the great writers too? 'To be sure,' is the answer, 'and in proof there is Montaigne. You think he was a rustic recluse, who forswore the court for his old Gascon chateau, but you are entirely mistaken.' This baseless theory is not worth refuting. The real value of M. Grün's 'Vie de Montaigne' is as a pains-taking collection of the facts at present known. It includes all the new discoveries, except those that have come to light since its publication—and though it is only six months old, there is already a considerable harvest.

It would we conceive be more than individual error, it would be a fundamental misconception of the character of French literature, to lose sight of the following general distinction. The literature of the 'Siècle' is the literature of a court circle. It is fashionably drest, it is modish, Parisian. It comes not from the study, but from the world. From a world, however, of etiquette, polished intrigue, a world with all its license, yet circumscribed by conventional morals. Thought and judgment are there, but they are conformed to a certain superficial standard of good society. In a word, it is the literature of the salons of Paris and Versailles. In contrast with this, the few great pieces of literature of the previous age, from Rabelais down to Pascal, were the offspring of the cloister, the chateau, or the wayside. They are the 'Vox clamantis in deserto.' Their superior force and originality derive directly from the rude independence of character, which was generated by that free and unformal life. In Montaigne especially, it is the force of individual character, coming out on us in every page of his book, that charms. He stands in awe of no Café Procope, has heard of no rules of writing, he is not composing. He has the hardy and fearless spirit of a man who has no one to please but himself. 'J'ay une ame libre et tout sienne, accoustumée à se conduire à sa mode' (ii. 17). He complains somewhere that his times had not produced any great men. Greatness, to be manifested to the world, depends on the conjunction of natural endowment with opportunity, and must needs be rare. But we may surely say that the average stamp of the men of that day was great. Compared with the feminine uniformity of the shaved and tailor-made man of later court-dress days, how grand are the bearded seigneurs of the 16th century! Intrepid not lawless; disciplined in the school of action and suffering; and conscious of all the restraints that limit human will, these men had made their acquaintance with law in its grandest form, not in that degenerate artificial shape in which the victim of good society alone knows it.

Montaigne was born in 1533 and died in 1592. His father's name was Pierre Eyquem. M. Gence, the writer of the life in the Biographie Universelle, says that the family was originally from England. That a French biographer should be willing to make over one of the greatest of his countrymen to England might surprise us. It may well do so in this instance, as the self-denial is wholly uncalled for. We cannot in honesty accept the offer. 'Eyquem,' or rather 'Eyckem,' according to the old spelling, is a compound of the common termination 'ham' or 'heim,' and the name of that tree, which in the English vocalization is 'oak.' The German 'eiche,' or the Flemish 'ecke,' come much nearer to the form in 'Eyquem.' Accordingly, some of the biographers have thought of looking to Flanders for the original stock of the family. It is still an open question in 'Montaignologie,' and M. Grün produces no evidence for his positive assertion that the name is 'essentially of Gascon origin.' In the course of the 16th century the personal was superseded by the territorial appellation. This was derived from a domain which they possessed five leagues from Bergerac, in the department of the Dordogne. The chateau is situated on a height—'une montagne'—'jonchée sur une tertre,' he says: in this tower Montaigne was born, lived, and died. The possession of this domain was an acquisition, it should appear, which the Eyquem had only recently made; their nobility, therefore, was of very moderate date. Joseph Scaliger said in an off-hand way that the father of Montaigne 'était vendeur de harenc.' (*Scalig*^{a}., 2^{a}. p. 457.) M. Grün, with the bitterness habitual to French writers when they have to speak of Scaliger, repels this as a false and malevolent insinuation. The main fact implied, however, that the ancestors of Montaigne were 'marchand,' and, therefore, 'bourgeois,' is indisputable. We must not omit, as he has recorded it himself, that he was an eleven months child. As he was a third son of a family, now noble and not rich, his father, an excellent person, took particular pains about his education. He was put out to nurse at a poor village on the estate. Here he was kept all his infancy, with the view both of accustoming his taste to rude diet, and of inducing him to form attachments amongst the poor. His sympathy with peasant life he preserved to the last. 'The poor fellows,' thus he writes in a season of more than usual suffering in the country, 'those poor fellows whom we see all about, their heads bowed over their tasks, who never heard of Aristotle or Cato, from them nature obtains heroic efforts of patient endurance, which may shame us who have studied in the schools. That man who is digging my garden, he has this morning buried a son, or a father perhaps. They never take to their beds but to die.'

The most curious experiment made in his education was that of teaching him Latin before French. A German preceptor who could speak no French was found for him. None of the rest of the household, mother, maid, or man, were allowed to speak anything but Latin to him.

> 'It is not to be imagined how great an advantage this proved to the whole family. My father and mother by this means learning Latin enough to understand it perfectly well, as did also those of the servants who were most with me. In short we Latined it at such a rate that it overflowed to all the neighbouring villages, where there yet remain, that have established themselves by custom, several Latin appellations of artizans and their tools. Thus I was above six years of age before I understood either French or Perigordin any more than Arabic, and without art, book, grammar, or precept, whipping, or the expense of a tear, had by that time learned to speak as pure Latin as my master himself.'—(i. 25.)

The same attention was extended to all the minutiæ of his training. To save him from the shock of sudden awakening, some musical instrument was played by his bedside in the morning. Our readers will recollect the same usage in the early education of Bishop Horne, as described by his biographer Jones of Nayland.

When he quitted this careful paternal roof, it was to go to the college of Guienne at Bordeaux. At this school, quite recently established, some of the best scholars then to be found in France were masters. But as he left it at the age of thirteen, he could not have profited much by the higher scholarship which Muretus and George Buchanan were capable of communicating. As the sword belonged by birth to the eldest son, Michel, as the third, had to choose between the church and the robe. He chose or rather his father chose for him, the latter. At thirteen he must have been incapable of choice, and he always looked to his excellent parent with a mixture of respect and affection, which disposed him to acquiesce in his least wishes. What school of jurisprudence he attended is not known. M. Grün makes it Toulouse, for he naturally wishes 'Montaigne Magistrat' to have been a pupil of the celebrated Cujas. It may have been so. There is not a particle of evidence to show that it was. The solitary text is Montaigne's own declaration: 'while a child, I was plunged up to the ears in law, and it succeeded'

As soon as he was qualified, his father provided him with a place in the Court of Aids of Périgueux. The law was entered there, as the army is with us now, by purchase. We cannot stay to debate with the antiquaries the knotty point whether Montaigne's father resigned in his son's favour, or purchased him the place of some other counsellor. In 1557 the Court of Aids of Périgueux was consolidated with the Parlement of Bordeaux. And thus, at the early age of twenty-four, Montaigne was seated on the bench of a Supreme Court of Justice without either of the troublesome ceremonies of purchase or examination.

Honourable it was for a younger son; but when by the death of his father and both his brothers, Michel became himself the Seigneur de Montaigne, the long robe no longer befitted him. By these events he became a 'gentleman,' and carried arms, as the phrase was. Ill-natured people said in after days that Montaigne was ashamed of having been counsellor cleric, and did not like to allude to that period of his life. M. Grün is able to repel peremptorily this imputation. It proceeded indeed from later days, when Parlements were fallen, and the magistracy, especially the provincial magistrature, was looked down upon by the courtier. The sneers of Balzac and the Port-Royalists are in the spirit of their own time, and are quite miscalculated for the age of L'Hospital, Pasquier, and De Thou. All Montaigne's friends, relations, and connexions—his father, uncle, brother-in-law—were all parliament men. He himself married Françoise de la Chassaigne, daughter of one of the Bordelais counsellors and descendant of a parliamentary family. His most cherished friend La Boétie had been his colleague in the magistracy; and all the friendships he retained through life had been cemented during his own parliamentary career. So much, however, is true, that Montaigne did not relish his judicial functions. This distaste had two causes: dislike of law, and dislike of the religious fanaticism which animated the magistracy of Bordeaux.

He was never really a lawyer. The plunge up to his ears had succeeded in qualifying him for a charge, but had not given him the professional dye. The biographers have exaggerated this distaste into disgust. They make Montaigne into a law reformer; they ascribe to him an enlightened jurist's view of the contradictions of the customary law, and predilection for the luminous simplicity of the civil. This again is to read the sixteenth century by the reflected light of '89. Montaigne imbibed the views and aims of the more enlightened jurists of his own time, but he did not project the Code Napoléon. The opinions he has left on record on this subject are very general, but they are those of a wise and humane moralist, not of a jurist. They show how much of a philosopher and how little of 'a magistrate' he was. He has first an abhorrence of litigation, not less for others than himself; he declares against the multiplication of enactments, the contradictory judgments, the glosses of the commentators; but all this is in the spirit of a man of taste; revolted at the bad Latin of the Digest, and wishing to be reading his 'Cicero.' It is a declaration against the language of law altogether rather than against its abuse in chicane. He condemns torture and the horrible mutilations which were practised on the bodies of the unhappy criminals. But in this he only echoed the opinion of all the moralists of all time, and had with him all the great and wise of his own day. Against him, however, were the churchmen and Rome. Those passages in his Essays in which he pleads that all beyond simple death is pure cruelty, presented one of the chief obstacles to its passing the censure; the other, we way mention, was his assigning a high rank among Latin poets to Theodore Beza. He eloquently denounces the practice of selling the places in the courts of justice; and, to complete the list, he ridicules entails, or, as he calls them, 'masculine substitutions.' Sir W. Hamilton wishes to trace this opinion of Montaigne to the tuition of Buchanan.* Buchanan having quitted the college at Bordeaux in 1544, his pupil was only eleven years old—an age at which we may doubt if he understood what 'masculine substitution' was.

In truth we believe Montaigne, when he says of himself (i. 24) that he knew there was such a science as jurisprudence, and that that was all he did know. His amusing pleading against the lawyers (iii. 13) is nothing more than one of the many popular diatribes on that traditional butt. If it proves anything, it proves that he was no lawyer; as his vituperation in the same Essay of the medical practitioners does, that he was no physician. He is, in fact, merely using the contradictions of judges and the uncertainties of medicine, to enforce his favourite topic of the feebleness of human judgment. It is as great a fallacy to class him with the enlightened publicists, who saw and laboured to remedy the monstrous evils of the French judicial system, as it would be to class him among the revolutionists of the practice of physic. The Montaigne adorers exaggerate their idol in every direction. He is great enough: he is a man of universal sympathies, but they want to make him a man of profound acquirement, which he was not—not even in his own profession. We suspect that his professional history was the common one where strong literary tastes are early imbibed. Buchanan *may* have had something to do with this—may have laid the groundwork of classic predilections which made steady application to law impossible. He followed it as a career; he got a place, discharged its duties; he never had a vocation for it, and gave it up as soon as he wanted it no longer.

The second cause of distaste for his Parliamentary functions, to which allusion has been already made, was the violence of religious faction which disturbed it. In no quarter of France had Protestantism made more progress than in Guienne and Gascony. Everywhere the Parlements showed themselves the strenuous supporters of the Church. None was more untiring in the zeal for persecution than that of Bordeaux. Their registers for some years are one series of edicts, each more cruel than the last, against the professors of the new opinions. Montaigne was attached throughout to the Catholic and Royalist party. In this adhesion he never wavered, and it belonged to his characteristic frankness never to conceal it. But he was of too moderate a temper to be carried away by the passionate fanaticism of his party; too good-hearted not to execrate their cruelty; and too wise not to see that the violence of the Catholics only provoked the more obstinate resistance of the Huguenots. But wisdom and moderation are no titles to the respect of religious faction. We shall not wonder then that Montaigne, whose spirit of tolerance went far beyond even that of tolerant men in that age, was glad to terminate his connexion with a court of justice, which seems to have totally forgotten the duty of judicial impartiality, and to have made itself the organ of an infuriated party.

All the zeal of the antiquaries has not been able to retrieve a history for the thirteen or more years during which Montaigne occupied his seat in the Parlement of Bordeaux. M. Grün goes through the principal transactions of the Court during that period—a useful *resumé* and a very proper part of a complete life, but too extensive for our purpose. The single sentence in De Thou's history, 'Olim in senatu Burdigalensi assessor dignissimus,' is nearly the whole that is known of thirteen years of Montaigne's life.

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* Note in Hamilton's excellent edition of 'Dugald Stewart,' vol. i. p. 100.

The second period extends from 1570 to 1582, ætat. 37-49, and is that portion of Montaigne's life to which he owes his immortality. This period is really marked by a long and absolute retirement in the château of Montaigne, by the composition of the 'Essais,' and by two or three journeys to Paris, chiefly connected with their publication. It is concluded by a long tour into Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. M. Grün, who will not resign even this period from his 'public life,' interpolates into it two visits to Court, which are wholly imaginary; a campaign against Henri of Navarre, which is in the highest degree improbable; and, by way of mingling pleasure with business, he exhibits his hero at the fêtes and galas which marked the progress of Catherine de Medicis in the south, in the year 1578.

The hypothetical history here spoils the authentic. The legend misleads instead of assisting the imagination. This retirement in the château of Périgueux, the solitary meditation in the turret chamber, is the canonical fact. A biographer would do good service who could paint for us in its true colours this Gascon interior. Communicative, garrulous even as Montaigne has been about himself, what he has told us has only given us a reason for desiring to know the things he has not told us. He has made us so much his friends that we require to know all his secrets. He has drawn for us himself, his library; it is on the third floor of one of the turrets of the château. There are four stories in the turret. The first floor is the chapel; above the chapel is a bed-room with suite, appropriated to his own use. The library is above the lodging-rooms. From its three bay windows it commanded a view of nearly the entire premises, including the garden, the front as well as the base court. In the distance the elevation on which the château stood afforded a very extensive view over a flat country. The shape of the room was that of the tower, round—all but one straight side where the chair and table were placed. From this seat the eye could command all the books as they stood ranged in five tiers of shelving round the walls; it was sixteen paces in diameter. Opening into the library was a smaller cabinet; this was more elegantly furnished; it was fitted with a fire-place, to which he might retire in the winter. The only want he regretted was a long gallery, or 'promenoir,' to agitate his thoughts in by walking up and down. He could not resolve on adding this: not the cost, but the fuss of building, deterred him. In this tower he passed the greater part of his time. There was his throne; there his rule was absolute. That only corner he preserved from the invasion of wife, children, or acquaintance. Elsewhere he possessed but a divided authority; for this reason he rejoiced that the access to his retreat was difficult, and of itself defended him from intruders. Here he lived, not studied; he did not so much read books, he says, as turn them over—he did not so much meditate as allow his reverie to follow its own course. The retirement was so strict at first as to produce melancholy and engender fantastic chimeras in his imagination. It was to allay these that he first betook himself to note down his thoughts on paper. Such was the parentage of the 'Essais.'

The library, however, the imagination heated by solitary musing, the melancholy grown of long seclusion, should have given birth to a very different progeny. We might have had a 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or a 'Castle of Otranto,' or a third part of 'Huon de Bordeaulx,' but for one quality which Montaigne brought with him into his retreat. This is the thorough good sense, the tone of the man of the world, which pervades, without being paraded, every page of the book. It is not a mere rectitude of judgment about men and things, but a judgment which has been exercised and tempered by actual trials and collisions—'a learned spirit of human dealing.' But for this life-giving flavour, the 'Essais' would not have been the book they are. They might still have shown the varied reading of the scholar or the amusing gossip of the egotist, but they would not have been the universal favourite of 'courts, camps, and country mansions.' It is this which, with all their whimsical paradox, and often common-place moralising, makes them still instructive. In tracing this element, M. Grün's chapter, 'Montaigne in his relations with the court,' affords all the materials that are to be had. We cannot adopt his theory, which turns Montaigne into a courtier, and cuts out of his Life that period of privacy almost cynical, which we think necessary to the conception of the 'Essais.' But there is evidence enough to show, what the Essays themselves require, that Montaigne had seen much of court and courtiers before he wrote them.

The Kings of France in the middle age were surrounded by the high officers attached to their person. Their court was constituted by great functionaries. The nobles of the provinces who had no employments never approached the King except when they fought by his side, or were summoned by his order. The decay of the feudal manners, and the policy of Francis I., broke through this estrangement. He loved to surround himself with a brilliant court. The gentlemen flocked to it. They laid aside the rudeness of their manners, but they lost at the same time the independence of their character. The rivalry in luxury and expense ruined them. To maintain their fortunes they were obliged to seek office. Places were created on purpose, and the once haughty nobles fought like hungry hounds for these grants at the hands of an absolute monarch who dispensed them. This revolution was gradual. It was only in progress in the sixteenth century. But Montaigne found established the usage for French gentlemen to present themselves to the Sovereign without being officially placed about his person. On succeeding to the family estates, Montaigne did like the rest. He was even appointed 'gentleman in ordinary of the bedchamber,' an office which did not demand residence at court, but was much sought after, and for which nobility was an indispensable qualification. His complexion, he tells us (iii. 3), was not averse to the movement of a court. He went gladly into company; he liked city life, especially Paris. Paris had possessed his affections from his earliest youth (iii. 9); but these social impulses were combined with another impulse urging him to seclusion :—

> 'The solitude I love and preach is no more than what serves to retire my affections and to redeem my thoughts. I would circumscribe not my steps, but my desires. I would shun not so much the throng of men as the importunity of affairs. Local solitariness, to say truth, doth rather extend and enlarge me outwardly. I give my mind more readily to state matters, and to the world, when I am alone. At the Louvre, and in the crowd, I am apt to slink into my own skin (je me contrains en ma peau). Assemblies thrust me back within myself. I never commune with my own spirit so fondly, freely, and so much apart, as in the resorts of grand company and lordly ceremonial. I go gaily into great assemblies, yet doth this coyness of judgment of which I spoke attach me perforce to privacy. Yea, even in mine own house I see people more than a good many, yet few such as I love to converse or communicate withal. Herein I exercise an unusual privilege of liberty. I cry a truce to the established courtesies so distressing to all parties, of being with my guests, and conducting them about; but each one employs himself as he pleases, and entertaineth what his thoughts affect. If I please, I remain silent, musing, and reserved, without offence to my guests or friends.'—iii. 3.

This piece of self-portraiture is at once true to history and to nature. We read in it the parentage of the 'Essais,' to which the agitation of courts and the stillness of the recluse's cell each gave their portion. And we find in it—and in none of his self-disclosures more so—we find in it one of the secrets of genius. Nay, not only of great, but of all sound, minds this is true, that for their sustentation and due nurture they require the two elements, society and solitude. No healthy life is ever lived in which either of these is wanting. And if we turn to books—to judge of mind by its most enduring products—we see the same experience repeated from age to age. There are books enough left us by those who, having never tried to live, have shut themselves within the circle of their own meditations. Wonderful in its variety and richness is the literature of mysticism and sentiment! What a wealth of thought and feeling drawn from the pure depths of human consciousness! Again turn to the memoir-writers and court gossips. What keen observation of manners, what infinite webs of intrigue they unravel before us, what countless character they have distinguished! But what are the books that instruct us, that speak to us as men, that raise us, but raise us not too high for our duties and destiny? Between the frivolous and the divine lies the truly human. Wisdom that is from above, yet that can give us light in this world! Theory without facts is not science, and moralising without experience is not wisdom. A pallid and dreary jargon is the metaphysic of the schools by the side of the tangible and experimented maxim which flowers out naturally from the intellect that has lived. But unless to this experience be added the maturing influences of meditation and self-knowledge, the result is equally one-sided. We get then that unspiritual and debasing physiology of human conduct—that so-called philosophy of courts which leaves out of the computation of motive all that separates man from any other species of mammal. In no writer perhaps are these two elements that make up wisdom mingled in happier proportion than in Montaigne.

Little has been added by the diligence of the collectors to the glimpses of his retreat which the 'Essais' themselves supply. We need not wonder that the château of Montaigne has been repeatedly visited by enthusiastic pilgrims; some of these, among whom may be included poor John Sterling, have described what they saw. But they seem to have carried with them more enthusiasm than powers of accurate observation; at least they were not able to copy correctly the sentences which Montaigne had inscribed on the cornices of his library. Some of them are characteristic: and Dr. Payen has done good service by reproducing them, as they are fast being obliterated. 'Quid superbis, Terra et Cinis? Væ qui sapientes estis in oculis vestris! Ne plus sapias quam necesse est, ne obstupescas.' The first six are Scripture texts. After them come the classical, of which we may give—' . . . nostra vagatur. In tenebris, nec cœca potest mens cernere verum,' from Lucretius; 'παντὶ λόγῳ λόγος ἴσος ἀντίκειται,' from Sextus Empiricus. Still more interest attaches to an inscription in the 'cabinet du travail;' this is in Latin, and also in a state of decay. It is to the following effect, when the gaps have been conjecturally supplied:—

> 'In the year of Christ 1571, the 38th year of his age, on his birthday, to wit, the last day of February, Michel de Montaigne, long wearied of court slavery and public employments, has withdrawn himself into the bosom of the Sisters of Learning, where, in peace and freed from care, he will pass through what little may yet remain of a life of which the most part hath already passed away, if only fate permit. This narrow abode and loved ancestral retreat he hath consecrated to his liberty, repose, and tranquillity.'

If these lines be genuine they are autobiographical, and decisive against M. Grün's theory; he naturally, therefore, wishes to think them the product of some later hand. But he does not offer one critical argument for the suspicion he throws on them. 'The sentiment they express is too puerile for Montaigne, and not in keeping with his habits.' To bring up a loose analogy of this kind against epigraphic evidence is simply childish in the eyes of those who know what historical criticism is; but in this instance it happens that the analogy itself is not good. The inscription does but repeat that passage in the 'Essais' which we have already quoted: 'Je me retirai chez moi, délibéré autant que je pourrais ne me mesler d'autre chose que de passer en repos et à part le peu qui me reste de vie.' Even if then the inscription were put up by a successor, the sentiment in it is derived from Montaigne himself, who more than once in the 'Essais' enters into this engagement with himself to consecrate the remainder of his days to studious repose. The insertion of his age, and the solemn mention of his birthday, which M. Grün thinks 'puerile,' appear to us exactly in Montaigne's character. Dr. Payen has justly remarked that he is fond of noting his age at different epochs of his composition; that his 'Natural Theology' is dated the day of his father's death, to whom it is dedicated; and reminds us that Montaigne liked to use his father's cloak, not because it fitted him, but because 'il lui semblait s'envelopper de lui.' We must, however, express our surprise that the date of this inscription should still be left matter of argument. Surely the shape of the letters, the style and colouring, or other indications, would serve to ascertain if the epigraph were or were not contemporary with Montaigne.

The mention of the five tiers of shelving has naturally suggested to our painstaking friends an inquiry after the books which once filled them. For though the shelves are there, and the mottoes on the rafters above them are dimly visible, the books are gone. Dr. Payen has here had wonderful success. He has traced or recovered upwards of thirty volumes which were in the possession of Montaigne, and contain his autograph, or other notes. The history of his twenty years' siege and final capture of Montaigne's 'Cæsar,' forms of itself a little epic, which we read in the 'Débats' not long since (*Journal des Débats*, Mars, 1856), and which is too glad to talk of Montaigne's 'Cæsar,' since the other Cæsar is interdicted ground. It tells how M. Parison, the distinguished bibliophile, who, with an income of 250*l.* a-year, left behind him the astonishing collection of books which has just been dispersed by public auction, picked up the 'Cæsar' in one of the quais bookstalls; how he guarded it five years—not *thirty-five*, as the Débats exaggerate—without breathing the existence of the treasure—how, in 1837, Dr. Payen, the chief of the 'Montaignologues,' got scent of its existence—how he laid siege to M. Parison's citadel on the fourth floor of a house on the Quai des Augustins, by a series of dedications, notes, allusions sometimes flattering sometimes caustic, till the final triumph in 1838, when the stubborn possessor surrendered at discretion, yielded up the 'Cæsar,' took to his bed, and died. Had we space we would not so curtail this bibliographical episode. The 'Cæsar,' after all, is not devoid of interest even for our purpose. It is the Antwerp edition (ex Officinâ Plantinianâ) of 1570. Montaigne had noted on it, as he did in all the books he read, the time occupied in reading it. He commenced reading the three books, 'De Bello Civili,' on February 25, and finished the 'De Bello Gallico,' July 21st, in the year 1578. After the Anno Domini he has added 44–45—figures which indicate his age at the time of reading, his birthday being, as will be remembered, February 28. The marginal notes, of which there are upwards of 600, do not offer much of quotable interest. But in the minute care with which it was read, and the fact that it was read continuously between February and July, we gain some light upon Montaigne's method of using books. All his reading was not of the desultory kind we might infer from what he says of it in the 'Essais :'—'Je feuillette à cette heure un livre, à cette heure une auttre, sans ordre, et sans dessein, à pièces descousues' (iii. 3). He could, we see, at the time he was writing his 'Essais,' begin a book, and return to it day after day till it was read through. In the last page he has written, in his small and fine hand, a short appreciation of the book and its author. This was his usual custom when he had finished a work. He adopted it, he says (ii. 10) to meet the extreme treachery of his memory. This was so great that it had happened to him more than once to take up a volume which he had carefully read a few years before as if it was a new book. On comparison of the appreciation of 'Cæsar,' which occupies thirty-six lines of close writing, with the 34th chapter of the 2nd book of the 'Essais,' we find that the essay is a greatly improved development of the annotation. Indeed, it is more than improved. The judgment passed on 'Cæsar' in the annotation is imperfect, and fails in doing justice to him. In the essay Montaigne rises to a far higher elevation, and indicates a much more matured point of view. Now, the *aperçu*, as we have seen, was written in 1578. The 'Essais' were published in 1580. Thus we gather that it was not Montaigne's habit to dismiss a book from his thoughts when he had finished it and recorded sentence on it. It might continue to occupy his meditations and grow upon his thoughts. The casual and discontinuous turning over of books, he tells of, was the external aid to a methodical and solid process of digestion.

The duties, whatever they were, of 'Gentleman in ordinary to the bedchamber' were the only ones which Montaigne ever discharged at court. Difficulties still uncleared surround this function. Its date is uncertain, and we know not how to reconcile it with Montaigne's own assertion that he had never received from any prince a 'double' either as wages or free-gift. Leaving these interesting *nœuds* to the discussion of the biographer that is to come, we have to speak of the great question of the secretaryship. For many years all the lives and eloges of Montaigne had repeated that he at one time filled the office of secretary to the Queen Dowager Catherine de Medicis. This would have changed the complexion of his life indeed, and would have of itself turned the scale decisively in favour of M. Grün's views. This mistake, for such it is, and nothing more, arose from the negligent, assumptive habits of the literary biographers. There is preserved a letter of instruction from the Queen addressed, so it is indorsed in the MS. copy preserved in the Bibliothèque Impériale (collection *Dupuy*), 'Au roy Charles IX, peu après sa majorité.' It is a piece of no little curiosity in itself. It belongs, indeed, to general history, and is as widely known as the farewell letter which another Medicis addressed to his young twelve year old cardinal (afterwards Leo X.). But it concerns us at present, not by its contents, but by a postscript of three lines as follows :—'Monsieur my son, do not take it amiss that I have made Montaigne write out this letter; I did it that you might read it better.—Catherine.'

This letter made its first appearance in print in Le Laboureur's additions to the 'Memoirs of Castelnau,' in 1659. Which of Montaigne's biographers may claim the credit of having transported the 'new fact' into Montaigne's biography we have not ascertained. But before the beginning of the present century Montaigne's Secretariate to the Queen had become an accredited event. One of them, M. Jay, comments thus :—'Those who have studied the character and manners of Catherine de Medicis, and who have read with attention the reflections of Montaigne himself on the rights and duties of princes, will easily recognise that the "Avis" are the composition of Montaigne himself.' Thus history made itself as it went on through the hands of slipshod litterateurs. From copyist, Montaigne became author, of Catherine's letter. But as soon as a discerning eye was directed to the evidence on which the

'Secretariate' rested, it was seen at a glance that the identification of the amanuensis of the 'Avis' with the essayist was a pure conjecture. And the indefatigable labours of Dr. Payen have brought to light the existence of a François Montaigne, Secretary in Ordinary of the Chamber of the King and the Queen-Mother. M. Grün devotes fifteen pages to the correction of this error. It is a piece of historical reasoning which is a fair specimen of his book. The case is plausibly and forcibly put: but that is all. He creates at least as much error as he rectifies. He makes out Catherine's Montaigne to be Jacques de Montagne, 'avocat-général' at Montpellier in 1560. The forensic skill with which the evidence is marshalled covers a quantity of conjectural assumption which, much more than the concluding blunders, must entirely destroy M. Grün's credit as an historical critic.

The third and last period of Montaigne's life extends from ætat. 50–59. This includes a portion of his career which may with more justice be entitled his 'public life.'

He received the announcement of his nomination to the mayoralty of Bordeaux at the baths Della Villa near Lucca; but, faithful to his resolution to have done with 'public life,' he declined the honour, and, after a second visit to Rome, returned slowly into France, with the intention of resuming the peaceful and studious leisure which his long wanderings had made doubly sweet to him. He found, however, that his friends condemned his inactivity, and that the citizens of Bordeaux were resolved not to let him off. Finally he consented—not, however, till the King (Henri III.) had interposed his authority—and entered on the office in January 1582. His administration was more than usually capable, and he received the rare honour of reelection for a second term of office. During his mayoralty, and after it, he was engaged, on more than one occasion, in transactions of public importance. The history of these, as it has been laboriously pieced together out of the correspondence, acts, registers, and other remains of the time, will be gone through with interest by the circumstantial student. The general reader may perhaps be satisfied with a summary remark upon them. All the negotiations in which Montaigne was thus engaged exhibit his character in a light consistent with what we know of him. We see that he was trusted and recognised on all hands as a gentleman of worth, honour, and experience, to whose management and discretion men were glad to entrust their interests in critical cases. In a time of general suspicion, during protracted civil and religious warfare which had proved a 'veritable school of treachery and dissimulation,' the open, loyal, straightforward conduct of Montaigne gained him the confidence of both parties. But we do not see him engaged, or ambitious to be engaged, in strictly state affairs, or the more momentous crises of the difficult politics of that shifting scene. His character, wanting in energy and ambition, did not supply the defect of birth, which had not placed him among 'les grands,' He was not qualified, and did not affect, to lead. Any expectation that he should have taken a prominent part in the transactions of his time arises in us from our looking back to his life through the halo of his after-fame. We think that so much worldly wisdom and solid sense must have made itself felt on the theatre of public affairs. It is sufficiently apparent, notwithstanding M. Grün's violent efforts to drag him forward, that Montaigne's indolent and meditative temperament kept him remote from the turmoil of public life. That he was in any degree forced into active duties is to be ascribed to the same easy disposition. He allowed his friends to impose labours which he would never have assumed. 'Je ne me mets point hors de moi.' 'Il se faut prêter à autrui, et ne se donner qu'à soi même.' These are his characteristic maxims. He is no Hamlet, however. When action is thrust upon him, he is vigilant, steady, and efficient in its performance.

Nothing, in fact, can be less logical than to allow the splendid fame that has gathered round the 'Essais' to react on our conceptions of their author's life. It would be a very vulgar inference that one who has left us a great book must have done great things. No one, indeed, would seriously argue thus, but such a feeling may insensibly influence the expectation we form. The title of the work before us, 'La Vie Publique de Montaigne,' appears as if it were a response to this illusory anticipation. It can only lead to disappointment. As the life of a private country gentleman, loved by his friends, respected by his enemies, trusted by all, and of whom all regretted that he shunned employment, it corresponds perfectly to the careless wisdom and unaffected sagacity of his written page. To attempt to pass him off as a public man, only leads a reader to the mortifying exclamation, 'Is this all?' Montaigne, stripped of the essayist, looks to us as he did to the courtiers of his own time. How, Brantôme will witness :—

> 'In our time we have seen lawyers issue from the courts, throw aside the cap and gown, and take to wearing the sword. We have seen those, I say, get the collar of St. Michael without having served at all. Thus did the Sieur de Montaigne, who had far better have stuck to his pen and gone on scribbling essays, than changed it for a sword, which did not sit so well on him. Doubtless his kinsman, the Marquis de Trans, got him knighted by the King, in order to turn the order into ridicule, for the Marquis was always a great mocker.'—'*Capitaines Illustres*,' art. *Tavanne.*

Such was Montaigne to the courtiers of his own day. The essayist has indeed had his revenge! The growth of his fame, however, has not been continuous. During his own lifetime, and for some time after his death, it was steadily on the increase. He himself saw five editions of his 'Essais' through the press, and thirty-one editions have been counted between 1580 and 1650. There were very soon two complete translations into English, and, through Shakspeare's use of Florio's version, the blood of Montaigne may be said to have flowed into the very veins of our literature. Pascal had studied him till he almost knew him by heart. But as the growth of the Siècle literature gave a new direction to thought and taste, the credit of Montaigne declined. It was not without difficulty that he was admitted among the authorities of the Dictionary of the Academy. Bossuet only names him once, and then he is 'un Montaigne.' Fenelon mentions him, but it is to reproach him with his Gascon words. And it is a significant fact that from 1659 to 1724 not a single edition of the 'Essais' was called for. Later times have made abundant atonement for this temporary neglect. Few other books of the sixteenth century could be named which issue from the press at the rate of one edition a year. The original editions sell at bibliomaniac prices. The 'Cæsar,' with his autograph, for which M. Parison gave 18 sous, was knocked down to the Duc d'Aumale at 1550 francs. Of late years especially, an amount of industry has been expended in elucidating his life and writings such as is only devoted to the great classics of a language. We believe that all his fellow-labourers will agree in assigning to Dr. Payen precedence in their joint efforts. His name, like that of Mademoiselle de Gournay, must ever be associated with that of Montaigne. But investigation is still in progress. It is far from complete. It has not arrived at that stage, nor have its results been yet sufficiently sifted to allow such a biography of Montaigne to be written as will last, and we must regard M. Grün's volume as a temporary and only partial substitute.

ART. V.—*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.* Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. Part XV (including 'Roma'). London, 1856.

THE part of this extensive and highly interesting compilation, which we have adopted for the subject of this paper, contains the names of ancient geography from 'Pytho' to 'Salassi,' in a hundred and ninety closely printed pages in double column; but far the greater share of this space is occupied by the single article 'Roma,' which reaches from page 719 to page 855 of the volume, and comprises an amount of matter fully equal to an ordinary octavo. As in almost every other important article of the collection the subject is discussed with great learning and research, together with independence and originality. The writer has personally examined the ground of which he treats; he has investigated the remains of Roman antiquity on the spot; he has impressed a series of pictures on his eye which neither description nor maps and plans could adequately supply; he has studied the works of his predecessors with the writings of the ancients in his hand; he has exercised his own judgment upon them, and submitted his mind implicitly to no teacher among them. Accordingly he has produced an essay which in manner as well as in matter deserves to rank as a substantive work of topography, and may fairly claim to be noticed as such by a journal of contemporary literature like our own. The initials which he has appended to it are those which have represented in Dr. Smith's earlier dictionaries the respectable name of Mr. Thomas Dyer, and there can be no reason why we should refuse ourselves the pleasure of giving it the prominence which is its due. Mr. Dyer's article on Rome reviews in the first place the physical history of the site of the ancient city from its foundation to its decline and ruin, and then proceeds to illustrate the features of its topography one by one, its walls and hills, its streets and buildings, with all the light which has been shed upon them, conflicting and dubious as it often is, by a long series of Italian and German antiquarians

It closes with a sketch of the 'sources and literature of Roman topography;' and it is precisely because in this long series, with the exception of Mr. Bunbury's, no English name of any importance occurs,—for Lumisden, Burton, and Burgess are mere compilers, and have added nothing of their own to our knowledge of the subject,—that we are disposed to give all the publicity we can command to the treatise before us, which comes at last to redeem our English archæology from the reproach of its long and unworthy silence.

It may be allowed that the cautious and solid character of English scholarship has not found the most genial soil for its development amidst the shadows and uncertainties of Roman topography. There has been indeed no lack of theorists and triflers among our untaught antiquarians generally; but the study of Roman antiquity requires sound classical training, and our best furnished scholars have either shrunk from it altogether, or have seen little more than a treacherous mirage in many of the visions over which more sanguine sciolists have clapped their hands and cried Eureka! If we are not mistaken, Mr. Bunbury, whose contributions to our knowledge of this subject, published some years ago in the 'Classical Museum,' combined, as far as they went, the merit of originality and accuracy, has felt too sensibly the insecurity of the foundations on which 'Roman topography' is built, to complete the work of which he has given us so many interesting sketches. Certainly the more we come to know of the subject the more we must feel how deeply ignorant we are of it; how fallacious many of our most cherished conclusions have been proved; how completely we have lost the key to its most interesting problems. The points on which we seem to be most in the dark are often those which were most clear, most familiar to the Romans themselves; points so familiar to them that they could allow themselves to speak of them with fatal vagueness. The literary notices of antiquity have been turned in every light, and in every light they have seemed to give some new result; they have been sifted and examined by every fresh experimentalist, and each succeeding examination has seemed to bring out some contradictions to every previous conclusion. In the mean time now and then a real discovery has been made by the only sure process of excavation, which has too clearly revealed to us the insecurity of all other methods, and taught us at last to look to excavation almost alone for the solution, which will no doubt one day be furnished, of the questions which have so long and so importunately vexed us.

Nevertheless Dr. Smith's work required an article on the city of Rome; and we may congratulate him, as well as the English public, on its having fallen into the hands Mr. Dyer, who has shown independence equal to his learning, together with the sobriety of judgment which is essential to success in the undertaking, in sifting the theories of his predecessors, and examining afresh every notice of literature and every vestige of antiquity presented by the spot. On the whole he has held the scales with fairness and good judgment between the Germans and the Italians, who represent the chief contending schools of Roman topographers; between Niebuhr, Bunsen, Becker, and Preller on one side, and Nardini, Nibby, and Canina, on the other; but the Germans, besides waging war at all points against the Italians, have unfortunately many grounds of internal dissension among themselves, and Mr. Dyer has occasion not unfrequently to enter the lists of this civil warfare also, and reconcile or separate Becker and the numerous foes he has provoked,—to adjudge the palm between Roman topography 'in Rome' and Roman topography 'in Leipsic.'

It is not our intention to enter into the merits of these controversies, or to examine generally the great questions upon which they have arisen, which we should despair of making interesting to the ordinary reader, and which would require not only an array of maps and plans, but of Greek and Latin texts also, such as would hardly be suitable to this place. We will content ourselves with noticing Mr. Dyer's views on three or four points only, which from their novelty and importance may serve to stamp the character of his work.

1. In the first place, if we may judge from the map he has given us of ancient Rome, Mr. Dyer has departed from the common opinion regarding the direction of the Via Flaminia, or more properly the Via Lata, which led from the Porta Ratumena at the north foot of the Capitoline to the Porta Flaminia in the Aurelian walls. This street has generally been supposed to have followed precisely the line of the Strada del Corso, the principal avenue of the modern city, at least through the greater part of its course, but before reaching the walls to have turned with a small angle to the right, so as to make its exit, not by the present Porta del Popolo, but more immediately under the Pincian Hill, or even upon its slope. There is indeed only one reason for sup-

posing this irregularity, so unusual in the lines of Roman road (and the Via Lata was originally the beginning of the military highway of Flaminius), namely, a passage of Procopius, who informs us that the Goths abstained from attacking the Flaminian Gate because it stood on a declivitous spot, whereas the present termination of the Corso is in the level between the Pincian Hill and the Tiber. It may indeed be questioned whether any stress need be laid upon this statement of Procopius, who may have meant no more than that the Flaminian Gate, from its proximity to the heights of the Pincian, was more defensible than others; nor is Procopius accurate in other respects in his Roman topography. Certainly a writer of two centuries later speaks of the gate as being liable to inundations of the Tiber, and therefore undoubtedly at that time in the same locality it occupies at the present day. But however this may be, that the Via Lata ran for a considerable distance from the Capitoline precisely in the direction of the Corso seems to be ascertained from the portions of its pavement discovered beneath the modern street, and from the remains, which may still be traced in the same line, of the arches of Claudius, Aurelius, and Diocletian. The column of Antoninus stands also by its side. On the whole topographers will be perhaps most safe in identifying the Via Lata with the Corso throughout, and the outlet of the Porta del Popolo with that of the Flaminian Gate. But Mr. Dyer has gone the extreme length in the other direction. In his map, though he says nothing about it in his text, he draws the Via Lata or Flaminia from the Porta Ratumena to the foot of the Pincian, precisely parallel the whole way to the Corso, at a distance of thirty or forty yards to the right. If this is to be considered as his deliberate judgment upon the subject, so important a deviation from established opinions ought not to be made without statement and defence. As at present advised, we must think it doubly erroneous.

2. Mr. Dyer's views with regard to the position of the Comitium are bold and novel, but we think they have much to recommend them, and that those which have hitherto obtained currency are based on very uncertain grounds. The fact is that the importance which this spot once possessed as the sacred precincts of the Curia, on which the patricians met for their own special assemblies, was lost long before the fall of the Republic. It was Caius Gracchus, according to the common account, who first turned his back upon the Comitium, and fronted the tribes in the Forum in his popular harangues; and from this time at least the distinction between Comitium and Forum was practically abolished. We need not wonder that our authorities, who all lived under the Imperial era, should have spoken with great indistinctness about a locality of which the tradition alone existed in their time. The view, however, of the German topographers, of Niebuhr, Bunsen, Huschke, and Becker, that the Comitium occupied the eastern or upper extremity of the Forum, extending to the slope of the Velia, has obtained very general acceptation from its simplicity, and from the picturesque character it gives to the spot, which has been well brought out in a passage of Arnold's History.

> 'From the foot of the Capitoline Hill,' he says, vol. ii. p. 459, 'to that of the Palatine' [more correctly to that of the Velia] 'there was an open space of unequal breadth, narrowing as it approached the Palatine' [the Velia], 'and inclosed on both sides between two branches of the Sacred Way. *The narrower end was occupied by the Comitium*, the place of meeting for the populus or great council of the burghers in the earliest times of the Republic, while its wider extremity was the Forum, in the stricter sense, the market-place of the Romans, and therefore the natural place of meeting for the Commons, who formed the majority of the Roman nation. The Comitium was raised a little above the level of the Forum, *like the dais or upper part of our old castle and college halls*' [Becker denies, however, that there is any ground for this supposition], 'and at its extremity nearest the Forum stood the Rostra, facing at this period towards the Comitium; so that the speakers addressed, not indeed the patrician multitude, as of old, but the senators, who had in a manner succeeded to their places, and who were accustomed to stand in this part of the assembly, immediately in front of the Senate-house, which looked out upon the Comitium from the northern side of the Via Sacra.'

But from this description it would appear that the Rostra, placed between the Comitium and the Forum, and turned at one time east to face the former, at another west to front the latter, must in either case have stood at right angles to the Curia, which unquestionably looked south. Thus the whole force and value of Arnold's illustration is lost; nor can we recognise any appropriateness in the arrangement thus described. It may be added, that considering the very confined space in which the primitive dwellers on the Seven Hills were content to transact their affairs, the space thus assigned to the Comitium is far larger than would seem to be requisite, —a space, be it remembered, which even at the time of the Hannibalian war was sometimes covered with an awning for the convenience of the assembled senators. The Italian school of topographers, who have persisted in extending the Forum southwards between the Capitoline and Palatine, have found a place for the Comitium in this southern recess; but this arrangement, again, is subject to other invincible difficulties. We are obliged to Mr. Dyer for the careful examination of the authorities which he has brought to bear upon the question, and for the specious grounds he has advanced for removing the debatable spot to the north-west corner of the Forum, near the site of the Arch of Severus, where the Rostra can be placed to face north and south, and at the same time to stand directly in front of the Curia, as it unquestionably should do. If there was at any time such an elevation of basement as Arnold and Bunsen assign to the Comitium, the evidence for which is at best inconclusive, it was removed, perhaps, under the Emperors, when the last vestige of the popular right of assembly was extinguished, in order to give space for opening out the communication between the Forum Romanum and the Forums of Julius, Augustus, and their successors. Gradually the recollection of the site itself faded away from the mind of the nation.

3. In reconstructing the topography of Rome we are, in fact, too much in the habit of forgetting how many centuries she continued to exist, how many changes she underwent, how different a face she wore to different generations, how many of her features were successively obliterated, first from the scene itself, and, finally, from the remembrance and traditions of the people. If we bear this in mind, however, we shall perhaps be better prepared to investigate the knotty problem to which we will next turn the reader's attention—the topography of the famous Capitoline Hill, with regard to which Mr. Dyer has been equally bold, but, we think, by no means so successful. The Capitoline Hill, the seat of the Citadel of Rome, and of the august Temple of Jupiter the Best and Greatest, is flung across the base of the valley of the Forum in a direction nearly north and south. Though historically the most important, it is actually the smallest of the Seven Hills; nevertheless it rises, as is well known, in two summits, the one at its northern, the other at its southern end, and comprises also a small level space, about the size of the area between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs, between them. The height of the north summit is now 130 feet, of the south 100 feet above the level of the Tiber. The Intermontium, or space between, may be about 70 feet. In the Roman times the Forum was very little raised above the mean level of the river.

It is now commonly agreed that one of these summits was crowned originally with the Arx, or Citadel, the other with the Temple of Jupiter, to which, with its sacred precincts, the name of Capitolium always properly belonged. But which of the two was seated on the northern, and which on the southern summit, is the question; and the statements of the ancients themselves seem so uncertain, or even conflicting, that it has never yet been settled to general satisfaction.

> 'Hence,' says Mr. Dyer, in his fair and luminous statement of the case, 'the conflicting opinions which have prevailed upon the subject, and which have given rise to two different schools of topographers, generally characterized at present as the German and Italian school. There is, indeed, a third class of writers, who hold that the Capitol and Arx occupied the same or south-west summit; but this evidently absurd theory has now so few adherents, that it will not be necessary to examine it. The most conspicuous scholars of the German school are Niebuhr, and his followers Bunsen, Becker, Preller, and others; and these hold that the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was seated on the south-west summit of the hill. The Italian view, which is directly contrary to this, was first brought into vogue by Nardini in the last century, and has since been held by most Italian scholars and topographers. It is not, however, so exclusively Italian, but that it has been adopted by some distinguished German scholars, among whom may be named Göttling and Braun, the present accomplished secretary to the Archæological Institute at Rome.'

In addition to these names we may range Mr. Bunbury, as able and cautious an inquirer as any of the above, on the side of the German theory. Such is the array of authorities on either side. Mr. Dyer, we must add, has joined the Italian host, and warmly maintains the theory that the Arx was on the south-west (or south, as for shortness we may call it) and the Capitol on the north-east or north summit.

The chief cause of our difficulty lies in the ambiguity of the ancient authorities; and this ambiguity was undoubtedly caused by the changes which took place in the course of ages in the use and destination of the hill and its two summits. Originally the whole hill was called Tarpeius, which seems to have been the primitive Etruscan designation; but afterwards this name was strictly appropriated to the rock from which criminals were thrown on the south eminence. Roman writers, however, and especially poets, have not scrupled to use the term sometimes for the southern summit, and sometimes for the whole hill indiscriminately. Again, the term Capitolium was properly applied to the temple and temple precincts; but this word, too, came to be used for the whole hill when the national importance of the religious centre of the empire was considered to outweigh that of its military defences. Once more, even the term Arx, which ought in strictness to have been confined to the fortress, became eventually given sometimes to the whole hill, sometimes still more irregularly to the temple itself (Arx Capitolina, or Capitolii), when the real citadel had ceased, in the security of the empire, to be maintained as a place of strength, and began to lose almost the tradition of its original character. The ancient Arx ceased to be regarded as a fortress at all; its walls were perhaps demolished; even its limits, like those of the primitive city on the Palatine, and afterwards of the Servian, ceased to be distinguished or remembered; while on the other hand the great Temple of Jupiter, surrounded by its sacred enclosure, and kept, as the depository of incalculable treasures, by a garrison of priests and slaves, watching at all its gates, and opening or shutting them only on demand of the chief pontiff or highest officers of the state, acquired, perhaps, more of the character of a fastness than the legitimate citadel by its side. Hence we shall not be surprised to find the temple itself called sometimes the Arx Capitolii, nor be perplexed by this apparent combination of both the Arx and the Temple on the southern height.

'It was at Rome,' says Gibbon in the most interesting passage of his Memoirs, 'on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sate musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to my mind.' The church of the Ara Celi, which now crowns the north-east height of the hill, was in Gibbon's eyes, following Nardini, whose views had just come into fashion, the actual site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the Citadel he supposed accordingly to stand upon the rival summit. All respect to the error, if error it be, to which we may possibly owe the greatest monument of historical genius of our own, or perhaps of any other country! We cannot but feel that it was the piquant contrast between the God of the Christians and Jupiter, between the barefooted friars and the pontiffs and flamens, which gave a zest to our philosopher's meditations, and kindled his imagination to repeople with the figures of the past the void of centuries which had issued in such a consummation. Nevertheless, the Germans, we are bound to say, have shown how precarious is the footing on which this theory rests, and indeed, had not Mr. Dyer come forward once more with its reassertion, we should have regarded it as at least tacitly abandoned on all sides. If indeed we thought that the principal passages of antiquity to which in our present state of knowledge it must mainly appeal, could admit of any reasonable application in its favour, we should consider it but lost labour to reopen a fruitless discussion of them, while in fact the full solution of the question lies no doubt only a few feet or inches beneath the surface of the soil, and a few hours of excavation might, and one day perhaps will, set it at rest for ever. As, however, the notion we have already suggested differs a little from all the three views hitherto propounded,—being simply this, that originally the Arx was north, the Temple south, but in later times the Arx (north) was disused and forgotten, and the Temple (south) sometimes usurped its appellation,—we will beg the reader's attention to the famous narrative of Tacitus, which all agree ought to be decisive. We speak in the interest of Tacitus himself; we are unwilling that any cloud of ambiguity should lie upon one of the most striking and graphic relations of the most picturesque writer of antiquity. The historian thus describes the assault of the Capitol by the soldiers of Vitellius:—

> 'After skirting with rapid march the Forum and the temples which overhung it, they charge up the hill (1), to the foot of the gates of the Capitoline fortress (2). There were formerly porticos on the flank of the ascent, on the right as you mounted it (3), and the defenders, issuing on the roofs of these, overwhelmed the Vitellians with tiles and stones. The Vitellians were unprovided with any weapons but their swords, and they could not wait the arrival of engines and missiles. So they threw torches into the projecting portico, and followed the course of the fire. They would have burnt the gates of the Capitol and burst in, had not Sabinus flung a number of statues (4), the monuments of our ancestors, before them, and so blocked up the approach as with a wall. The Vitellians, repulsed here, now make their attack at other points of access (5), in the direction of the Grove of the Asylum, and again where the Tarpeian Rock is

approached by the Hundred Steps. At both places the attack was unexpected; but that near the Asylum was the closest and fiercest. Nor could the assailants be checked, climbing as they did along the continuous edifices, which, in the security of peace, were allowed to rise aloft to the level of the Capitol itself (6). Whether it was the besiegers who set fire to the buildings or the besieged, as is more commonly reported, in order to check the enemy's advance, has not been ascertained. The flames, however, spread from thence to the porticos attached to the houses: the eagles of the roof (the slanting rafters supporting the apex of the pediment), being old and dry wood, caught fire and fed the conflagration. Thus the Capitol, its gates (7) still shut, undefended and unstormed, was consumed to ashes.'*

Upon this passage we submit the following commentary with reference to the points we have numbered in the above extract. (1) The only access to the Capitol or the Arx from the Forum was by the Clivus Capitolinus, the line of the triumphal processions, which rose from before the Temple of Concord, climbed the face of the hill under the Tabularium from right to left, reached with a bend or zigzag perhaps the level or landing-place of the Intermontium, and then, as we conceive, bending again to the left, mounted to the foot of the gates (primæ fores) of the Capitoline Temple on the south-west summit. (2) The term 'fortress' (Arx) is here applied to the Temple, *i.e.* to the sacred precincts, surrounded no doubt with an outer wall and cloister, and rendered to some extent defensible, which embraced the triple fane of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, and bore the comprehensive title of Capitolium, or as here the Arx Capitolina. (3) The latter part of the ascent from the level of the Intermontium would doubtless be skirted with porticos, or propylæa, on the right-hand side. On the left the cliff would descend from it. (4) The Capitol would of course abound with statues; but we should not expect a bare fortification like the ancient Arx (if it is of the Arx proper that Tacitus is speaking) to furnish such precious materials for a hasty defence. (5) The Vitellians, we conceive, being repulsed at the front gates, descended the hill; one party diverged into the Intermontium, and renewed the assault from the steps which led from the Grove of the Asylum to the north side of the Temple: another re-entered the Forum, ran round the base of the Tarpeian Rock, and scaled the hill again by the Hundred Steps, so as to take the Temple on the south. (6) We may remark, in passing, the common error that this passage indicates the existence of houses at Rome of the height of the Capitoline Hill, that is, an hundred feet and upwards. Tacitus is speaking of houses which stood on the Intermontium, more than half way up the hill. (7) It will be observed that Tacitus has three times spoken of the gates: once of the Capitoline fortress as he calls it, and twice of the Capitol. From the context it appears, as we contend, indisputably, that these all refer to the same mass of building. The gates of the Capitol, then, were protected from the Vitellians by the statues; they were still closed when the fire reached them; and though the place was neither attacked nor defended, that is, by engines and military means, it was consumed by the accidental conflagration. If this commentary be correct, the locality can be no other than the southern summit, and this must have been, as we contend, the site of the Capitoline temple, but the Arx proper has nothing to do with it. The Arx of the Capitol, in the language of Tacitus, is the Capitol itself, and is altogether different from the original or proper Arx. The defensibility of the ancient temples generally (templa muris cincta, says Tacitus elsewhere) is sufficiently well known, and we need make no difficulty about the phrase here used. The defence of the temple of Camulodunum against the Iceni is a case in point. It was of course not in the cella of that temple, neither larger nor lighter perhaps than the Black Hole at Calcutta, that the Roman colonists took refuge, but in the precincts, however imperfectly fortified, which surrounded it.

Such, then, is our conception of the passage. Mr. Dyer, on the contrary, admits the attack to have been made on the southern hill, but uses this as an argument for placing upon it the primitive or proper Arx, which he maintains to be the Capitoline fortress of Tacitus. The temple, or Capitol, however, which caught fire in the attack, he supposes to be an entirely different building, and to have stood on the other summit; that is to say, about two hundred yards distant, beyond the Intermontium and many intervening edifices. This is highly improbable in itself, but we repeat that it is impossible that the 'gates' of Tacitus thrice repeated can, in the connexion in which they stand, be applied by him to two distinct and distant edifices*

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* Tac. *Hist.* iii. 71. 'Cito agmine forum et imminentia foro templa prætervecti erigunt aciem per adversum collem, usque ad primas Capitolinæ arcis fores. Erant antiquitus porticus in latere clivi, dextræ subeuntibus: in quarum tectum egressi saxis tegulisque Vitellianos obruebant. Neque illis manus, nisi gladiis, armatæ: et arcessere tormenta, aut missilia tela, longum videbatur: faces in prominentem porticum jecere, et sequebantur ignem; ambustasque Capitolii fores penetrassent, ni Sabinus revulsas undique statuas, decora majorum, in ipso aditu, vice muri, objecisset. Tum diversos Capitolii aditus invadunt, juxta lacum Asyli, et qua Tarpeia rupes centum gradibus aditur. Improvisa utraque vis; propior atque acrior per Asylum ingruebat. Nec sisti poterant scandentes per conjuncta ædificia; quæ, ut in multa pace, in altum edita solum Capitolii æquabant. Hic ambigitur, ignem tectis oppugnatores injecerint, an obsessi, quæ crebrior fama est, quo nitentes ac progressos depellerent. Inde lapsus ignis in porticus appositas ædibus: mox sustinentes fastigium aquilæ vetere ligno traxerunt flammam alueruntque. Sic Capitolium, clausis foribus, indefensum et indireptum, conflagravit.'

We forbear from further discussion of the authorities, which it is difficult to render interesting or even generally intelligible; but Mr. Dyer may be assured that we have not overlooked his appeals to them. It will be sufficient to add that the theory which we have sought to confirm is after all agreeable to what we might expect *à priori* to find. The old tradition affirmed that the Sabines occupied the northern, while the Romans held the southern eminence; but the palace of King Tatius, according to the legend, was situated in the Arx. The primitive Arx, therefore, was on the north. Again, when the two nations coalesced, the Arx, we are told, became the fortress of their common city: where should we expect this to be, but on the *highest* point, the ἄκρα, as the Greeks called it, of the whole hill? Indeed in the Greek writers, who opposed the term ἄκρα to Καπιτώλιον, the superior height of the former is clearly indicated, a distinction which is lost to us, but not perhaps to the Romans themselves, in the use of the Latin Arx.

On matters of this kind, uncertain as our conclusions must be at best, it is peculiarly desirable to speak with moderation, and we must not omit to express our disappointment at the bitterness with which Mr. Dyer almost throughout pursues his predecessor William Becker. There is nothing indeed to be said in defence of Becker's own tone in discussing these matters with his compeers, but with such a painful example before us, there is the more reason for guarding ourselves against the same fault. With all his defects of temper, and with many slips in argument, Becker's manual of Roman topography is far the clearest, and on the whole the most satisfactory, of any, and Mr. Dyer himself acknowledges that without its help and guidance he could not have executed his own work. Mr. Dyer may be assured that he has placed the mere English scholar under similar obligations to himself, and though his conclusions on various points may not be always admissible, he has secured himself a reputation in this peculiar department of literature, which can only be marred by indications of jealousy or ill-temper towards his rivals.

We might be tempted by our own personal interest in such questions, and with the advantage of so able and instructive a cicerone, to examine still further the details of Roman topography; to trace, as closely as we could, the limits of the ascertained, the probable, and the possible, fighting our way inch by inch among the ruins of the past, and doing battle with rival topographers to the right and to the left over the unburied bodies of palaces and temples. But we abstain from discussions unfitted for these pages, and turn to another branch of our author's subject, which may be more generally attractive—the history of the city itself,—not its civil and political, but its physical or material history, which Mr. Dyer has treated, after Bunsen and Niebuhr, with great clearness and precision. A poem of no great power made, as we remember, a sensation some thirty years ago, from its striking and original conception. The 'Pelican Island' of James Montgomery recorded the vision of a spirit who brooded over the waters of the Southern Pacific, and watched from age to age the growth of a coral island in the expanse of ocean, from the birth of the first madrepore which built its house at the bottom of the waves, to the production of a rock, a reef, an island, and a continent, the parent of cities and the abode of human souls. The charm of this fanciful poem lay in the desolateness of this long protracted vigil, gradually ripening under the eye of Providence to a moral and human interest, and closing in the sublimest aspirations, in devotional impulses and hopes of immortality. But how far more thrilling would be the thoughts and imaginations of the gnome, or sylph, or genius, if such there be, who has gazed, it may be, unseen upon the fateful spot where Rome stood and stands, from the time when it first heaved with the throes of creation, or responded to the plastic hand of organic revolution; who has witnessed the upraising of its Seven Hills, the excavation of its valleys and watercourses, the clothing of its soil with forests, the successive inhabitation of beasts and savage men, of warriors, philosophers, emperors, and pontiffs,—the slow fluctuations of the external features of its occupation, from the rude hill fort to the municipal burgh, the imperial city, the refuge of perishing arts and learning, the most venerable monument of a venerated antiquity! Even now science enables us to retrace, more or less distinctly, the elemental configuration of that solemn site at various distinct but undefinable epochs. Fire and water have borne sway alternately over the soil of Rome. The dire contest between the great rival powers of Nature, which Lucretius, the poet of Nature, depicts in the realms of space, has actually occurred in the course of ages on the very spot upon which he, all unconsciously, described it. We might well have spared a trite allusion to Phaëthon and the Horses of the Sun, for the burst of sensibility with which the Muse of a Roman Sedgwick might have hailed the convulsive birthpangs of the Tiber and the Anio, the Quirinal, and the Palatine.*

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* It may be worth while to show in a few words how groundless is another of Mr. Dyer's subsidiary arguments. Ovid has the line—

> 'Qua fert sublimes alta Moneta gradus.'

Now the temple of Juno Moneta, says Mr. Dyer, is known to have been in the Arx; and he conceives this passage, which he fancies is obscure, to mean that this temple stood at the head of the well-known Centum Gradus, or Hundred Steps, and therefore on the southern summit. There is, however, no obscurity about the words, nor, if there were, would Mr. Dyer's interpretation, which is grammatically inadmissaible, avail to clear it up. The use of 'fero' in the sense of 'effero,' to raise, if uncommon, is sufficiently established. Thus Virgil—

> 'Sublimemque feres ad sidera cœli
> Magnanimum Æneam.'

Ovid means to say,

> 'Where high Moneta rears her stair aloft.'

Probably the shrine of Juno was raised on a lofty basement so as to be visible above the walls of the Arx. A prose writer would have said that the temple was raised aloft on steps, but the inversion may be pardoned in a poet.

First of all, the soil of the Janiculan and the Vatican hills bears witness, in the sand and gravel of which they are mainly composed, and in their vast deposits of marine formations, to the primal epoch when Italy lay prostrate beneath the waters of the ocean, before the long chain of the Apennines was upreared from below, and became the watershed from which on either side the salt floods rolled away into the upper and the lower seas. But when this liquid mass had subsided, or while it was still subsiding to the level assigned to it for the future, a second series of revolutions beneath the soil must have thrown up the Seven Hills which front the Janiculan, by the force of igneous action. The tufa which forms the nucleus of these masses, attests the fusive powers of fire. These nine hills or ridges must at one time have formed, together with the Pincian and the Monte Mario, a complete barrier to the waters flowing down from the valley above. The drainage of Central Italy descending along the channels of the Tiber, the Nar, and the Anio, must have been retained at this period in a wide basin, and constituted a great inland lake. Thus we find that the plain in which Rome stands, and the low levels which intersect her hills, lying between the marine heights on the one side, and the volcanic heights on the other, and running up among them in various directions, are a freshwater formation; the clay and gravel which compose them, abounding in freshwater remains, are a deposit of the lake above described—the scourings of the Sabine and Etruscan valleys, since the period of the sea's retreat. The Tiber, if Tiber it might be called—to which, as to the Peneus of Lucan when it stagnated in the Thessalian Valley, 'crescere cursus erat,'—must have reached, judging from the height at which these remains are traceable, to 130 feet above its present level. But finally we must suppose that new convulsions forced eventually an opening in these hills, between the Janiculan and Aventine, and allowed the lake to drain away, the waters to settle themselves in a defined channel, and become at last the genuine Tiber, the ancient Father Tiber, of whom poets and historians have sung and said for five-and-twenty centuries.

Another age succeeds, and the plain is crowned with long, rank vegetation, abounding with many-coloured flowers in spring, but parched and crackling almost like a stubble-field under the feet after the long drought of the summer. The hills wave with groves of oak and ilex, but their level summits rarely rise above an hundred and fifty feet, and in form and substance they are rather ledges of rock than hills, on the sides of which tufts of brushwood cling and nestle, but grass can with difficulty grow. The waters trickling down their slopes, fed by the moisture of their inviolate forests, stagnate in the hollows between them, and nourish a tangled jungle of underwood, the lair of wolves and buffalos, of wild beasts, and presently of men still wilder. One of these hills at least, the Aventine, still bears some lingering traces of its fiery origin; blasts of smoke and flame are imagined at times to issue from it; and long after these have become finally extinguished the tradition of them survives among the tribes of the vicinity, who believe that the spot is still the fastness of a monstrous giant, who robs them of their cattle, and defies the challenge of their champion by vomiting fire from his throat. This is the furthest point to which legend and tradition reach; and it is interesting to observe the devout animation with which the Romans of the Empire recur to it. Hard and material as they are, and insensible to the spiritual experiences of their own exhausted civilization, they still cling fondly to the imagination that a deity, be he who he may, once seen by favoured worshippers, possesses the throne of the Capitoline; that Janus and Saturn founded each his city upon opposing summits; that one of the great gods of Olympus is still the patron of each of the sacred hills of Rome. The rude legends of antiquity are sanctioned and attested in their eyes by the marvellous display of divine power which has since revealed itself to the world. With a just and natural pride they contrast the brilliant glory of their own days with these obscure but providential beginnings, and believe that from the first the fated empire of Rome was prophesied in no doubtful strains by the god Apollo, and the seer Carmenta. Not Virgil only and Horace, but Ovid and Propertius, turn with pious enthusiasm from their own splendid palaces and temples to the wicker hut of Romulus and the thatched roof of the Capitol. Still further, they sweep away from their mind's eye the existing monuments of twenty generations, and love to restore the time when the cattle lowed in the Forum and the Carinæ, and wolves were stalled in the cave of the Lupercal. 'Who would think,' exclaims Ovid, 'that this simple spot held so wide a place in the concerns of destiny?'*

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* Cum semel in terris fuerit superantior Ignis;
Et semel, ut fama 'st, humor regnarit in arvis, &c.—v. 395.

The features of this time-honoured scene are of extremely moderate proportions. The Tiber itself, the most illustrious of rivers, straitly girded as it is by the double lines of building through which it flows, is little more than fifty yards in width; and above and below the city, where it has more scope to wander and expand, does not generally exceed eighty or a hundred. Though it sweeps along with great power and concentrated energy, it is only from its historic associations that it can excite enthusiasm or even command admiration. We remember the disappointment and contempt with which it was regarded by a genuine child of nature, a young American officer, with whom we once found ourselves perambulating the Eternal City. Our companion, fresh, as all his conversation showed, from a military station on the borders of the wilderness, and without the smallest interest in antiquity, of which he was indeed profoundly ignorant, gazed as he was bid, but without sympathy, and almost without remark, on the august ruins of the Forum; but when we introduced him to the view of the yellow Tiber, he broke out for the first time with a natural expression of surprise and mortification. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'is that the furious Tiber, chafing with his banks, which Cæsar and Cassius were so proud of swimming across? We should think nothing of such a creek as that in our country.' It seems that in reading Shakspeare, from which he had got all he knew of Roman history, as a greater soldier derived from the same source his slender knowledge of English, he had pictured the Tiber to himself as such a torrent as his own Mississippi, full of snags and sawyers, from which no living thing ever emerges; and great was his vexation and displeasure on viewing in its real diminutiveness the more classical but less romantic stream. If he had ever doubted before the valour of Julius Cæsar, who failed to whip the Britishers, he had now sufficient proof how much the great dictator's heroism had been exaggerated by blind adulation.*

The Seven Hills form a river bank of moderate elevation proportioned to this slender stream. From the Capitoline on the north, which comes within three hundred yards of the Tiber, to the Aventine on the south, which falls almost directly into it, these hills follow a segment of considerably more than half a circle. The Quirinal, the Viminal, the Esquiline, and the Cælian, which lie more inland, are all tongues of land projecting from the common ridge which bounds the valley, and which slopes away on the further side insensibly into the Campagna. Arnold's illustration is worth repeating. He compares these projecting tongues of hill, to the fingers of an open hand, the knuckles representing the ridge from which they spring, and the back of the hand the gentle slope outward. The Capitoline and Aventine stand apart as sentinels to guard the stream from the descending or ascending foe, and between them, in the centre of the whole group, lies the sequestered Palatine, closely embraced by three connected valleys, and in the earliest times almost inaccessible to man from the waters which stagnated in them. The heights of these hills, level, as we have said, or nearly so, at their summits, have been variously estimated, but hardly anywhere exceed an hundred and fifty feet from the mean level of the Tiber. The Palatine is a trapezium, two sides of which are about three hundred and the other two about four hundred yards in length. It may be compared in size and in shape with the block of buildings enclosing Hanover-square, between Oxford-street and Conduit-street in London. The Aventine, less regularly shaped, is about equal in dimensions; the Capitoline, with its two summits and saddle between them, is the smallest of the Seven Hills, and does not much exceed three hundred and fifty yards in length by one hundred in breadth. Of the other eminences, which have few distinct features and are, in fact, merely undulations of a single hill, the Viminal is the smallest and the best defined; the Esquiline and the Cælian extend over considerable spaces. These two latter and the Quirinal have each more than one knoll, to which at an early period distinct names were assigned, but which were apparently lost to view and to recollection when covered with the buildings of the city.

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* Quis tantum fati credat habere locum?—Ovid, Fasti, i. 518.

* Some of our companion's remarks, whom, however, we by no means regard as a sample of his class in book-knowledge, were curiously illustrative of the ideas of the olden time commonly entertained in a new country, where the ancient is synonymous with the barbarous, and novelty with improvement. Of the Antonine column he observed, 'Now I call that quite an elegant building, considering its antiquity.'

The ancient legend of Rome followed, it may be presumed, a true tradition when it assigned the Palatine for the cradle of the Roman state. So much we may embrace at least of the story of Romulus, that the founders of Rome were a band of brigands and outlaws, and none of the Seven Hills was so well calculated for the retreat of those 'wolves of Italy' as that scarped summit of the Palatine encompassed by marsh and jungle. But the Roman hills form an isolated cluster in the centre of a wide extended plain; and it is probable that more than one of them was seized from an early period for the fastness of the tribes which roamed over the Campagna, whether they occupied lands of their own or merely plundered those of their neighbours. The original hostility of the men of the Palatine and of the Quirinal, the contest between them for the Capitoline, their eventual coalition, and the successive occupation of the Cælian, the Aventine, and the rest, by the colonies of the united city, are matters upon which history becomes more and more shy of pronouncing. For the topographer it is sufficient to mark the era when the common rampart was extended to comprehend the seven heights in a single enclosure, and the opposite slope of the Janiculan itself was crowned with a fortress, connected perhaps with the city by a double line of wall and a bridge. The Janiculan hill rises nearly an hundred feet above the highest elevation on the left bank; and from its Arx, on the site of the modern gate S. Pancrazio, the Seven Hills lie expanded to the view in their full dimensions. 'From this point,' said Martial, many centuries later, 'you might behold the seven lordly mounts, and measure the entire size of Rome.'*

What was the mode of fortification adopted for the defence of the Servian city, as this inhabited enclosure may be denominated, seems to be little determined. The Roman writers indeed of a later date spoke of it commonly as a continuous wall; but this wall, they acknowledge, had disappeared almost entirely in the time of Augustus, and in many parts even the bounds of the original city were completely forgotten.† We may presume that the entrances of the valleys were guarded, and the heights connected with a wall and ditch, and along the ridge at the back of the Viminal and Esquiline there was an earthen rampart which remained with the special name of the Agger down to a late period in the history of the city. Here and there, even at this day, the scarped cliffs of the hills still present fragments of brick or stone-work, the substructions, as some have imagined, of a massive wall; but we can hardly believe that these heights were generally defended after the Etruscan fashion by solid masonry. Even the Capitoline itself, on which the Arx or Citadel of the city was reared, seems to have been defended in some parts only by the natural or artificial steepness of its flanks. But whatever was the line of defence, there lay both before and behind it a certain sacred space called the Pomœrium, upon which it was forbidden to intrude with buildings;

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* 'Hinc septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet æstimare Romam.'—Martial, iv. 64.

† Within the last few months, we are informed, about thirty yards of a venerable wall, claimed by the antiquaries for Servian, have been discovered and laid bare on the southern ridge of the Aventine.

yet before the fall of the Republic this restriction had been disregarded in all directions, and the line of the Pomœrium had become as much obliterated by encroachments as that of the fortification.

In modern cities the natural inequalities of the ground are for the most part speedily obliterated. As the buildings spread from slope to slope the eminences are lowered and the hollows between them partially filled up. The name of hill may still remain attached to the ascending street, but the acclivity may be hardly perceptible to the eye. It was not so with Rome. To the last the hills remained distinct; their sides were rendered by art even more abrupt than nature had left them; and in many places they were sharply defined by solid walls of masonry rising from the plain below, and supporting masses of building on the level of the summit. The hills of Rome, and more particularly the Palatine, were occupied by the nobles; and their mansions were originally fortresses, constructed to overawe the commons and secure the personal safety of their lordly inhabitants. The Aventine indeed was surrendered at an early period to be colonized by the Plebs; but the Plebs, as we all know, had its nobles as well as the Patriciate, and in process of time the position of this class of the aristocracy became not less invidious than that of its older and more legitimate rivals. In the meantime the mass of the citizens were crowded together in the valleys below; and even of these large spaces were occupied by places of public assembly—by the Forum on one side of the Palatine, and the Circus on the other. The most densely inhabited areas of the city were the Suburra, between the Quirinal and the Esquiline, and the Velabrum, which descended from the Capitol and the Forum to the river side. While the hills were occupied by mansions of stone, surrounded frequently by courts and gardens, or connected one with another by colonnades, the lower levels of Rome were thronged with buildings sometimes of burnt, sometimes of unburnt brick, often merely of wood, constructed in lofty blocks of many houses each, which the law was constantly engaged in the vain endeavour to keep at a certain fixed distance from one another, to check the progress of the frequent fires. The houses indeed of the nobles were frequently encompassed by small huts, leaning against their outer walls, for the accommodation of their slaves and retainers; and to this extent the lower classes may have established themselves from an early date even on the Palatine; but it may be doubted whether the principal hills were traversed at all by streets, and whether they were accessible, except perhaps at a single point, for wheel carriages.* The streets below were numerous, tortuous, and narrow. It is doubtful whether the houses, rising often to many stories, were built with projecting upper works; generally there could have been no room in such close-thronged rows of buildings for any projection at all. We need hardly add that these wretched avenues were neither paved nor lighted; and when a distinguished warrior was rewarded with the special commission to ride home, when he supped abroad, on the back of an elephant, the honour must have been as embarrassing to himself as formidable to his fellow-citizens.

The view of Rome from any of the elevated points within it or about it must have been singular to our notions, from the total absence of towers, spires, and minarets, such as are equally conspicuous in the architecture of London and Paris, of Moscow and Kasan, of Constantinople and Cairo. The stranger who seeks to obtain a general idea of the features of the hallowed site at the present day, climbs the lofty stair of the tower of the Senator's palace as the most central eminence; but there are innumerable churches from the domes of which a wide-extended view may be commanded of the city and the country around. Ancient Rome, till at least a very late period, had no such specular turrets. Even the columns of Antonine and Trajan rise from very low levels, and barely overtop the heights around them. The Tower of Mæcenas, which stood on the loftiest site of the Augustan city, was probably but little raised above the noble mansions of the Esquiline quarter. To gain a general view of Rome, Martial, as we have seen, directs us to the terraces of a garden on the opposite slope of the Janiculan. But every hill was crowned with the pointed apex of some conspicuous temple, and by such temples, indeed, rising above the general line of the housetops, the horizon was almost everywhere bounded. And these, too, were surmounted by the statues of the gods, perched upon their highest pinnacles. The Roman as he walked in the streets, at least wherever an open space allowed his eye to range to the eminences around him, beheld the countenances of his country's gods bent down upon him from every side. The vision of the avenging deities of Greece, which Venus reveals to Æneas upon the walls of Troy, may have been suggested by the familiar spectacle of the divinities of Rome thus raised aloft, each on his own peculiar hill, to watch over the fortunes of the favourites of Olympus.

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* The few streets and lanes of Rome known to us by name lay either in the hollows or, in one or two cases, on the slopes; none of them as far as we are aware upon the summit of any of the hills.

After the conflagration of the city by the Gauls, it had been rebuilt, we are told, without any plan, and with no improvement in the style of its ordinary architecture. Every one ran up a house himself where he would, or built upon the roof of his neighbour; and so little were even the old lines of the streets regarded, that they were now frequently made to cross the sewers which had been formerly constructed to drain them. An old law had limited the thickness of the walls to one and a half feet in order to economize space; but when, with the increase of the population, and the expansion of the private dwellings of the rich, the precincts of the temples and the places of public meeting, it became necessary to raise story upon story, these foundations were not sufficiently strong to support the incumbent mass. The constant falling of houses is mentioned, along with the conflagrations and the inundations of the river, as one of the great dangers and inconveniences of city life. Things, however, grew worse and worse towards the decline of the Republic. The competitors for public favour expended their resources in erecting vast theatres and contributing to the amusement of the voting multitude; but their tenure of office was too brief, their interest in the well-being of the masses too factitious, to allow them to devise wise and large schemes of metropolitan improvement.

It was not till the establishment of the Imperial power by Augustus that the government recognised the duty or policy of consulting public health, security or convenience. It was the boast of Augustus, as we have all heard, that he found the city of brick and left it of marble; but this referred only to one, and that not the most important, part of his constructive labours. Doubtless he built or rebuilt hundreds of shrines and temples; he incited both his wife and his nobles to vie with him in decorating the city and doing honour to the gods, but he cultivated the people of the Campus and the Forum more assiduously and not less successfully, as he might imagine, than the divinities of Olympus. The thronging of the tenements of the populace in the lower parts of the city was unsightly and dangerous—dangerous to life and dangerous to the government, which was made to bear the odium of every public calamity. Augustus swept away a whole district of the most crowded dwellings between the Roman Forum and the Quirinal, and replaced them with the ample colonnades and open courts and pavements of a Forum of his own. The immediate consequence of this wholesale displacement of the population was soon seen, no doubt, in the increasing tendency to raise the height of the remaining edifices. It was necessary to set a limit to the altitude of private dwellings; and this was fixed by Augustus at a maximum of seventy feet. This is about the height of one of our ordinary four-storied houses in London, and may have contained perhaps five or six stories of the lower and darker dwelling-places of the Roman commonalty. But it is probable that the public constructions of Augustus and his nobility drove the lower classes continually further from the centre of the city. The police regulations of this emperor, by which Rome was divided into fourteen regions, instead of the four regions of Servius, seem to indicate an extension of the area covered with buildings. The four regions of Servius, indeed, occupied the whole space within the Servian walls, and of the fourteen of Augustus eleven were still confined to that inclosure. But the buildings now ran out continuously beyond the old line of defence in many places, and the three extramural regions of Augustus were evidently meant to embrace the suburban quarters, in which the greatest amount of new habitations had sprung or was rapidly springing up. Of these, the 'Porta Capena' occupied the valley of the Aqua Crabra and the bifurcation of the Appian and Latin ways. The 'Circus Flaminius' embraced the new population which was nestling among the temples and public edifices of the plain to the west of the Capitoline; and the Via Lata comprehended a new quarter between the Quirinal and the great north road of Flaminius. Whatever building there may have been beyond the walls in other directions, it was apparently not important enough to demand annexation, even for purposes of police, to the original city. The heights of the Cælian and Esquiline were for the most part occupied by the villas and gardens of the nobility, particularly the great parks of Mæcenas, the Lamiæ and the Laterani; while the slopes of the Pincian were almost entirely surrendered to the pleasure-grounds first created by Sallust and Lucullus.*

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* There are many passages in Pliny, Seneca, Mar-

Under Augustus and his immediate successors some partial fires operated beneficially in clearing away masses of dense, unwholesome buildings, and the space thus obtained was, we may suppose, generally laid out more laxly, the surplus population being driven into the suburbs. But never did a city receive a greater permanent benefit from a transient calamity than Rome from the great conflagration in the reign of Nero. The extent, indeed, to which this destruction reached is not accurately recorded; though Tacitus assures us that three of the fourteen regions were utterly consumed, and seven others more or less severely injured. The districts which he himself directly specifies refer chiefly to the hollow between the Cælian and Palatine, the valley of the Circus, and the foot of the Esquiline. We may imagine that the flames, which ran from bench to bench the whole length of the Circus, would reach to the dense masses of building in the gorge of the Velabrum, and climb the adjacent hills; but we can hardly suppose that the temples and imperial mansion on the Palatine would be entirely consumed without special mention, still less that the ancient monuments of the Forum would be swept into the devouring abyss unrecorded. The Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline seems undoubtedly to have escaped unscathed. Whatever limits, however, we may be disposed to place on the possible amplifications of our historian's rhetoric, there can be no doubt that a large portion of the city, and some of the most thickly crowded quarters, were swept away, and reduced to a *tabula rasa* for the architectural fancies of the Emperor to disport upon. Nero seized the opportunity with his usual ardour. He had already revolved many schemes for effecting some great material construction which should render his name famous for ever. Now the time was come, and circumstances presented him with an object which, if worthily handled, could not fail to immortalize him. Nero had more of the Greek than the Roman in his character; more of the Oriental, the Macedonian Greek, than the purer and simpler Attic. He resolved in his new constructions to emulate the great city-builders of Asia Minor and Syria: he rebuilt Rome after the fashion of Cæsarea or Antioch. Instead of the crooked, narrow streets of the old city, the result of the utter want of plan or systematic direction, which has been described, he laid out his new city in a regular net-work of straight and broad avenues, as far as the character of the site would admit of it; he widened the interior spaces of the blocks of houses, reduced their height, and surrounded them with colonnades. He insisted that no houses should henceforth be built of wood only, but that all should have at least a basement of Alban or Gabine stone.* Henceforth new Rome and old Rome were distinguished and contrasted with one another, and old-fashioned people continued fifty years later to sigh over their recollections of the ancient city, with its narrow streets and lofty houses, which intercepted the rays of the sun and retained the cool night air long into the morning. They might, at least, have been grateful for Nero's shady colonnades.

We may imagine how large a portion of the population must have been displaced from the interior of Rome by this method of reconstruction. But Nero did much more than this. He had already connected the abode of his ancestors on the Palatine with the Villa of Mæcenas, inherited by the Cæsars, on the Esquiline. A long bridge, arched and roofed, in imitation, perhaps, of Caligula's viaduct to the Capitol, must have crossed the valley of the Colosseum to bring these two buildings into connexion, and still leave open the necessary thoroughfares of the city. But he now determined to bring the two into closer union by the construction of vast buildings throughout the space between, so as to make one continuous series of halls and chambers, interrupted at least by courts and gardens only, from the summit of one hill to the other. The Golden House of Nero rose upon the area of a considerable portion of the city, including the slope of the Cælian and the Esquiline, as well as the whole summit of the Palatine, and crossing from one to another on long arched corridors. Again the masses of the population were ousted from their ancient localities, and driven to perch themselves farther and farther from the centre of the city. As regards, indeed, the Golden House, it is true that a very few years saw the demolition of all the addi-

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tial, &c., describing, in very high-flown language no doubt, the immense size of the mansions of the nobles under the Cæsars; but we will refer to one only from Olympiodorus. 'Each of the great houses of Rome,' he says, 'comprehends everything that an ordinary city can supply—a hippodrome, forums, temples, fountains, and halls of various kinds, so that a certain author has said,

"One house is a town, the city embraces ten thousand towns."'

* The words 'ædificia ipsa, certa sui parte, sine trabibus, saxo Gabino Albanove solidarentur,' seem to show that houses had before been built entirely of *trabès*, by which we understand here a framework of wood.

tions, at least, which Nero had made to the palace of his predecessors. A large part, however, of the space it occupied was certainly never restored for the inhabitation of the citizens. The Colosseum, so called, as is commonly said, from the Colossus of Nero, which adorned the vestibule of his palace, almost at the western entrance of the great amphitheatre, stands on ground which must once have been crowded with plebeian dwellings, and to this place of public resort were attached outbuildings, including reservoirs and fishponds, on the Cælian Hill. The Baths of Titus cover also a large area taken from the imperial residence and transferred by the usurping dynasty to the people for their recreation. Even while these transfers were in progress, during the reign of Titus, another fire, only less ruinous than that of Nero, must have swept away a large part of what yet remained of ancient Rome; and this, according to all analogy, both ancient and modern, must have been replaced by a laxer style of building. Finally, Trajan occupied a central site with his new Forum, and further limited the height of the houses in Rome to 60 Roman feet, equal to about 58 English; and Hadrian still could find or make room in the middle of the city for his temples of Peace and of Rome and Venus, which were probably the largest of their kind.

Let us endeavour, then, to trace the progress of the people of Rome in the compulsory migrations which followed upon these repeated dislodgments.

Westward of the Capitoline and Quirinal, and beyond the walls of the Servian inclosure, lay a wide plain or meadow extending from the bank of the Tiber to the foot of the Pincian hills, and divided to the right and the left into two unequal portions by the straight avenue of the Flaminian Way. This plain is about a mile in length with the same breadth in the widest part, but to the north the river and the hills approach nearer to each other, and the great road makes its exit from between them through a gorge of little more than two hundred yards across. This, as is well known, is the site of the chief portion of the present city. In the time of the republic, when it went generally by the name of the Flaminian Plain or Meadow, it was almost totally uninhabited—not that there were not already several public buildings constructed on it, particularly in the vicinity of the gates, for the convenience of the people. Here were the Septa and Ovilia, the polling places of the people, when they met in the military organization of their centuries, together with the vast hall of the Diribitorium, in which the votes were counted, the roof of which was the largest in Rome. Here was the Forum Olitorium, or herb-market, surrounded by the temples of Juno and Janus, of Hope and Piety. The theatres of Balbus and Pompeius were erected in this locality, and here was the Circus Flaminius, for chariot-races and gladiatorial shows, second only in size to the great Circus within the walls. The famous Temple of Bellona, in which the senate frequently held its sittings, was one of the chief ornaments of the Flaminian Field. Arches and columns, porticos and pavements, were also to be found here; and the galleries of the Pompeian Curia formed a fashionable promenade; but a large portion of the space, denominated the Campus Martius, was specially dedicated to the exercises of the citizens, to running, leaping, wrestling, and bathing. With the establishment of the Empire the public occupation of this region made rapid strides. The theatre of Marcellus replaced the herb-market; the colonnades of Octavia were erected contiguous to it. Augustus reared his own splendid mausoleum on the confines of the Field of Mars. Statilius Taurus constructed his theatre, Agrippa raised the vast dome of the Pantheon, and surrounded it with capacious thermæ and long rows of vaulted corridors. The porticos of Neptune and Europa ran perhaps along the side of the Flaminian Way; a portion of the Campus was separated from the rest, and styled the Field of Agrippa, by whose manifold constructions it was decorated; the aqueduct of the same giant builder strode from the flank of the Pincian into the centre of the space before us. We have seen that Augustus portioned off two corners of this great plain for two of his suburban regions, but we can hardly suppose that, in his time at least, private dwellings were allowed to encroach further upon the public domain of the Roman citizens. Down to a late period of the Empire we meet with the erection of new public edifices in this district. The Circus Agonalis occupied a large slice of its site, and the Stables of the Factions—the charioteers, that is, of the rival colours—must have still further thronged the space still remaining. The place of exercise, the Field of Mars, still continued inviolate, and was used even in the third century as an open palæstra. The Æmilian gardens of Tigellinus lay on the slope of the Pincian, between the Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza di Spagna, and above it stood the burial-place of the Domitii, in which the remains of Nero were deposited. Of low-class dwellings we hear little or nothing. It is impossible to suppose that there were none here; that no petty tenements, shops, and lodging-houses leant, at least, against the sides of more august edifices; but Strabo, in the time of Tiberius, makes no mention of any such, and Martial, after the era of Nero's fire, speaks of this quarter as still occupied by grass and trees as much as by houses. On the whole, we cannot certainly imagine any dense habitation of the Campus Flaminius consequent upon the expansion of the city under the Flavian emperors.

It is not easy to pronounce any opinion in this respect with regard to the eastern and north-eastern suburbs of the city. It is probable at least that the great parks of the nobility which skirted the lines of Servius in these directions, were gradually reduced to more modest dimensions, and gave way, at least to some extent, to private inhabitation. The destruction of the great families under Nero and his immediate predecessors, combined with the modest habits of Vespasian, and generally with the growing disgust of the nobility at the monstrous abuse of wealth in the preceding generation, to introduce a less ostentatious style of living among them. The mansions of the nobles became fewer perhaps and less spacious, and allowed proportionably more space for the dwellings of the poorer citizens.* Yet there were still great obstacles to the extension of the suburbs of Rome. The roadsides were occupied with the sepulchres of twenty-five generations, and it was forbidden by feeling as well as by law to dwell within a certain prescribed distance of the remains of mortality. The performance indeed of certain ceremonies sufficed to desecrate these hallowed spots; but if we may judge from the well-known monuments of the dead which have been discovered even within the Porta Appia, and still more numerously in quite recent times beyond it, it would seem that on this, the most frequented of all the Roman ways, there was little use made of such a privilege.† When two centuries after our era Caracalla proposed to erect his vast public baths, he found, we may suppose, little impediment from private buildings at only half a mile's distance from the Porta Capena. The Grotto of Egeria, almost immediately under the Servian walls, continued in the time of Juvenal to be surrounded with a grove, the resort of beggars, idlers, and the lowest classes of the people. There was a distinct village at the Milvian bridge, about three miles from the Capitol, but in the immediate neighbourhood we read of rural villas and pastures. That there was no suburb below the city on the river banks may be proved from the absence of any trace or record of a bridge across it.* It is remarkable, again, that our accounts of various events which took place a little outside the walls indicate the solitude of the country rather than the character of populous suburbs. The estate of Phaon, Nero's freedman, in which that emperor concealed and finally destroyed himself, was situated four miles from Rome, between the Salarian and Nomentane ways. The fugitives from the city pursue their way some distance along the high road, and then turn aside to reach the villa, which is described as lying among bushes and briars, and approached by a track through a canebrake. At the fourth milestone, in another direction, Festus tells us there was the Nævian forest, notorious as the retreat of rogues and vagabonds. The soldiers of Vitellius, on their approach to Rome, encamp on the *unwholesome slopes* of the Vatican (infamibus locis, Tac. *Hist.* ii. 93). Certainly there was no continuous suburb on the Salarian way beyond the Colline gate. 'Cerialis,' says Tacitus, 'sought to enter Rome by this road; he was met by the Vitellians not far from the city, among houses and gardens intersected by crooked paths.' (*Hist.* iii. 79). This would be in the vicinity of the modern Porta Pia. When the forces of Antonius shortly afterwards approached the city in three divisions, by the Flaminian Way in the centre, by the bank of the Tiber and the Via Salaria on the right and left, they are opposed by the Vitellians under the walls of the city, on all three points; but the narrative gives no indication of a street combat anywhere. On the side of the Pincian the Antonians advance by narrow and slippery paths between garden walls; and it is not from houses, but from garden walls, that the Vitellians oppose and check them till taken in the rear by another party which enters the Colline gate. But as soon as the contest is transferred to the interior of the city, then the difference is at once apparent; the horrors of civil war within the city walls, the passions of the multitude, the ghastly mixture of levity and ferocity among the spectators of the fray, baths streaming with blood, doorways choked with dead, taverns reeking with slaughter, are delineated by the first of historical painters in a vivid picture which might be transferred to the centre of revolutionary Paris. The absence of the remains of buildings, or generally of any traces of their foundations at a short distance from the city, should not perhaps be pressed too closely; it may be believed that the suburbs, wherever suburbs did exist, consisted chiefly of inferior dwellings, constructed of the unsubstantial tufa, or even wood, or of unburnt clay, all vestiges of which would of course speedily disappear both above and below the surface.* But we have given sufficient specimens of the proofs which might be alleged that the suburbs of Rome extended but a short distance in any direction from the circuit of the Servian fortifications.

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* Nevertheless the friend of Martial had some acres of garden (jugera pauca) on the slope of the Janiculan; and the existence of extensive pleasances in other quarters may be inferred from monuments and inscriptions. See Ann. de l'Instit. Archéol. x. 208, cited by De la Malle, i. 377. The gardens of Julius Cæsar on the right bank of the Tiber were still a public promenade in the time of Domitian: 'Suburbanisque vadum prætexitur hortis.'—Stat., *Sylv.* i. 1

† Recent excavations have uncovered a double or triple series of tombs to a distance of nine or ten miles on each side of the Appian Way.

* The argument of C. Zumpt, that the suburbs of Rome must have extended far on the Ostian road because the church of S. Paolo lies more than a mile distant from the gates, is mere trifling. The church was erected over the supposed grave of the martyr, and was no doubt quite independent of any building around it. So far from being placed in a continuous suburb of the city, we know that it required a long colonnade to shelter the worshippers who resorted from the city to the shrine.

Such being the evidence which history and the localities themselves present regarding the real extent of the suburbs of Rome, it may be allowed that the expressions of the old topographer Nardini upon the subject are as just as they are moderate. 'Let us not suppose,' he says, 'that Rome, at the height of its glory and greatness, had continuous suburbs in all directions beyond the enceinte of Servius; but that at some points the country commenced immediately on leaving the walls, at others the buildings were continued further to a vacant space which separated the city from the towns and villages scattered around her.'† With this fair and reasonable judgment before us, we need have no scruples in rejecting as utterly absurd and preposterous the rhetorical figures of the declaimer Aristides, who asserts that Rome extended to the sea, which is hardly nearer to the truth than his other assertion, that, if all the stories of her houses were laid together on a single basement, they would reach across the whole breadth of Italy. Nor need we fear to reduce to its just value as a mere trope of oratory the statement of the more respectable Pliny, that the buildings which extended beyond Rome from the gates of the city, had added to it a multitude of towns. The exaggerating style of the later Romans was one of their most inveterate and most pestilent errors. Grave geographers and historians were hardly more exempt from it than professed poets and declaimers. Pliny estimates the circuit of the Servian enclosure at thirteen miles, whereas it is certain that it can hardly have exceeded eight at most. Vopiscus declares that the walls of Aurelian measured fifty miles, which, as we shall presently see, do not exceed (for their dimensions can be brought to the test of actual observation at this day) the moderate extent of twelve. Here are figures which it is incumbent on modern inquirers to face fairly, and not, while they shrink from adopting the exploded amplification of the ancient authorities, still hanker after the inadmissible results of such erroneous calculations.*

At last in the third century of our era arose an opportunity for defining more accurately what were the actual suburbs, or connected outbuildings of Rome, at the period when its extent and population were perhaps at their greatest height. In the reign of the emperor Aurelian the conquering people, who for four hundred years had repelled every foreign foe from their most distant frontiers, were suddenly alarmed by the possibility of a barbarian invasion, and even of the approach of a new Pyrrhus or Hannibal to the sacred shrines of Romulus. The brave Aurelian, unwearied in his efforts to check the surging waves of Goths and Scythians on the utmost bounds of the empire, was not too presumptuous to neglect the calls of policy at home, and actually directed that a new line of fortifications should be drawn round the capital. The walls of Aurelian have been rebuilt more than once since his time, and present now few or no vestiges of the original masonry; but the foundations remain the same. The existing walls of modern Rome, a world too wide as they are for her shrunk shanks, stand with not more perhaps than one or two trifling deviations, precisely where stood the walls of Aurelian, of Honorius, and of Belisarius. To the line of the old Servian enclosure we can now only approximate by conjecture; but we may estimate pretty nearly the distance to which these new walls were advanced from it, namely, about a mile on each side along the Appian and Flaminian ways, but not more than two or three hundred yards along the Nomentane and Salarian. It cannot fail to strike us, even at first sight, how little appearance there is of the new line having been determined by considerations of defensibility. On every side from the Flaminian gate round to the Ostian, the slope of the Servian ridge sinks almost imperceptibly into the Campagna; but there is hardly a point throughout at which the wall might not just as well have been advanced five hundred yards further, had there been any *important suburban buildings which it was desirable to embrace* within it. In the Transtiberine region there can be no doubt that it would have been advantageous in a strategic point of view, to comprehend the Vatican, as it is at present comprehended, in the defensive enceinte; and had there been many habitations in that quarter, its exclusion would seem, as far as we can judge, unaccountable. Extensive as the circuit of these walls is, measured by D'Anville at $9338\frac{1}{2}$ toises = 19,922 yards, or about $11\frac{1}{3}$ miles, we cannot imagine that the Romans in the time of Aurelian could entertain any apprehensions of wanting men to defend it, or one much wider.* Comparing the fact of these walls thus standing where they do, with the previous reasonings we have produced with regard to the extent of the suburbs of Rome, we seem driven strongly to the conclusion that they actually marked the limits of continuous or dense habitation round the ancient city in every direction.

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* It is asserted, indeed, that in digging wells outside the walls strata of débris are constantly pierced, which indicate the former existence of a suburban habitation. Such statements require a large induction, and very careful investigation, before they can be made to any great extent available.

† Nardini, i. 62, ed. Nibby, 1818, quoted by Dureau de la Malle.

* Dureau de la Malle remarks, apparently with justice, that the exaggerated notions about the suburbs of Rome have been fostered in some measure by not observing the loose way in which the words suburbium, suburbanum, and suburbicarius were used by the ancient writers. These terms are applied not only, as we should ordinarily restrict them, to buildings connected with a city, but to large tracts of country, including towns and cities of their own, which are viewed in a certain dependence upon the capitol. Thus Cicero calls Sicily a pleasant suburb of Rome. Martial and Pliny call the Tyrrhene the suburban sea. Tacitus speaks of the suburban trips of Tiberius, which extended to Campania. At a later period the word suburbicarius was regularly applied to Etruria, Picenum, and other provinces of Italy.—De la Malle, '*Economie Politique des Romains*,' i. 371.

What the actual extent of extramural habitation may still have been it is of course impossible to reduce to calculation, even approximatively, but we have shown it is quite undeserving of our consideration. Not so the area of the intramural space upon which the mass of the population of ancient Rome was evidently collected. If we wish to acquire a just idea of the population of the famous capital of the ancient world, in the absence of precise statements in antiquity, even could such statements always be implicitly trusted, our first and most obvious step would be to ascertain the size of the area on which it stood, and compare it with the areas of modern cities, of which the population can be accurately determined. We know of no other calculation of this kind but that of M. Dureau de la Malle, which, as he asserts, has been repeatedly verified, at his desire, by able mathematicians, and which at least we have never seen impugned. These calculations refer, 1. to the enceinte of Servius, and 2. to that of Aurelian, embracing of course the Servian in it. The first amounts to $638\frac{2}{3}$ hectares; the second to $1396\frac{1}{2}$ hectares, that is, to only a little more than double the first. As, however, the limits of the Servian inclosure are not accurately known, and are represented with some variation by different topographers, it is possible that De la Malle may have taken a larger Servian city than Bunsen, Becker, and more recent authorities. Certainly to the eye the enceinte of Servius, as drawn by Bunsen or Becker, is nearer one-third than one-half that of Aurelian. But this is of no importance as affecting the general inquiry, nor, as we have shown, does it at all impugn the accuracy of De la Malle's measurements. The main fact remains, that *the entire area of Rome equals just* $1396\frac{1}{2}$ *hectares, or* 3263 *acres* (the hectare is about 2·340 acres), *or 5 square miles*, 63 *acres.* Let us proceed to compare this area with those of such of our modern cities as can be correctly estimated :—

1. West London, viz.:

	Acres.	Population.	Average Density.
St. George's	1161	72,230	63
St. Martin's	305	24,640	80
St. James's	164	36,406	222
Westminster	917	65,609	71
	2547	199,885	75

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* We have calculated at the rate of 1 toise = 6·394 feet English.

	Acres.	Population.	Average Density
2. Central London, viz.:			
St. Giles and St. George . .	245	54,214	221
Strand district	174	44,460	255
Holborn do	196	46,621	238
Clerkenwell do	380	64,778	170
City, with E. and W. London .	723	129,128	179
St. Luke's	220	54,055	248
	1938	393,256	203
3. Liverpool, parish of, or central .	1830	255,055	131
4. Calcutta, excluding the suburbs	4796	413,182	86
5. Florence	1297	95,927	74
6. Frankfort-on-Main	1312	66,244	50
7. Paris	8026	1,050,000	130

It will be seen that computing the area of Rome at 3263 acres, it would contain if peopled on the scale—

	Population.		Population.
Of No. 1 . . .	274,224	Of No. 5 . . .	259,536
" No. 2 . . .	662,389	" No. 6 . . .	159,150
" No. 3 . . .	379,487	" No. 7 . . .	424,190
" No. 4 . . .	280,618		

These standards of comparison have been chosen from among the few cities of which the areas are precisely defined. There is none of them perhaps which admits of very accurate comparison with ancient Rome in the style of building or mode of inhabitation. There can be no doubt that the density of building in Central London, for instance, is greater and more uniform throughout, while on the other hand it is possible that the density of inhabitation was proportionably greater in Rome. We should be glad to have the means of comparing closely the area and population of modern Naples with the ancient capital of Italy; but while the population of Naples may be taken at 450,000, our knowledge of the precise extent of ground on which these numbers are located is less definite. If, however, the extreme length of Naples is four miles, extreme width two and a half, and circumference ten, its area can hardly be less than that of Rome.

It seems hardly possible to pursue our inquiries further, and estimate, on a comparison of the mode of life and social demands of the ancient Romans with those of populations nearer our own era, the numbers which might have been accommodated, according to the fashion of the time, within the limits which we have been enabled thus closely to define. We must make an allowance, no doubt, for the ordinary habits of out-door life among the Romans, vast numbers of whom may be said to have dwelt in the circus, the theatre and the baths, and only to have slept in the miserable dark cabins they called their homes. It may be believed that during part at least of the year multitudes of the lowest class even slept in the open air, or under the shelter of colonnades, as in Naples. We are sometimes told indeed to look to this modern city for an example of the conditions of life in ancient Rome. But though at the present day the temperature of Rome is said to suffer less violent extremes than other places in Italy, the well-known passages in Horace, Livy, and Dionysius, do not allow us to question the great severity of the winter there in ancient times. Ancient Italy had the climate of the Crimea, and Rome perhaps that of Sebastopol. Great allowance, however, is unquestionably to be made for the treatment of domestic slaves, who were huddled, we may believe, without reference to their comfort, or even their health, in the holes and corners of their masters' houses, often confined at night in the basements or vaults of the mansion, and particularly of the temples and public buildings. Yet the English traveller in some of our continental cities, who has risen a little earlier than usual, has been often surprised to find that the *salle à manger* of his hotel has been the common dormitory of the waiters of the establishment, and the cellars of Liverpool swarm with human life not less densely than the garrets. The vaults of a public building might hold a vast number of public slaves, as hundreds of revolutionary captives have been confined beneath the floors of the Tuileries; but it may be questioned whether the service of the temples and basilicas of Rome required the attendance of so great a multitude. Indeed the question of this density of inhabitation turns very much upon the numbers of the slave population—a problem of which no reliable solution has yet been found, and which the most careful of modern inquirers, M. Wallon, has prudently abstained from attempting. Mr. Dyer seems to agree with Bunsen, Gibbon and others, who venture generally to divide the population equally between the servile and the free, though all inclining apparently to a still higher ratio of slaves. Other writers, however, would reduce the proportion very much lower, and it would be difficult certainly to point to any known example of domestic slavery at all approaching to this extent. Generally, the Roman citizen, being himself fed almost gratuitously by the government, must have felt more sensibly than the modern the burden of servile mouths to be supplied at his own private expense.

But after all, however many impalpable angels may dance upon the point of a needle, the Romans were corporeal existences, and required space to run to and fro on their daily avocations; the Roman men, and women too (Sabinæ quales), were stalwart flesh and blood, and required to be nourished by gross material substances. The statist who insists upon locating a certain number of such beings on a given spot is bound to show some probable means by which they may have been fed. Now let us remember what was the condition of Rome in regard to its means of subsistence. In the time of its greatest development the country round it for miles on every side had become, according to all accounts, either a garden or a desert, but in either case almost equally inapplicable to the production of the staple food of man. There were many luxurious parks and villas about the Campagna, but hardly an acre of arable land in cultivation. How then was Rome supplied with grain? From beyond sea—from Sicily, Egypt, and Africa—is the ready answer. But this is only half an answer; how did this supply reach Rome? We will not insist upon the number of vessels which must have been required for the supply of two millions of human beings, for certainly we know little of the maritime resources of the Roman world. But we may remind the reader that down to the time of Claudius the whole of this bulky produce was poured upon the shores of Italy at a point no nearer to its ultimate destination than Puteoli, that is to say, a hundred and twenty miles from Rome. From this haven every quarter of grain, or sack of flour, was conveyed to the capital by land carriage, along the well-frequented Appian Way, upon a causeway of twelve or fourteen feet in width. When Claudius constructed the harbour of Ostia, in order to abridge the labour and expense of transit, there were still twenty miles of towing against a rapid stream, before the corn transhipped into the lighters of the river could reach the granaries of the city. But, for whatever reason, the port of Ostia does not seem to have answered effectually the purpose for which it was intended; for one of the projects of Nero, which seems to have had public utility as well as magnificence to recommend it, was to construct a ship canal from Puteoli to Rome. In the time of Domitian, according to the testimony of Statius, the annual fleet from Alexandria still came to anchor in the roadsteads of the Bay of Naples. Now Bunsen, Höckh, and Mr. Dyer, place the whole population of Rome at about two millions, or two and a quarter. What should we think of the feasibility of bringing all the cereal food of London in carts from Bristol?*

Such are some of the considerations which induce us to view with great distrust the estimates of the population of Rome still current among the learned. For our own parts we should be willing to leave the subject without expressing any positive opinion as to the highest amount it ever actually reached; and it is with no disposition to dogmatize, but merely with the view of leaving on record a figure for the consideration of future inquirers that we specify from 500,000 to 700,000 as the furthest limits to which it can possibly have attained between the reigns of Augustus and the Antonines. We cannot imagine the enceinte of Aurelian to have contained a greater number. As regards the population of the suburbs we cannot believe it to have been very large, but it seems impossible to make any approximation, however wide, to it, by estimate or conjecture.* There are of course other considerations besides those of space to be weighed in arriving at a legitimate conclusion upon the subject, of which the principal are the statements of Augustus himself regarding the numbers of the urban plebs to which he gave his largesses; the enumeration of the houses in the city, according to its regions on the late and questionable authority of the Notitia and Curiosum; and, finally, the testimony of Spartian to the amount of corn distributed in the time of the Emperor Severus. But the discussion of these authorities would involve points of criticism little suited to the taste of the general reader, upon whose patience we have already trespassed too long. We believe that we have considered the subject in all its bearings, and have found no reason for doubting the reasonableness of the moderate estimate we have just now ventured to give. At all events, we submit finally to all inquirers, that the area of Rome is the first and most important element in the question before us. Texts may differ, manuscripts may fail, authors may run wild, but the laws of space remain inviolable; and bold indeed must he be, who shall persist in asserting that a population almost equal to modern London, from Hampstead to Shooter's Hill, from Kensington to Stepney, could find room to eat, drink, and sleep, upon two-fifths only of the area of Paris.†

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* The classical reader need hardly be reminded how uniform is the complaint of the neglect of agriculture throughout Italy in the Imperial period. The soil is represented as hardly adequate to the support of the rural population; and we are given to understand that Rome at least, if not the cities generally, was entirely dependent on supplies from abroad. These accounts may partake of the usual rhetorical exaggeration of the times; but the critics who insist on the ordinary statements of the size and population of Rome are bound to respect them. At the present day Naples, we believe, is supplied in a great measure by the produce of the Abruzzi, brought on the backs of mules from the interior. To some extent the demands of ancient Rome may have been met from similar sources; but the more we admit this the more violence we must be prepared to do to our authorities.

Rome was growing for a thousand years, to the middle perhaps of our third century; but her decay was rapid, and her fall three centuries later was, to all appearance, complete. The first great blow she received was the effect perhaps of the wide-spread ravages in the population of the empire produced by natural causes soon after the era of the Antonines. 'The period from the year 170 to 270 after Christ, is the most melancholy,' says Carl Zumpt, 'of all Roman history, the era of the fall of antiquity in respect both to the State and to Nature.' The armies of Marcus Aurelius brought back a plague from Seleucia on the Tigris, which soon spread over the whole empire to Gaul and the Rhine, which reappeared repeatedly at short intervals, destroying both the soldiers and the people, and prostrating the spirit of the whole population. Famines followed upon pestilence, and pestilence in turn was generated again by famine. The barbarians penetrated into the provinces, and spread both the one scourge and the other. Earthquakes succeeded at a later period, and overthrew the works of an earlier and more vigorous age, which the exhausted nations had not the skill or the energy to repair. Cities lay in ruins, the arts died out, the rude processes of husbandry required an effort beyond the strength of perishing humanity. The Pagans Dion, Trebellius, and Zosimus, vie with the Christians Jerome, Eusebius, and Orosius, in describing a state of chronic affliction, which both parties in the state referred to the judgment of Providence, though of course with very different views. The great capitals of the provinces might offer asylums for the wretched and impoverished children of the soil, and the population of Rome, Milan, or Nicomedia might not yet suffer in numbers from the ruin which fell generally upon the Empire; just as Cork, Limerick, and Dublin have been swollen in our days by the fugitives of the great Irish famine: but the throngs of needy creatures thus admitted within their walls were not reproductive, and the sources of supply were the sooner dried up by this unthrifty and sudden influx. Before the end of the third century the condition of the Empire began slightly to improve, but Rome herself was already struck at her vitals. The reign of Diocletian marks her first sensible decline; the vast extent of that Emperor's Baths on the Quirinal, which exceed every other building of the kind at Rome, shows of itself how much the value of the soil had fallen almost in the heart of the city.

But Diocletian and his successors abandoned the city of Romulus, and the absence of the government showed how factitious were the grounds of its outward prosperity. For centuries Rome had been supplied with its population from the provinces; the deaths undoubtedly had very far exceeded the births within the walls. In vain did Maxentius, and after him Constantine, erect some handsome buildings in the doomed city; the injury inflicted upon it by the final transfer of the seat of power to Byzantium was final and irremediable. Rome, still the capital of Paganism, was stricken with the palsy of the ancient faith. She became the outward symbol of decline, degeneracy, and destruction. In the fourth century she was visited by the Emperors with curiosity, and contemplated with respect, but with no remains of political interest; a small class of nobles continued to haunt her still sumptuous palaces, and to make a show of wealth, by spending all their fortunes in ostentatious luxury; but the mass of the people was sinking more and more deeply into irretrievable misery, or disappearing in successive generations from the scene, while none arrived from a distance to supply its place. The fifth century opened with two abortive sieges of Alaric; in the third, Rome was for the first time captured and sacked. About half a century later she was pillaged by the Vandals under Genseric. Again, in 472, she was plundered by Ricimer, and once more by Totila, in 546. The fifth and last of the barbarian conquests followed only three years later, when Totila made himself master of the city a second time. Thus, often taken and retaken, Rome suffered much from the evils of war and the horrors of licensed spoliation; but, in fact, the triumphs of peace over the old Roman civilization were more complete than those of war. The history of these vicissitudes, all tending in the same direction, is recorded by Gibbon and Bunsen, and now in still more detail by Mr. Dyer. It has been long agreed that Christian bigotry was more destructive to the works and monuments of Pagan art than Gothic fire; but neither the one nor the other, it may be believed, was half so ruinous as the slow unremitting sap of indifference and idleness, appropriating the materials of abandoned edifices to the vulgar necessities of the day. And yet after all, the activity of man's hand seldom keeps pace either in constructing or overthrowing with the steam power of Nature, and the elements themselves have undoubtedly borne the largest part in disintegrating the mightiest work of ancient pride and labour. Water and fire, alone or combined, have ever been the great creators and destroyers. Fires, lightnings, earthquakes, and inundations are ever changing the face and undermining the foundations of all human monuments; when they choose to put forth their powers, to these awful agents cities are no more than ant-hills, and the Colosseum than a house of cards.

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* The apparent populousness of Rome was increased, no doubt, by the influx of day labourers from the outskirts. Thus at Calcutta it is estimated that not less than 100,000 persons enter the city from the suburbs every day.—Simmons, '*Report of the Survey of Calcutta,*' 1851.

† The Population Returns for 1851 give a total of 2,362,236 for London; but this includes Hampstead and Clapham, Kensington and Lewisham, an area altogether of 78,029 acres, or twenty-four times that of Rome.

ART. VI.—1. *Carl Gustav Carus: Symbolik der menschlichen Gestalt.* Leipzig. 1853.

2. *Ueber Grund und Bedeutung der verschiedenen Formen der Hand in verschiedenen Personen.* Stuttgart. 1846.
3. *Atlas der Cranioscopie.*
4. *Die Proportionslehre der menschlichen Gestalt.* Leipzig. 1854.
5. *La Chirognomonie, ou l'Art de reconnaitre les Tendances de l'Intelligence d'après les Formes de la Main.* Par Le C$^{\text{aine}}$ S. D'Arpentigny. Second Edition. Paris. 1856.
6. *Notes on Noses.* London. 1852.

HE that professes to teach men how they may, with little trouble, ascertain the characters of their neighbours, might excuse himself from the task of proving that his doctrine has a foundation in true science; for in the large majority of minds, curiosity, self-interest, philanthropy, policy, or the pure love of truth, would insure a favourable hearing for the promises of such knowledge. It might, therefore, seem a waste of time to preface a system of physiognomy with an essay to show that it seems, in all its parts, consistent with admitted facts and rules of science; but Carus, as becomes an accomplished comparative anatomist, has done this in the works before us; and we will follow his example, or, rather, go beyond it, in the design of justifying, by general considerations rather than by particular instances, the belief that each man's mental nature may be discerned in his external form. There are few, perhaps, who do not hold such a belief, few who do not often act on it in the ordinary affairs of life, but there are far fewer who could give good reasons for it, or who could not be dissuaded from it by the improbabilities which it seems to involve. Moreover, if it be generally admitted that certain indications of the mental character may be discerned in the body, yet some will hold that they are to be read in the face alone, which is the art of physiognomy as commonly practised; or in the head alone, as in phrenology; or in the transient expressions alone, as in the 'anatomy of expression;' few will believe that symbols of the mind are to be found in the fixed forms of every feature and member of the body, and that there are sound reasons why it should be so.

Now, the first general argument for the probability of such a science of symbols in the human form may be drawn from the nearly universal assent to it, implied in the practice of judging of men by their personal appearance. 'Every one,' says Addison, 'is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy, and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour, rivelled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open, ingenuous countenance, I think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and his relations. I cannot recollect the author of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company—"Speak that I may see thee." But with submission I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance.' Nor is the art confined to those who are grown up; for little children have, as by intuition, their loves and fears, their attractions and aversions, founded on the unreasoned judgments which they form from the aspects of those around them. Nay, we may go beyond our own race, since even the brutes that we bring about us in domestic life seem to judge of our minds from their observation of our features.

The same general assent to the symbolic science is implied in the numerous familiar terms used to express the whole character of a man by speaking of a single member of his body. Such terms as 'long-headed,' 'shallow-brained,' 'brazen-faced,' 'supercilious,' 'hard-featured,' 'stiff-necked,' 'open-faced,' 'hard mouthed,' 'a good hand,' 'a cunning hand,' and a hundred more that we could cite, are expressive only because it is generally true that the bodily characters which they describe are symbolical of the mental natures which they imply. Such terms are not all arbitrary or fanciful; many among them express the general belief in the correspondences not only of mind and body, but of mind and shape.

It is true that this general belief is vague, and not intelligent; but so are all general beliefs, and it is their wide diffusion, not their precision, which gives them weight in evidence. And, if it seem that an argument for any doctrine, drawn from the general assent to it, is enfeebled by the fact that the same assent is given to many popular errors, such as those about some of the influences of the moon on weather and on mental disease, those about prophecies of death, and many similar fallacies, we answer, that these are all traditional errors; every child learns them from its elders: but there is no such tradition in physiognomy; no child is taught it; rather every child practises it, as if by instinct, and every man who practises it improves his knowledge by his own unaided experience. Whatever probability, therefore, a doctrine may claim on the ground that it is generally assented to, this may be claimed for the physiognomy of the human form.

But the assent is not only popular and inconsiderate. The best authorities among men, the keenest observers of all classes, have believed the doctrine, and have applied it. Those have done so who have been most eminent for 'knowledge of the world;' for this knowledge includes the ability to tell, or guess well, at sight, what a man is, or will feel or do in certain events. It comprehends a swift and intuitive perception of character as displayed in form, and such a perception as penetrates far beneath the surface of emotional expressions, right into the foundation form, in which are the true symbols of the mind's nature. 'I conceive the passions of men,' says that consummate painter of character, Henry Fielding, 'do commonly imprint sufficient marks on the countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of skill in the observer that physiognomy is of so little use and credit in the world.' His novels abound with instances of his faith in such indications. 'If Mrs. Tow-wouse,' he says, in Joseph Andrews, 'had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.' And he adds a minute description of all her features in accordance with the characteristics which observation had taught him belonged to similar dispositions. So little did he hold the opinion which he puts into the mouth of one of his personages, that nobody would dream of looking into a man's face except to see if he had had the smallpox. In fact every novelist aims at a certain keeping between the nature and the appearance of the characters he depicts.

It would not be difficult to collect a volume of passages from poets, implying their belief in the symbolical meanings of every imaginable form of feature; indeed, in all the poetry of human forms such meanings are assumed. 'I am very much of Lavater's opinion,' says Cowper, 'and persuaded that faces are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time, and are much less likely to deceive us: in fact, I cannot recollect that my skill in physiognomy has ever deceived me.' Southey was accustomed to assert the same thing. If the power to which Cowper and Southey laid claim really existed, and there is no reason to doubt it, it does of itself prove the point. It is no answer for others to say that they themselves are often mistaken in their conclusions. This only shows that they are not possessed of the art.

The testimony of wise men and of men of science has in many instances been as clear as that of poets and men of the world. 'A man may be known by his look, and one that hath understanding by his countenance, when thou meetest him. A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and gait, show what he is.' Such is some of the wisdom of the Son of Sirach. From Aristotle we have a complete treatise on physiognomy, in which he not only maintains the correspondences, through sympathy, between minds and bodies, but enumerates the characters which are severally indicated by varieties of form in the whole body and in each part, in the complexion, the hair, the several features, the voice, and gait. Bacon says, in speaking of physiognomy and the exposition of natural dreams:—'Although they have of late time been used to be coupled with superstitious and fantastical arts, yet, being purged and restored to their true state, they have both of them a solid ground in nature and a profitable use in life. . . . The lineaments of the body do disclose the disposition and inclination of the mind in general; but the motions of the countenance and parts do not only so, but do farther disclose the present humour and state of the mind and will. And therefore a number of subtle persons, whose eyes do dwell upon the faces and fashions of men, do well know the advantage of this observation, as being most part of their ability; neither can it be denied but that it is a great discovery of dissimulation, and a great direction in business.'

Haller admitted the truth of physiognomy—at least, in the interpretation of the fixed or engraven expressions of the habitual emotions. So too Sir Thomas Browne says, 'There are mystically in our faces certain characters, which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that cannot read A B C may read our natures.' And again: 'Since the brow speaks often true, since eyes and noses have tongues, and the countenance proclaims the heart and inclinations, let observation so far instruct thee in the physiognomical lines, as to be some rule for thy distinction, and guide for thy affection unto such as look most like men.'

To conclude our list of authorities, we might bring in the whole body of artists; for the whole application of the fine arts to the representation of men is based on the principle that the minds of those who are represented may be indicated by their forms. Let any one reflect how and why it is that such works of art affect him, according to their various designs, and he will find that it is because he discerns in them the images of minds. And if he would learn how ready is his own natural apprehension of character expressed in shape, let him look closely into the familiar sketches by such artists as Cruikshank or Leech, and see by what it is, by what mere dots and lines in the place of features, that he discerns the mind of each person whom they represent. It is true that artists, in depicting character, often help out their designs by adopting either some transient emotion, or some action significant of the mind they would portray: but this is not the custom in the highest art; it looks deeper than the emotions or transient actions of men, and seizes the fixed, unchanging forms, because in these it discerns the real symbols of their minds. Their representation is, indeed, much more difficult than that of any action or emotion, just as it is more difficult to tell the meaning of a tranquil face than of one ruffled by passion; but in the works of every true artist the difficulty is overcome, and the general admiration of such works confesses to the general belief that the interior nature of men is indicated by their external forms.

Thus is the nearly universal popular assent to the truth of physiognomy, justified by the expressed or implied testimony of observant and reflecting men. We may derive another argument for it from the probability that the outer form would be designed *on purpose* to represent the mental character. None can deny the significance of the expressions of transient states of feeling, as of rage, or grief, or fear,—or of those which, by frequent use become impressed, or, as it were, wrought into the form. Now, these expressions are of no human invention; they are not learned by imitation; but are natural, and divinely designed, on purpose that the inner mind may be known to those who watch the outer man. Except as symbols, the curled lip of scorn, the wrinkled brow of anger, the settled frown of spleen, and the blush of shame, are purposeless. The several emotions and their appropriate expressions have no known connexion, apart from the design of causing the external to signify the internal state. But, if it be thus intended that men should be able to read in features the transient or the habitual state of each other's minds, it is surely very probable that the deeper and more abiding characters of minds should be similarly though less openly declared. If the face, for instance, is made to tell, by its undulations, the breath that gently moves the surface of the soul, or the storm that troubles it to its very depth, it may surely, in its fixed, unalterable forms, symbolise the permanent characteristics of the man. It is true that we know, instinctively and without study, the meanings of the transient expressions, while those of the fixed forms are often difficult to read; but this difference is quite consistent with the belief that both are alike significant and designed. The ready understanding of the casual emotions is often instantly essential to our well-being, for they commonly require an immediate response; such an understanding, therefore, is provided without study, for all. But that the symbols of the mind's enduring character should need a deeper study is no evidence that they are less sure. The most useful and important branches of knowledge are not always the most easily acquired; geology is less difficult than medicine.

This argument, in the instance of the face, will hold equally of other parts. The expressions of the face are, indeed, the most perfect and most quickly understood, and there may therefore seem more evident design in them than in others. But the clenched hand, the stamping foot, the tossed-up head, the bended knee, are as significant, and as naturally symbolical, as any movements of the features; and while these parts, in their action, thus disclose the movements of the mind, we may well expect that, in their repose, they may indicate its settled character. To symbolise is not, indeed, the chief or primary object of the construction of these parts; but neither is it so of any of the features of the face. The general law of symbolical construction is, that forms are made to be significant without interfering with the fitness of the parts for other purposes than those of symbolising. The features in which the symbols are most evident, as the lips and nose, have their fitness for breathing, &c., as their primary design. But their being perfect for the purposes of breathing, speech, and smelling, does not hinder their having also a symbolical meaning. In like manner, the breathing chest, the prehensile hands, the locomotive feet, may be designed to indicate the nature of the mind, without impairing their fitness for their primary purposes. Besides, we might be nearly sure, from the general consistency and correlation of all parts of the body, that all would be symbolical, if any are; and that as all minister to one design in the maintenance of the body, so all would be corroborative in their mental testimony. They might differ in the fulness or the clearness of their expressions; but it would be a difference of emphasis, not of language. And what we might thus expect is, indeed, proved in practice; for what Carus says of the lower limbs is equally true of the upper and of the trunk, that if a skilful artist were shown the fragments of some of the best antique statues, he would not for a moment doubt about the meaning and design of each; he would discern, in each, its peculiar fitness to share in the portrayal of some definite mind.

It has been often urged as an objection against all attempts to discern the mind in the outer form, that it is absurd to suppose either that the mind can determine the shape of any part of the body into an image of itself, or that the form or size of the body, or any part of it, can affect the character of the mind. Such suppositions may be as absurd as they seem; but neither of them is necessary to explain the correspondence of mind and body maintained in the doctrine of symbols. The body and the mind, the sign and the thing signified, do not correspond as effect to cause, but as things derived from a common origin, and planned with one design. They are in no relation of sequence, either to the other; nor is their correspondence the result of mutual sympathy; but, because one Divine Mind has made them both, according to one idea, there is perfect congruity between them; the body is the image of the mind, and, in the visible, the invisible is revealed.

In this view, the study of symbols in the human form is but a branch of that which seeks them in the whole world; and which, as Carus expresses, 'strives to regard and understand the world at large as the symbol of the most high eternal mystery of the Godhead, and man as the symbol of the Divine Idea of the mind.' The study is justified and encouraged by the belief which very thoughtful men, in all ages, have entertained, that the Creator has impressed, on all his works, signs by which their essential nature might be clear to the human reason. As Sir Thomas Browne has expressed it, 'The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his works, not graphical or composed of letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts and operations, which, aptly joined together, do make one word that doth express their natures.'

In this view, also, it is no inconsiderable argument for the doctrine of symbols that men have, in all ages, been accustomed to symbolise their own ideas. For this is an evidence of their consciousness that immaterial things may be aptly expressed in corporeal forms; it is an admission of the existence of a natural faculty for interpreting such forms, and of being affected by them as by the ideas which they incorporate.

Such are the chief general evidences which may establish the antecedent probability of the doctrine of symbols in the human form, even before entering upon the observation of particular facts, or the discovery of any rules for their interpretation. These rules of study and interpretation must next be explained; and they form the chief grounds on which Carus builds his system, and by which, connecting it with other parts of modern science, and especially with physiology, he claims for it a superiority over any previous scheme of physiognomy.

The first and best series of symbols are such as may be collected from those generalities of form which are characteristic of large groups of individuals, and are associated in them with equally characteristic generalities of mind.

Amid all the diversities that may be observed in each of the sexes, certain peculiarities of form and feature are so characteristic of the man, that we naturally call them masculine; while we call other shapes of the same parts feminine, because they are as characteristic of the woman. The lower stature, the smaller head, the narrower shoulders, the rounder throat and limbs, the smaller plumper features, the smaller hands and feet, the softer texture of every part, the longer hair, and the less coloured skin, are the chief peculiarities of the feminine form; and they generally correspond with a more sensitive and feeble constitution, a predominance of the feelings and affections over the intellect and the will, a quick perception with comparatively small power of reasoning, a singular readiness to be impressed, and a proneness to concentrated attachment. Seeing, then, that these characteristics of form and of mind are generally so found together, that no reasonable person doubts as to what is manly and what is womanly, in either form or mind, we may regard what we see in the one as the symbol of what we cannot see in the other. Then, in the same proportion as the forms, in any person, whether man or woman, tend towards that which is perfectly characteristic of the one or other sex, so do they indicate that, in the mind of that person, the characteristics of the same sex predominate. Feminine features in a man, and masculine features in a woman, always reveal a corresponding misplaced cast of mind. The commonest observation would prove this, in general; but the rule is applicable in more instances than at first appear, and, as an example of correspondences between form and mind, is incontrovertible.

A similar rule holds for the interpretation of child-like features in adults. The little features, the large head free from undulations of surface, and with a smooth round forehead, the thick and plump short-fingered hand—in a word, the imperfectly-developed forms, elemental and as yet undetermined, which are normal in the child, and symbolise its elemental and undeveloped mind, will, in the adult, declare a child-like character.

In like manner, the evident coincidence between national features and national mental characteristics presents us with a large series of symbolical forms admitting of rational interpretation. The more the features of an European, for example, tend towards those that are typical of any other race, the more will the mind be deflected from the European standard to that of the race whose features are imitated.

Let it be observed now, that, with few exceptions, we are unable to assign any but a symbolical meaning to all these differences of form. For example, we are wholly unaware of any purpose (unless it be that of symbolising) for which women's features should be generally smaller than those of men, their hands plumper and more sensitive, their feet more slender, their hair longer, or their noses shorter. We know why children must be small;

but we know no good reason, in the economy of their own existence, why their hands and feet, and (after the first few years) their heads, and eyes, and noses should not, in their smallness, have the adult shapes As little can we say what special use the negro finds in the thickness of his lips, the length of his forearms, the flatness of his feet, or the prominence of his jaws. In short, for all the multiform peculiarities of shape that mark the distinctions of race and nation, of sex and age, there are very few to which we can assign any similar peculiarity of purpose. Can it be then that, in the midst of nature's all-pervading purpose, these things are purposeless and unmeaning?—or are their purpose and meaning revealed when the mind is revealed through them?

A second series of symbols is obtained by extending this line of study to the correspondences between forms and minds in the lower animals—on the principle that an unusual likeness between the features of any person and those of some lower animal will indicate a corresponding likeness of their minds. This was the main foundation of Aristotle's Physiognomy; and Porta adopted it as fully, though with somewhat better discrimination. It is popularly recognised, both in many *sobriquets*, and in the general judgment of men's characters by their appearances. And it may seem to have a foundation in reason. For if, as Oken expresses it, 'Man is the sum-total of all animals, as well in regard of his form as of his mental powers;' and if, in many of the instances in which his form falls short of its ideal perfection, it seems to rest in or near some state which is, normally, characteristic of a lower animal, it cannot be strange if the mind be arrested in a corresponding state; rather we might expect that the idea imperfectly elaborated would be expressed in a similar and corresponding shortness of perfection in both mind and body.

Other symbols are derived, by Carus, from supposed analogies of human forms with objects in the inorganic world. Thus he interprets the flat or perfectly smooth surface of any part of the skull by its likeness to what is inorganic, dead, and empty; and the undulating surface of a similar part by its likeness to that in which there is movement, signalising the activity of vital movement in the parts beneath the surface. The symbols hence derived may form a third group, together with those which are indicated by the modes of growth of certain parts. For example, the broad forehead is generally associated with a comprehensive and analytic power of the intellect; and the narrower high forehead with a habit of concentration of the intellectual powers. It may be just to explain this symbolism by the statement that the formative power has been exercised in the brain, in the one case, with an analytic divergent tendency, and in the other with a synthetic concentrative energy, corresponding with the several characters of the minds.

A fourth series of symbols may be collected from the likenesses of the natural and constant features in some persons to those expressions which, more commonly, disclose the transient or habitual states of minds. These transient expressions, to whose import, as symbols universally acknowledged, we have before referred, and by which the natural pantomime of life is carried on, indicate, in their ordinary occurrence, only the present or passing state of the mind; they tell what the mind is; but, by frequent repetition, the marks of any of them may become fixed in the features, and now they indicate the acquired character—the second or habitual nature of the mind; they tell now what the mind has become. But both the transient and the habitual expressions must be distinguished from those symbols which, though like them and interpreted by them, are inborn; or which, as the features are gradually formed, become more marked, even though the dispositions which they commonly symbolise may be resisted, or, by education, quite suppressed. For these natural permanent expressions are among the symbols which tell not what the mind is or has become, but what it was, or might have been, or always has been. That the native propensities, as indicated by the appearance, are often subdued, is a matter of common remark. 'I have seen,' says Addison, 'many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which has appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and body do not seem to be fellows.' And he proceeds to relate the story of the physiognomist pronouncing Socrates to be a lewd fellow, to the ridicule of his followers, when the philosopher confessed that he was by nature addicted to the very vices which had been specified, and had only conquered them by the most vigorous efforts.

Thus, then, four series of symbols are derived from different sources. We must add now some brief general rules respecting the meanings and relative values of the symbols in different parts.

Each part symbolises, chiefly and primarily, that power or faculty of the mind with which, in its office in the economy, it is most nearly associated, *e.g.* the forehead, the intellect; the hindhead, the will.

The symbols of different parts have generally different degrees of value, according as their official connexion (if we may so name it) with the mind is more or less intimate. In the first rank is the brain, represented by the skull; then the organs of the higher senses, each of which symbolises chiefly that mental power with whose portion of the brain it is most nearly associated; as the nose, the intellect; the eye, the feelings: then, in a next rank, are the hand and foot, and so on. Additional symbolic value belongs to those parts in the form or size of which the chief specific characters of man reside; hence an additional value is given to the size of the head, to the nose, the hand, and the foot.

The graduation of symbolic values is not the result of successive dependences of the lower, or more remotely mental, on the higher organs. Each part, of whatever grade, is formed according to a common design; in each the same idea should be embodied. Hence there is generally a manifest mutual fitness among all the parts of each body; but the defect of one part, or its deflection from the common design, does not necessarily implicate another.

The mutual fitness and correspondence of all the parts of the body is often such, that the character symbolised by all may be clearly discerned in any one, especially in any of those that have the highest symbolic value; hence the success of such essays as those of D'Arpentigny on the Hand, and of the author of 'Notes on Noses,' and others who have studied the symbols of character in one part exclusively. But such special studies are unsafe. Excepting, perhaps, certain forms of the head, there is probably no form of any part, the import of which may not be outweighed by the indications of other parts concurring against it; and the chief difficulty in physiognomic practice is to form a just estimate of character by rightly balancing the indications of the several features when they are, or seem to be, at variance.

For every part there is a standard, whether of size or peculiarity of shape, beyond which if it extend, it turns to an unmeaning, or an ill-meaning, caricature. A very large bowed-out forehead, for example, is more likely to belong to an idiot than to a man of sense; an excessive Roman nose, especially in a woman, becomes an unmeaning hyperbole.

Generally, those parts of man are least likely to be fallacious in their indications which earliest attain or approximate to their perfect size and shape, and whose development is therefore least exposed to the disturbing influences of the outer world. Such are the brain, eye, and ear. The liability to fallacy increases in the same measure as the organs or modes of action are alterable after early life, and especially when they are alterable at will. Hence the comparative uncertainty of the gaits of men, of their voices, and manner of speech. Naturally, the significance of these symbols would be clear and strong, and, in many men, nothing can obliterate or veil it; but many can deceive in these particulars, or can be educated out of them, or can change them for fashion's sake, or for any other motive; and thus they become uncertain indications of character, unless we can tell whether they are natural or assumed. Still less reliable are the symbolisms of dress and hand-writing, on which some would rely. They are not unmeaning; but as they may be assumed under any other guidance than that of nature, so may they indicate anything but the truth.

By the observance and extension of rules such as these, the 'Symbolics of the Human Form' may be studied as a science; but it must not be forgotten that there is an art, also, in the study, and that as yet the art of common Physiognomy is much in advance of the science of Symbolics. Independent of all rules of science, most persons may generally rely on their natural perception of the fitness and correspondence between certain forms and certain characters of mind. Beginning with the interpretation of well-marked features, they may by study, but still without scientific rules, proceed to the understanding of the finer differences of men, and may become good symbolists. To many, indeed, it may seem vague and irrational to speak of such a power of discerning minds through the shapes of matter as it were by instinct; but the ordinary exercise of the physiognomical art is inexplicable without the assumption of such a power, and some of the best practical physiognomists have largely relied upon it. Among these was Lavater. He was evidently guided in his estimates of character by a rapid intuition; by a kind of sentimental perception, much more than by careful observation, measurement, and comparison. He felt, rather than studied, in physiognomy; and his assurance of its truths was a hearty unintelligent conviction. Doubtless, however, different persons differ widely in the degrees in which they possess this perceptive power, and, probably, some are wholly devoid of it. Being without it themselves, they deny its existence in others; but it would be as fair to deny that there is an art and even a science of music, because to many the fitness of musical notes to express ideas and passions is an unintelligible mystery. If one person can discern the mind in the form of the body, his capacity is of more weight in favour of physiognomy than the incapacity of many is against it.

In the study of all the symbols in the human form it is necessary to assume a certain standard of stature, weight, colour, and other properties, by comparison with which those of each individual form may be estimated. What the true standard is we do not know; but it is probably sufficient for practice, to assume the average or mean stature and other properties of large masses of persons, as the standard with which the individuals of the same race may be compared. Again, whatever be the stature of the body, we have to assume a certain law of proportion among its parts; that proportion which in a human body of the standard size would constitute the ideal-perfect human form. But, again, we are in doubt; for the true law of proportions, earnestly as it has been sought by both anatomists and artists, is probably not yet discovered. The essay of Carus to ascertain it must, however, be mentioned, both for the sake of future reference to his results and because, though he may not have discovered the law, he has invented a useful rule for comparative measurements. He has looked for the law in the dimensions of the spine or vertebral column; and here probably it should be found; for this is the first-formed structure of the fixed, shape-determining framework of our bodies; and all the parts of the framework that are developed after it, manifold as their varieties may appear, are yet fitted to it in an harmonious plan. In the spine, therefore, should be the unit of measurement; the 'organic module;' the dimension, in simple fractions or in multiples of which those of all the members of the body may be expressed. Carus assumes that the true unit or module is one-third of the length of the moveable part of the spine; that is, one-third of the distance between the base of the skull and the top of the sacrum. The choice is certainly arbitrary; the grounds by which he justifies it are fanciful; but it supplies us with a convenient unit of measurement, and one to which the dimensions of many important parts are closely and very simply adjusted.*

In entering now on a brief description of particular symbols it may be necessary to observe that, generally, only certain typical forms, whose meaning seems well marked, can be described; and that just as very few persons are of exactly the average size or weight, so there are very few in whom any part has exactly the form described as the type. In studying each person, therefore, estimates must be made, first of the meaning of each part by its approximation to one or more typical forms; and, secondly, of the sum total of these meanings, if they accord, or of the balance among them, if they differ.

We will speak, first, of the symbols in the stature of the whole body, and then of those in each part. It will be understood that all merely transient or acquired expressions are excluded.

In stature the extremes of both largeness and smallness are always associated with defective mental power. Not an instance, we believe, is yet known of either a giant or a dwarf being distinguished for

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* We subjoin some of the chief measurements, copied from Carus. A much fuller table of them is given in his 'Proportionslehre.'

	Modules
Long diameter of the head. . . .	1
Height of the head without the lower jaw.	1
Greatest circumference of the head . .	3
Arch of the lower jaw, from angle to angle	1
Trunk (moveable part of the spine) . .	3
" in front, from the top of the sternum	3
Length of the sternum	1
Each half of the breadth of the shoulders, along the collar-bone	1
Length of the shoulder-blade . . .	1
Length of the arm (including the upper arm, one and four sixths; fore-arm, one and two sixths; hand 1) . . .	3
Length of the thigh	2½
Length of the tibia	2
Length of the back of the foot . .	1
Length of the flat foot	1½
Length of the whole stature . . .	9½

These measurements would represent the proportions (according to Carus) of the true mean human form—of "a form thoroughly correct and beautiful, but so abstract that it excludes even those characters of stature and dimensions which are severally proper to the sexes." When the individual module cannot be ascertained, it may be reckoned at just less than 7 inches; an estimate which will seldom be very wrong, because stature depends so much more on the length of the lower limbs than on that of the spine.

capacity of mind. Moreover, in both alike, the weight to be given to any bad feature, or erroneous proportion, is more intense than in a person nearer to the average size. It is the same with the extremes of size which are measurable in circumference rather than in length. The Lamberts and the living skeletons of the human race are alike persons of poor intellect.

Within these extremes, the symbols of the mind discoverable in the stature are much more conditional. They are different according as the peculiarity of stature is natural or acquired. In the former case, we may apply the rule of interpretation derived from the correspondences of mind and body in the two sexes. Excess above the mean stature may lead one to expect a proportionate manliness of character; the falling short of it will often indicate the feminine mind. Especially, this symbolism of great stature is well exemplified among women. The cool strong will, energy for self-service, choleric temperament. dominant intellect, and a large grasp of mind, are rarely found in women without a correspondent manliness of stature, and a strongly built frame, large-boned and sinewy. And, in contrast with these, the majority of little men are so far effeminate that they are guided by their feelings more than by their intellects; they pass in the world as warm-hearted, or hot headed, impulsive men; their hearts, as Aristotle says, are very near their brains; their most prominent mental feature may be courage, or self-conceit, or devotion to a single object, or a hasty temper; but they are much less often than men of average height eminent for intellect or an iron will. There are, however, numerous remarkable exceptions to this rule—as, for instance, Aristotle himself and Napoleon; and Lord Clarendon, after mentioning that Chillingworth 'was of little stature,' adds, 'that it was an age in which many great and wonderful men were of that size.'

Among the acquired, but not extreme, deviations from the mean size and weight, both corpulency and leanness are symbols capable of interpretation; yet, like varieties of stature, they will indicate only the most general outlines of character, and even these only conditionally on the proportions and forms of the several parts. Corpulency, though it may be associated with a great variety of understandings, is rarely found with intellectual activity, with a fervent disposition, or an earnest, energetic will. It most commonly indicates quietude and slowness of mind; a mind which may be very genial, and gentle, and good-humoured, as being sluggish alike in passion and in action, but which will never be self-wasting in intellectual production or in deep contemplation. This is, especially, the case among women, in whom, 'at a certain age,' corpulency is much more apt to occur than it is in men, and in whom, particularly in that event, the mind, if not naturally well endowed and fully occupied, is apt to fall into apathy, and a sort of quiet submission to the senses, degenerating with the body, the increase of which is a measure of failing energy. In men, with stronger will, the phlegmatic temperament, in which corpulency is most apt to occur, more often passes into a certain coarseness and Bœotianism of character; or the good-humour which is so often found with fatness, may, with a manly intellectual power and acuteness, be accompanied with the most pointed wit.

'If,' says Carus, 'in corpulency the symbol be seen of a certain dulness, inactivity, slowness, and in a word, corporeality, so is there in leanness, as such, rather the symbol of a certain lightness, activity, rapidity, and mental power.'

But this leanness must be of the right kind. For there is an extreme leanness in which, though it be not from disease, even the higher organs appear to degenerate and waste. Such is the leanness of want or of avarice; the leanness of starvation, whether miserable or miserly. The types of these two kinds of leanness are well marked, and in strong contrast. In the mental leanness, the body is commonly slim and elastic, and the slender limbs all wear the expression of clear refined perception, and of quick and apt response: with a sensitive or cerebral constitution, and a psychical or sanguine temperament, the whole body has a psychical expression. But in the miserable leanness there is a repulsive aspect: the eyes are hollow, the skin dry and deep-wrinkled, the nails and hair are withered. The minds which are thus symbolised are as different as the bodies: the one sort of leanness, in a well-proportioned body, indicates talent, or, more rarely, genius; and, especially, delicacy of feeling, refined intellectual power, and a mobile but energetic will; the other tells, at the best, of an ordinary mind, or of one degraded.

The symbolics of the HEAD are to be studied in the proportion which its total size bears to the rest of the body, and in the several proportions and forms of each of its three chief divisions. The nature and meaning of these divisions may need some previous explanation.

The brain consists of three chief parts, which are severally the organs of the three chief manifestations of the mind, namely, the intelligence, the feelings, and the propensities. We do not stop to discuss the questions that might justly be raised about this statement, for the diversity of opinion on the matter is not sufficient, among physiologists, to affect Carus's application of his own view to symbolics, with which alone we are now concerned. The three divisions of the brain are—1, the cerebral hemispheres, the great masses of nervous substance which nearly fill the skull; 2, the encephalic ganglia, which lie beneath and are covered-in by the hemispheres; and 3, the cerebellum, which lies in the hinder and lower part of the cavity of the skull. In their first formation, these parts are much more distinct and more nearly alike than they are in later life. In the embryo, their rudiments are a series of three vesicles, of nearly equal size and seeming import; and it is only with advancing development that the increase of the anterior vesicle, as it forms the cerebral hemispheres, so far exceeds that of the other vesicles that it overwhelms them by its extension backwards. But, however unequal in size they thus become, the probabilities of physiology justify the belief that the three primordial structures of the brain retain through life their difference of office, and the equal significance, which their near equality at the outset appeared to indicate.

In close relation with these divisions of the brain are three divisions or segments of the skull, three cranial vertebræ, *i.e.* three bones, or groups of bones, which, not only in development and plan, but in their office of incasing the brain, correspond with the several segments or vertebræ of the spine which incase the spinal maarow. In the fully-formed skull, indeed, the relations of its several vertebræ to their proper portions of the brain are disturbed, and the whole of their upper vaulted parts appear planned only to fit and incase the cerebral hemispheres. But, in the embryo state, the distinctness and correspondence of the three cranial vertebræ and the three divisions of the brain are evident; and as, in their first construction, they thus correspond and answer to each other, not because either determines the formation of the other, but because both are formed on one design, so, through life, each vertebra in its size and form represents its proper division of the brain, and symbolises the mental power of which that division of the brain is the instrument. Through life, therefore, the fore-head, the mid-head, and the hind-head—*i.e.* the vaulted parts of the three cranial vertebræ—severally answer to, and reveal the conditions of, the fore-brain or cerebral hemispheres, the mid-brain or encephalic ganglia, and the hind-brain or cerebellum; and, through these correspondences with the brain, they severally symbolise the conditions of the intelligence, the feelings, and the propensities, or, in other words, of the knowing, the feeling, and the willing, faculties.

Moreover, the nerves of the higher senses—of smell, sight, and hearing—are severally connected with these three chief divisions of the brain, appearing to issue from them, and passing beyond the cavity of the skull at or near the places of meeting of the corresponding vertebræ. The organs of sense receiving these nerves thus, also, become symbols of the mental powers associated with the corresponding parts of the brain; the nose symbolising chiefly the intelligence; the eye, the feelings; the ear, chiefly, the propensities.

Now, as already stated, the whole skull, and each of its divisions, are symbolical both in its size and shape,* and the symbols of the head have every claim to be reckoned in the first rank; for, as representing the brain, the head is, of all tangible parts, the nearest in relation to the mind; its early development and early attainment of almost its full size make it, less than other parts, alterable by external influences; it is unalterable by the will or any ordinary customs; and it is, of all

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* The following are the average measurements of the three cranial vertebræ according to Carus. They are generally confirmed by those of Huschke (Schädel Hirn, und Seele, folio, Jena, 1854), which, however, though much more complete, can scarcely be used for comparison with living heads:—

	Inches.
Frontal, or fore-head—	
Length (chord) of the arch, from the junction with the nasal to that with the parietal bones.	$4\frac{2}{3}$
Height, from the orifice of the ear to the frontal eminence.	$5\frac{1}{4}$
Breadth, from one frontal eminence to the other	$5\frac{1}{5}$
Parietal, or mid-head—	
Length, from junction with frontal to that with occipital bone.	$4\frac{2}{3}$
Height, from the orifice of the ear to the top of the head.	$5\frac{1}{4}$
Breadth, from one parietal eminence to the other	$6\frac{1}{6}$
Occipital, or hind-head—	
Length, from the apex of its angle to the hinder margin of the foramen magnum.	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Height, from the orifice of the ear to the apex of the same angle.	$4\frac{1}{12}$
Breadth, just above and behind the mastoid processes	$4\frac{1}{12}$

parts, the most eminently human, because, among all the material distinctions between man and brutes, none is so great as the predominance of the apparatus for his mental life over that for his mere corporeal life.

In estimating the significance of skulls (or, during life, of heads *minus* the faces, but including the foreheads) we may omit all consideration of those enormous skulls which are enlarged by disease; as well as of those very diminutive heads which are found in Aztec and other idiots. So far as we yet know, these enormities produced by disease do not either elucidate or interfere with the meaning of the healthy skull.

The judgment to be formed from the size alone of a head can be only very general: in all but its main points it must be conditional on the proportions of the chief divisions of the head, and on the form of each of them. In general it may be held, that a large head, *i.e.* one which evidently exceeds the average of twenty-one inches, or three modules, in circumference, will indicate a masculine mind, a cerebral, plethoric, and choleric constitution; an energetic, psychical, and sometimes melancholic temperament; while a small head will, as usually, indicate a feminine mind, a sensuous, feeble and lymphatic constitution; a sanguine, elemental, and sometimes a phlegmatic temperament. In heads of similar construction the larger will generally mark the more powerful mind; and, among different races of men, the larger headed are those with the greatest mental superiority. But to enable us to form a more precise judgment, the proportions of the parts of each head must be examined.

In all cases, the degree in which either of the three main divisions of the head preponderates over the other two will mark the chief force and prevailing tendency of the mind. A well-formed large head, in which, with a general good proportion of all its parts, there is some predominance of the forehead, is always symbolical of great mental power, and particularly of great intellectual power. Even genius is often disclosed by such a head; especially the scientific genius, which manifests itself in the apprehension and mastery of a great abundance of ideas. Such must have been the head of Aristotle.

When in a large head there is a more than usually dominant development, and a full and high arch, of the mid-region, we have a sure symbol of a mind in which the feelings predominate over the other faculties. Such are the heads of fervent men, who devote themselves with earnest zeal to art or to religion, the men of warm heart and of deep feeling.

And, again, the large head, in which the strength and chief mass are in the hinder region, marks the character which is distinguished by work and practical ability. These are the heads in which the mental strength of the mass of a people shows itself; the heads of a race, not of philosophers, nor of poets, nor of men of high intellectual or moral power, but of men with strong and earnest will, rough and elemental, and from whom, in future generations, we may be sure will spring persons whose names will become historic.

The large forehead which is especially broad, indicates, if it be well modelled, a capacious, wide-expanding intellect, capable not only of holding crowds of ideas, but of apprehending each of them clearly and distinctly, and of retaining them in strong, sure memory. The large high forehead, on the other hand, represents the power of the mind in following out one and the same train of ideas. Napoleon I. had one of the most remarkable large foreheads of this kind. The notion of the correspondence between the size and development of the forehead and the powers of the mind is so universally recognised, and seems to be proved by such an infinity of examples, that there can be no doubt that it has its basis in truth.

The high-raised mid-region of a large head symbolizes ardent feelings that are apt to be concentrated on one object, and commonly on a supersensuous one; feelings prone to superstition or to fanaticism. A broad mid-region in a large head discloses rather those warm feelings that direct themselves with all their force to definite realities.

Again, when the head is large, a preponderance of its hinder part in height, rather than in width, indicates concentration of action and strength of will for some one fixed purpose; while a preponderance in width, rather than in height, marks the strength of will excited by external things —the strength of propensity rather than of intellectual fixedness of purpose.

These last rules are illustrated particularly by that form of head which, according to Carus, is especially frequent in Britain, and the merit of which is proverbial— the large, long head, with both forehead and hind-head remarkably elevated, indicating intelligence and practical ability, while the feelings are subordinate.

A large head, then, on the whole, augurs well for the mind that it belongs to; but, to make it certainly significant of good, many conditions must be fulfilled. There are just as many, on the other hand, by which heads that are, within certain limits, below the average of size may vindicate for themselves something better than that 'small esteem for small heads' entertained by the older physiognomists, as well as by many of later date. Form, it must be always remembered, is symbolical as well as size, and excellence of form may compensate for some defect of size, though no size can compensate for error of form, or for that egg-like smoothness which, in comparison with the undulations of the well-made head, may be called the absolute negation of form. If proportionate largeness of head, without regard to shape, were always characteristic of mental power, the child's mind should have more power than the adult's.

In the interpretation of small heads those rules hold good which have just been stated respecting the several imports of the three chief parts of the head. It speaks as well for these as for the large heads when the chief development is in the forehead. If the large heads thus well formed are often symbolical of genius, the small ones are as often symbolical of talent. A frontal development always gives a small head superiority over a large one in which the forehead is defective. Women with heads thus formed have ascendency over men, notwithstanding their naturally smaller brains; and among both men and women, very considerable minds have been often found acting in small heads with dominant frontal regions. Raphael, Charles XII., and Frederick the Great, are instances.

On the other hand, heads that are altogether small, and have the forehead even less developed than the other regions, are most commonly found in those who, for want of the restraining and guiding powers of the understanding and the reason, are moved by every breath of wind, and are apt to give way to immoderate excitements of feeling, or to desires of every kind. 'A great part of the misery of society issues from these heads,' says Carus. They who have them are not, indeed, to be regarded as positively bad, or naturally prone to crime, still less to any special crime; for, in favourable conditions of life, with good training, and removed from great temptations, they may live very harmlessly, and be, in some measure, useful members of society; but they are not to be expected to rise above this: and, if they lack these advantages of life, they will be either insignificant or worse.

The foregoing symbols in the head—the capital symbols, as they may be well called—are such as can be measured and expressed in numbers. Others, less general and not less clear, are to be found in forms of the surface which can be better measured by the expert eye and touch.

Those forms may be excluded from our study which are due to disease or to artifice. Among the natural diversities of form, the chief symbols are in the contrasts between smoothness and variety of surface in the several parts of the skull The general significance of smooth and level surfaces as implying emptiness and dulness, and of undulating surfaces as symbolical of active life beneath them, has been already referred to. In the head the natural inequalities of surface are forms produced only in its later development, concurrently with the development of mental power. Smoothness and simplicity are natural in the child's head, and in it are beautiful and may be hopeful: they are consistent with mere prettiness in woman; but, as symbols of the adult mind, they indicate, at the best, one that is child-like and feebly developed.

When the surface of the skull is not thus smooth, we must distinguish between inequalities which are angular and abrupt and those which are curved or undulating. If we compare a well-formed human skull with that of any brute, the contrast is scarcely greater between their respective sizes than it is between the succession of smooth surfaces and abrupt projections in the latter, and of alternating gentle curves rising and falling in the former. If the human skull have any abrupt projections at all, they are almost always at its hinder part, where the least noble parts of the human mind are symbolised. And, generally, the more the human skull approaches the features of the brutal in angularity of surface, the more does it indicate a degradation of the mind.

The varieties of surface should be studied, like the dimensions of the head, in each of its three chief vertebral divisions.

In the forehead, where the varieties of surface are most numerous and most significant, five principally different symbols are to be traced.

Certain foreheads are smooth, featureless, with one uniform arched surface from the orbits upwards. Such a shape always argues badly for the intellect; but peculiarly it does so when the forehead becomes narrower as it ascends. They who present foreheads of this last shape may be only feeble-minded, vacant 'empty-headed;' they may be only child-like in intellectual simplicity; but many of them have too little of the higher mental force to control their lower passions, and the shape is, therefore, frequent among criminals. It is no better augury when a forehead of whatever size, is all flat—'complete perpendicularity from the hair to the eyebrows is,' as Lavater says, 'the sign of a total want of understanding.' Nor is it better when the forehead is bowed with one strong arch overhanging the face: 'Such foreheads,' he says, 'belong to feeble and contracted minds, and which will never attain to maturity.'

Secondly, there are foreheads in which the chief elevations of the undulating surface are on the median line—most marked, therefore, in the very profile. These elevations decidedly exalt the expression of objective force of intellect in a forehead whose general dimensions are good, and provided the hollows between the elevations be not too deep (for all such deep hollows bear the impress of feebleness, symbolizing vacuity within). It is of the well-formed foreheads of this kind that Lavater says, 'Always consider as the sign of a clear and sound understanding, and of a good complexion, every forehead which presents in profile two proportioned arches, of which the lower advances.' Such arches are the symbols of acuteness of observation, of thoughtfulness, and the habit of reflection. They are generally developed late, and are especially masculine forms. The child's forehead, in one of its most beautiful shapes, has a single prominent arch, rising up its middle line, and reaching onwards to the mid-region of the head. Such an arch, in the adult, unvaried by alternate curves, and extending to the region of the feelings, will indicate a child-like mind, kind-hearted, trusting, and amiable; it may be often seen in gentle and benevolent people, especially women.

A third variety of foreheads includes those in whose undulating surfaces there are two chief lateral elevations, two well-marked frontal prominences. These strengthen that expression of analytic power already assigned to the broad expanded foreheads; they symbolise the sharply discriminating, analyzing intellect. They are much more frequently well marked in the male than in the female head—as indeed are all the strongly marked undulating forms of the forehead—a fact which may seem to accord with an ungallant sentence of Lavater, that he does 'not love to employ this term,' that of *a thinker*, 'when speaking of the female sex. The most rational women are little, if at all, capable of thinking.'

In a fourth variety of foreheads, the chief elevations of surface encompass the upper borders of the orbits. These elevations correspond with the prominent orbital margins of the keen-eyed animals and birds; they indicate the degree of development of the sense of sight, and the corresponding psychical character. They are frequent in the clear-sighted observers of nature: in good painters from the life; in those generally whose organization is especially fitted for occupation in the world of light. The deep-set eyes, overhung and guarded by the prominent brows, are as if that natural expression were fixed with which, transiently, we knit the brows, and feel as if we drew back the eyes when we would see clearly into anything; and in this likeness they properly symbolise the mind that, with natural power and inclination, looks out into the visible world. Their opposite is in that less depth of orbits, and less dominance of the sense of sight, in which the eyes look large and prominent, gazing but not fixed, and like the eyes of one listening. In these, as Gall, in his first cranioscopic essay, rightly discerned, are the signs of verbal power, in so much as they are a mark of the mind naturally directed to the world of sound and speech.

And, lastly, we see foreheads chiefly characterised by elevations at their sides, tending towards the ears. Some foreheads, of whatever other shape or size, are, in their temporal regions, and just above them, nearly flat; others here swell out; and this prominence of the fore-brain towards the ear symbolises a mind especially influenced by sound. It is strongly marked in the heads of Liszt, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven.

In the mid-region of the head varieties of modelling rather add to or detract from the significance of its various dimensions than serve in themselves to symbolise the mind. When beautiful modelling is added to large size and elevation of the top of the head, one will seldom err in suspecting the existence of strong feelings, inclined, perhaps, to the poetic or fanatic. When the same part is low and narrow, or flat, it implies a cold, prosaic, passionless nature. When there are elevations at the sides of the mid-region of the head, they corroborate the indication of large size as symbolical of feelings turned towards realities; and at the same time, as they tend more or less towards the ear, they symbolise timidity and caution:—"For the ear, as on the one hand it may be called the organ of profound understanding of the world entering into man, so on the other hand it is evidently the organ of fear. The animals with sharpest hearing are the most timid, as the most keen-sighted are the boldest; and as the direction of the higher intelligence to the ear may lead to finer sense of music, so is it, on the contrary, clear that a strong determining of the region of the feelings through the ear is apt, with a general defective energy of the mind, to awaken fear and carefulness, and to lead a man to constant anxious foresight.'—*Carus; Symbolik*, p. 169.

Thus it is that we find in cautious, timid people the mid-head strongly arched above the ears; while in the careless and light-hearted the same part is always small.

Lastly, in the modelling of the hind-head, we may trace chiefly the symbols of the infinitely various power of the will in its two principal relations. The more raised the upper half of the arch of the occiput is, and the more prominently (if not too harshly) modelled, the more does it indicate force of the intelligent will. The more the same characters are seen in the lower half of the arch, the clearer is the sign of organic or mere instinctive will, or of mere propensity. The soft, gentle roundness of a hind-head, if the size be good, always indicates a quiet energy of the intelligent will. If the size be defective, the same form marks feebleness of will. A hind-head with strong prominent angles as constantly signalizes hard and rough self-will.*

In studying the fixed forms of the head we, as it were, look through its coverings; but these are themselves not unmeaning. The skin, especially that of the forehead, tells somewhat, by its various modes and depths of wrinkling, of the habit and chief occupation of the mind; and by the study of these the old art of metoposcopy 'had something in it.' But these, like other transient or habitual expressions, are not to be considered here; the curious may find the best account of them in Lavater.

There are less changing and less easily alterable symbols in the Hair. They are not, indeed, of the first rank in significance; yet they are not inconsiderable, whether as corroborating by their conformity the augury of other parts, or weakening it by their contrariety.

Indications of the hair-symbols may be traced in the general differences that it presents at different periods of life, and in the two sexes, and in the several races of men; and the apparently greater variety of the capacities and dispositions of men in the most civilised races may be represented by all the characters of the hair being so much more various among them than among the less civilised.

In these numerous varieties, long, soft, and light hair, which is the more natural to women and children, will in a man betray a feminine or a childlike character; and dark coarse hair in a woman will reveal her hard and too masculine nature. In a man dark coarse hair symbolises strength and firmness, in whatever direction may be indicated by the rest of his organization. Generally, the coarseness or the fineness of the hair is the signal of an analogous solidity or delicacy of mind. Brown and black hair are chiefly seen in those of active character: red and blond hair are oftener associated with a certain passiveness (an observation certainly not made in Britain). Red hair (Lavater relates) characterises a man singularly good or singularly bad; and, he adds, 'a striking contrast between the colour of the hair and the colour of the eyebrows inspires me with distrust.'

Natural loss of the hair in men often indicates a richly productive power of mind. Its abundance and persistence late in life betray poverty and inactivity of mind. 'Long hair little brain,' says the Turkish proverb. Often, too, the manners of wearing and dressing the hair are significant of character; but they cannot be generally or safely studied as symbols, because the modes of hair-dressing are swayed and generalized by fashion, instead of being guided by the instinctive art which would lead men to display the most prominent features of the individual character.

It is chiefly in the symbols of the Face that we have to distinguish carefully the three groups already often mentioned: those, namely, which are transient, and imply only the present or passing state of the mind; those which are habitual, or inwrought by frequent repetition; and those which are unchanging, inherent, and, in the fullest sense, natural. Of these three groups the last alone is to be here discussed. They are such as depend partly on the form of the skeleton of the face, partly on the form and qualities of its soft parts in repose.

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* Unwilling to interrupt the foregoing summary of the cranioscopy of Carus or to obscure it by another set of terms, we have not referred to the numerous instances in which, as he admits, his conclusions agree with those of Gall and his followers. The differences between them are seldom those of contradiction; but the statements of Carus are always the more general, and, as phrenologists will think, the less satisfactory and less complete; neither does he attempt to decipher, in particular forms of the head, more than a few of the special directions or inclinations of the mental powers, of which phrenology professes to have found and measured the several organs in the brain. It is not our purpose to discuss the relative merits of the two cranioscopies, or to try to determine with what degree of truth practised phrenologists can discern, in the form of the skull, minute differences of mental character. But, if the general doctrine of symbolics of the human form be true, it is evidently sufficient to explain whatever truth or certainty there is in phrenological practice; and we might believe in the possibility of discerning characters with great accuracy in the shapes of heads, though holding, as we do, that the phrenological division of the cerebrum into the assumed 'organs' is utterly inconsistent with physiology.

In general the upper half of the face has the symbols of the intellectual character and the feelings; the lower half, those of the propensities and the will. In general, too, as already explained, the nose is chiefly and primarily symbolical of varieties of intellect; the eyes, of varieties of disposition; the mouth, of varieties of sensuous character. Moreover, the nose, as the head-piece of the organs of respiration, has a symbolism accordant with theirs, representing by its size and fulness of form the activity, courage, and energy of life; and the primary symbolism of the mouth, especially of its lower part, is confirmed by its being the head-piece of the digestive organs.

Of this mystic triad of features let us take first the NOSE, and collect the interpretation of its symbols, not from Carus alone, but from the author of the 'Notes on Noses,' and from the older physiognomists. The agreement among them is, on the whole, very striking; and many of their observations, though independently made, afford such mutual confirmation as can hardly be explained, except on the belief of their being true.

A first division of noses includes all that are, in proportion to the face, too small, *i.e.*, all such as are decidedly less than one third of the length of the face, or less long than the forehead is deep. The varieties of these are numerous in the snub, flat, retroussé, and upturned, or celestial noses. The natural types to which they are generally referable are either the little noses of children or the flat, broad noses of negroes; and it is consistent with this that in men of civilised races all such noses indicate defective intellectual power; and do so with a certainty of symbolism which nothing but excellence in the form of the head, as in the case of Socrates, can neutralize. They tell of an unfinished intellectual development; and the lower and flatter, and more snub they are, the more certainly do they indicate feebleness and meanness of intellect, and of a mind in which bad temper more than good judgment will have sway. It is not quite so with women. In them the whole organization, in its gradual development, diverges less than that of men does, from the almost similar form which they both have in early childhood. The retention, therefore, of the little childlike nose implies no such grave defect in the woman's mind. If her head be well formed, such a nose may express *naïveté*, or, perhaps, smartness of wit and dexterous intelligence. But even in women such noses need to be associated with good features. If they are not, they add much to the expression of insignificance or even of coarseness.

The thicker and larger forms of snub nose in either sex commonly indicate the predominance of the material sensuous character; and a turn-up nose with wide obvious nostrils is an open declaration (so far as a nose can make one) of an empty and inflated mind; of a mind in which there is but the spurious imitation of that strength and loftier pride which the wide nostrils in a well-formed nose might indicate.

Large noses, in men, are generally good signs; especially, they add emphasis to the good indications of a well-formed head; but they must not be too fleshy or too lean. If they are long (yet short of being snout-like), they mark, as prolongations of the forehead the intelligent, observant, and productive nature of the refined mind. If Roman, arched high and strong, they are generally associated with a less developed forehead and a larger hind-head; and they disclose strength of will and energy, rather than intellectual power; they show also the want of that refinement which is indicated by the straighter nose The Jewish or hawk-nose commonly signifies shrewdness in worldly matters; it adds force to the meaning of the narrow concentrative forehead symbolical of singleness of object; and its usually narrow nostrils wear the unfailing sign of caution and timidity. The Greek, straight nose 'indicates refinement of character, love for the fine arts, and *belles lettres*, astuteness, craft, and a preference for indirect rather than direct action,' (Notes, p. 9). 'Perpendicular noses,—that is, such as approach this form, ... suppose a mind capable of acting and suffering with calmness and energy' (Lavater, iii. 364). A nose slightly bifid at its end, extends and corroborates the indication of the analytic forehead. Such noses, large and broad pointed, are frequent in men with acute practical knowledge of the world. The same bifid end is often seen in the cogitative or wide-nostrilled nose, wide at the end, thick and broad, indicating a mind that has strong powers of thought. and is given to close and serious meditation. With these symbols, Lavater's *dicta* fall in: 'A nose whose ridge is broad, no matter whether straight or curved, always announces superior faculties. I have never been deceived in it, but this form is very rare.' And again, 'A small nostril is the certain sign of a timid spirit.'

The thick fleshy nose tells its own tale, and sometimes highly colours it. With a well-formed head, and lively temperament, it may shed on the face a Falstaff-glimmer of easy sensuality and jovial humour; but what better than this can, possibly, be meant by a mass of flesh and blood heaped on what should be the very index of intelligence? The opposite of this form, the lean sharp nose, if it be not due to the withering of age, or associated with a very well-formed head, tells only the shrivelling of all the freshness of life; of a dry sagacity in the place of intelligence; of the negation of every fervent disposition, and a miserly, selfish adhesion to the empty so-called realities of life.

When the basal line of the nose forms an obtuse angle with the upper lip, the shortening of the nose connected with such a form implies less strength of character, but the form itself betokens gaiety and cheerfulness. The opposite form, with a lengthened nose whose base forms an acute angle with the upper lip, is usually associated with melancholy, and fondness for gloomy thoughts.

In all the foregoing interpretations of large or justly sized noses, those of men are alone considered. In a woman, a large nose is of more uncertain augury; for it is apt to extend into caricature. If it be well-formed and finely modelled, a rather large nose, and especially one which is nearly straight, or slightly arched, is, in a woman, often characteristic of excellent mental power. But any of the more peculiarly male forms of nose, if large and coarsely formed in women, denote a too masculine character; and those that are of ill omen in men, are much worse in women, since the evil of being inappropriate is added to that of malformation.

The Eyes, in the physiognomy of daily life, are, certainly, the most telling features of the face. They are so because no other parts reveals so instantly, or so clearly, the various changes of the feelings; and because it is for these changes that men watch when they would learn their influence on others. But their deeper meaning, as signals to tell, not the movements merely, but the very character, of the mind, is mysterious and hard to read.

Primarily the eyes symbolise the feelings rather than the intelligence or the will. The evidences of this, already cited, are strikingly confirmed by the relation of the eyes to the tear-glands. And many of their symbols become intelligible by comparing the human eyes with those of lower animals.

If we had a table of the proportionate sizes of eyes and brains in man and a large scale of animals, the proportion between the human eye and brain would hold nearly a middle place. Therefore, eyeballs which are either very large, or very small, have an animal expression; the former being suggestive of brute-force, the latter of meanness and feebleness.

Again, in comparison with the eyeballs of animals, the human eye has, proportionally, the smallest transparent, and the largest opaque, or white, part; and, in the same proportion, it has a larger nervous expansion, a larger structure in direct relation with the mind, than the eye of any other animal. A small cornea, or transparent part of an eye, is, thus, a proof that the retina or nerve-structure of the eye is comparatively large; and a large cornea proves a small retina. The mental character may be often measured by the retina; thus, an eye with a large cornea, and a comparatively small white part, gives a strong but too animal expression; while an eye with a smaller cornea (if it be not extremely small) expresses delicacy, a higher sensibility, and spirituality. The ancients gave the former to their Juno (βοῶπις): the early Christian artists gave the latter to their figures of saints and angels.

Eyes set too near, or too far asunder, are alike animal in expression and in meaning; the former are like the eyes of apes; the latter like those of oxen, dogs, and horses.

It is not very rare to see one eyeball somewhat higher than the other:—if the difference be very slight, it is likely to mark a thinking considerate man, who looks at every side of a matter. When the eyes sink a little towards their inner angles, they denote warmth of mind directed to realities; when they rise towards them, they denote a similar mind directed to the supersensuous and ideal.

A long opening between the eyelids, showing much 'white,' gives the eye an expression of taste and sensibility. A short high opening has a more animal look: it is usually associated with a large eyeball, and occurs especially in persons of athletic constitution, and choleric temperament, and great working power; but a similar form may, as Lavater says, occur in feeble, heavy-eyed, phlegmatic persons. Short and small openings between the eyelids indicate feebleness and want of spirit; but this must be conditional on what Lavater notes,—that when the inner angles are lengthened, acute, and pointed towards the nose, their possessor is either very judicious or very cunning. He adds, 'When the eyelid draws itself almost horizontally over the eye, I usually expect a man of much acuteness, extremely dexterous, and of superior cunning;' and 'When the border of the upper eyelid describes a complete arch, it is the mark of a good disposition and much delicacy; sometimes, also, of a character timid, feminine, and childish.'

In the colours of the eye, both the white and the various tints of the iris must be studied. In a clear pure white we see, intuitively, a mind that might be so described; a dirty or yellowish white makes us suspect the opposite character; a white that is too blue, like that of a delicate child, is significant of an immature mind; one that is blood-shot, if it does not confess to intemperance or over-work, suggests plethora and violence of temper.

Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined, or effeminate nature; light blue, and much more, grey eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have, generally, the same meaning as the grey: Lavater says they are—'in some sort, a distinctive sign of vivacity and courage.' 'Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous, and profound; just as genius, properly so called, is almost always associated with eyes of a yellowish cast bordering on hazel.' (*Essays*, iii. 338.)

The brightness and the dulness of the eye are as evident in their opposite meanings as are the contrasts of light and darkness. And scarcely less clear is the glance or flash of the eye, like a light, to illuminate and show the depth of meaning in every expression with which it appears. A volume might be written on it, inexplicable as it is, and in each person so inimitable by others and therefore so characteristic, that, as Carus suggests, instead of saying 'Le style c'est l'homme,' we might more justly say, 'der Blick ist der Mensch.'

Lastly, with the symbols of the eyes those of the Brows must be arranged.

As marking the boundary-line between the intellectual region of the forehead and the sensuous region of the eyes and cheeks, it is a general rule that the higher the eyebrows rise the more do they symbolise the encroachment of the sensuous on the intellectual nature; the lower they are placed the more is the opposite relation marked. So, in persons of warm open heart, guided chiefly by their affections, we see generally the regular high-arched brow; in profound thinkers, the lowered rectilinear brow. Generally, too, brows that are gently arched harmonize with modesty and simplicity; those that are straight and horizontal with manliness and vigour. In the very melancholic, the raising of the inner extremity of the brow is often a natural and fixed expression. In those of restless, changeable disposition, or liable to sudden outbursts of passion, the brow is outstretched, not in a straight line, but undulating, as it were fluctuating and stormy.

As the only portion of the intellectual region of the face which at all answers to the strong hair which covers all the face in brutes, the eyebrows may, by excessive quantity, thickness, and coarseness, indicate a too coarse animal nature. If their form be good and their arrangement orderly, their abundance adds strength to whatever they import; in other conditions, they indicate a mind that might be described in the same terms as themselves. Smallness of eyebrows always denotes defective force of character, and the more the higher they are placed.

Among all his fervent rhapsodies, Lavater has none more fervent than that in which he would sum up his thoughts on Mouths: 'Eloquent even in its silence, this part of the body is so sacred in my eyes that I scarcely have the courage to attempt to treat of it' (iii. 394). And, indeed, what may the mouth not symbolise, seeing that it includes two sense-organs, and the organs for the first process to which our food is subjected, for occasional breathing, for speech and song and kissing?

The characteristic of the opening of the human mouth, as compared with that of brutes, is its medium size; and its transgression on either side of certain limits is at once repulsive by its deviation from exact humanity. A somewhat large mouth is manly, and denotes energy; one somewhat small is feminine, and a sign of less power.

In the two lips, the opposition of the upper and lower halves of the face is repeated. In the upper lip the chief varieties of the higher psychical character are intimated; in the lower those of the more corporeal nature; and it is, therefore, essential to a noble face that the upper lip should extend beyond and govern the lower. In both, the contrast of the thick protruded lips of the negro, and of the tense, finely drawn lips of the Caucasian race may indicate the characteristics which belong to those varieties of form to which they are severally appropriated. So Porta sums up: 'Labia crassa stultum demonstrant' (p. 208); and Lavater, 'Fleshy lips have always a struggle to maintain with sensuality and indolence' (iii. 397). Among the thinner lips, the best-marked forms are—the large, thin, indrawn lips of the dry, passionless men of intellect; the soft and beautifully chiselled, in those of refined sense and poetic nature; the tense and strongly-marked, in strong-willed men of practical ability; the lean and hard-lined, in the timid or avaricious.

In the upper lip, the best form is that in which it is itself short, and its connexion with the nose is finely modelled. If it be deeply hollowed in the middle, it tells of wit and liveliness. A long upper lip, especially if its middle portion be prominent and swollen, is generally found in persons of rough nature. In the lower lip, one of the clearest symbols is its being upraised and compressed on the upper. Such a position of it, when transient, indicates scorn or repulsion; when habitual or fixed by nature, it is a sure sign (in any but a toothless man) of a self-reliant, grudging temper, scornful or full of hate. In the same way the constant or general positions of the angles of the mouth may be interpreted by their likeness to those of which, in the transient expressions, the meaning is always clear.

The CHIN is an eminently human feature, and, by its characters in the several races of men, and in the animals which follow the lowest race of men, we may trace, as the chin retreats, the retreat from the predominance of the nobler human faculties. This is especially true in men; for, generally, the fuller chin marks the manly character, the smaller chin the feminine. Of the three principal forms of chins—the retreating, the perpendicular, and the projecting—Lavater says the first may always excite a suspicion of some weak side; such chins have a negative import: the second may inspire with confidence, and, if deep, are signs of sagacity and reflection: the third, if not too pointed, denote acuteness and activity of mind. A chin deeply dimpled in its middle line has the same meaning as the slightly bifid nose. The accumulated flesh and fat that make the double chin distinguish the soft, phlegmatic, and Bœotian nature; and for other forms we may thus enumerate Lavater's judgments: Angular chins are, generally, signs of sense, firmness, and benevolence; flat chins, of coldness and dryness; small ones, of timidity; round and dimpled ones, of goodness.

To conclude the symbolics of the face, we ought to write of those of the cheeks, and the beard and other facial hair. But even a part of the great beard-question would be too large for discussion now; and the cheeks are chiefly significant in their corroboration of the testimony of the lips and chin, and may be passed by with only this observation, that the predominance of their size over that of the eyes, nose, and upper lip will generally indicate the predominance of the senses over the intellect.

The EAR must have a fuller notice. It is far less expressive, and less communicative than the eye; as it ought to be, to be in accord with the deep-concealed proper organ of the sense which is especially recipient of mystery. It is remarkably significant of this relation of the external ear that, in man, it is incapable of any of those active movements which, in animals, reveal so plainly the mental state. Still, even in complete repose, the ear may tell something of the mind.

Like many other parts, the ear has, in man, a medium size in proportion to the rest of the body. The extremes, of both largeness and smallness, indicate, therefore, a deflection towards the lower animal world: the former is often seen in idiots with ill shaped heads. In less than these extremes, large ears, including all such as are longer than the nose, are signs of timidity and defect of mental power, especially when their upper parts are very large. They have their natural types in the large long ears of many timid animals. Small ears (if not extremely small) imply mental energy; their type is in those of the carnivora.

The thinning and levelling of the border of the ear, so that it is not turned over, has generally a bad import. It is animal-like; and, with an angular upper border, it gives the character of low sensuality, which the old masters painted in the ears of Fauns. A deeply and roundly sculptured ear is a sign of intellectual capacity; and one that is largely and broadly hollowed out often occurs in men with great plastic talent. Smoothness and want of contrast among the several windings of the ear imply feebleness of mind. Ears that stand out belong, generally, to persons in whom the sense of hearing is dominant, such as the musical, the mysterious, those with strong memories, and the timid. Close-lying ears are more frequent among those in whom sight prevails, as the light-headed, the reckless, the courageous.

The symbols which come next to be explained are those of the neck and trunk. There are indications for discerning them similar to those illustrated in the foregoing instances, and similar reasons for believing them. We naturally take them into our estimate when we are judging of a man from his appearance; and they are sometimes among the most impressive forms. Lavater ascribes to an observation on the turn of a neck the first germ of his studies. The likeness of two noses had, indeed, greatly impressed him, and made him very observant of forms; but it was the significance of the neck that convinced him. And he who believes that the body does symbolise the mind, and that nothing in nature is unmeaning, will find it hard to doubt that there may be, in all these parts, forms and habitual gestures through which some of the characteristics of the mind may be disclosed. But we shall pass by the symbols of the trunk, both because of the obvious difficulties of studying them, and because we want space for the fuller exposition of those of the hands and feet, to which Carus has devoted particular study.

The symbols of the Hand have no relation to the old fortune-telling chiromancy. The lines on the palm which that art professed to read may tell the occupation and habitual movements of the hand; and, because they are most deeply engraven in the harsh dry skins of the phlegmatic and melancholic, they may tell somewhat also of the general constitution and temperament; but they can indicate no more than this. It is in the size and shape of the hand, and of its several parts, that we are to look for the real indications of the mind, of which it is at once so instructive and so obedient an instrument. In these particulars it is a real hand-book, in which the character may be read almost as clearly as in the head or face.

We need not stay to point out the perfect humanity of the hand, or to tell all its distinctive features, the perfection of its utility, and the mathematical exactness of its construction. Its chief contrast with the paws that are most like it is in the fingers of these last being so short, in proportion to the length of the metacarpal part (*i.e.*, of the hand without the fingers and the thumb), or else in their being altogether so small. The bear's paw illustrates the first of these contrasts; and few things can mark intellectual inferiority more than do short convergent incurved fingers. The ape's hand illustrates the second; and mental weakness may always be suspected where, with a very small hand, the thumb is especially short and weak and apish. By similar comparisons may be interpreted the hardness and horny stiffness of the palm which one sometimes finds independent of hard labour or disease; the excessive brute-like growth of hair and nails before old age, and other similar signs.

The differences of hands, according to sex and age, are equally significant. The woman's hand, independently of the effects of different occupations, is naturally smaller, narrower, softer, less hairy, and more delicate than the man's, and its fingers are more roundly formed. When these characters are reversed, they mark, as clearly as any other misplaced features do, the similarly misplaced mind: they betray the too strong-minded woman, and the effeminate man. In advancing years, from childhood onwards, the changes of the hands are scarcely less significant and striking than those of the face, and they have the same meaning. Like the smooth round forehead, proper to the child, so the small, soft, delicate, childish hand, when it is retained in manhood, is a sure sign of a childish disposition, with no great intellectual gifts and no strength of will. And when, before old age, the hand is lean, bony, and dry, it indicates that want of warmth of feeling and of fancy, and that predominance of cold sagacity to which old age is naturally prone.

Independently of these general differences among hands, manifold, even thousand-fold, varieties of individual form are to be found. They may be described in about four chief groups, by referring them to as many types of form. Carus adopts four, fusing some of those six which D'Arpentigny, the first true chirognomist, arranged. These four he names, severally, the elemental, the motor, the sensitive, and the psychical hands.

Elemental hands are such as betray a certain approximation at once to the hand of the little child and to the paw of the most man-like brutes. They are distinguished by the metacarpal part being both long and broad; the palm large, thick, and hard; the fingers short, thick, and squared at their ends, the thumb stumpy and often turned back; the nails short, strong, and hard. These characters are modified according to sex, having more of refinement in women, and of coarseness in men ; but, in general, their chief feature is a coarseness, and, as it were, a want of finish, in the construction of the hand. And such hands symbolise a rough, unfinished mind, a mind lowly developed, obtuse intelligence, slow resolution, dulness of feelings. They are found especially among the common people ; and combined, as they often are, with large though coarsely modelled heads, they represent the material strength of a nation, its work, its man-power. These make the show of hands at the hustings ; these are the mighty unwashed. But they are found in higher classes, too ; and there, though washed and gloved, and never seamed or hardened by appropriate toil, the elemental hands betray the same want of mental refinement, the same rough unfinished nature.

The Motor hand, which is especially the male hand, is characterized partly by its great size, partly by its strength of bone and muscle, and its strong projecting joints and sinews. The palm is nearly square ; the fingers longer than in the elemental hand, but very strong, large-jointed, and broad-tipped ; the thumb especially strong, and with a full ball ; the nails suitably large, and of elongated quadrangular shape ; the skin of the back firm and strong, and usually but slightly hairy.

Such a hand symbolises strength of will, and aptness for strong sustained efforts of mind. They who have such hands are likely to be less finely sensitive and less intelligent than resolute and strong willed. The old Roman character might be the type of the motor-handed men ; and the hands of Roman senators and emperors in works of art have almost always the genuine motor characters. The thumb, which is in all hands the most significant, because the most essentially human, member, is especially so in these ; its large size always symbolising an energetic nature.

The Sensitive is the proper feminine hand. It is never very large, and is often rather below the module in its length, and all its textures are delicate. In the palm, length predominates a little over breadth ; the fingers are not proportionally longer than in the motor hand, but the thumb is decidedly smaller, and much more delicate. The fingers are divided in soft and oval forms, with full rounded tips ; the nails, nearly equilateral, are remarkably fine and elastic.

Men with hands thus formed are generally distinguished by feeling, by fancy, and by wit, more than by intellectual acuteness and strength of will. They commonly are of sensitive, sometimes of psychical, constitution, and, generally, of sanguine temperament. But good specimens of sensitive hands are seldom found except in the higher and well-educated classes (the forms that are near the type will be mentioned presently) ; in the lower classes of northern countries they are seen only in women.

The Psychical hand, the most beautiful and the rarest of all the forms, is that which is most unlike the elemental and the childish hand. It is of moderate size in proportion to the whole stature. It should measure in its length just one module ; the palm is a little longer than broad, never much furrowed or folded, but marked with single large lines. The fingers are fine, slender, and rather elongated ; their joints are never prominent ; their tips are rather long, taper, and delicately rounded ; and they have fine nails of similar shape. The thumb is slender, well-formed, and only moderately long. The skin of the whole hand is delicate, and, even in a man, has but very little hair.

In their perfection psychical hands can be seen in only the bloom and strength of life. In childhood and in youth the form is not attained ; in old age, it is spoiled by the comparative increase of the bones and joints, and by the wrinkling of the skin.

Such rare hands are found with none but rare minds. They indicate, Carus says, a peculiar purity and interior grandeur of feeling, combined with simple clearness in knowledge and in will. And D'Arpentigny speaking, as usual, of the hands as if they were the whole mind, says—' Such hands add to the works of the thinker, as the artist does to the work of the artizan —beauty, ideality ; they gild them with a sunbeam, they raise them on a pedestal ; they open to them the portals of men's hearts. The soul, forgotten and left behind by philosophic hands, is the guide of these ; truth in love and sublimity is their end, expansion their means.'

But, it must be repeated, good examples of psychical hands are rare, unless where, through many generations, the mind has been highly educated. When they occur among the crowd of men, they often mark those who fail, because an inner vocation to some higher and unattainable sphere of action unfits them for the rough handicrafts of the lower classes. D'Arpentigny believes that psychical hands are most frequent in Asia, in the countries of the Caucasian race, and that in Europe they occur most often in Germany; but Carus gives the honour (may we say the palm?) to England, especially to the English women of the higher ranks.

These are the grand types of hands. But of hands, as of all other parts, the great majority fall short of the typical form, and have such intermediate or mixed forms, as must be interpreted by an estimate of the degrees in which they approximate to one or more of the types. The most frequent of all hands are such as are intermediate, or transitional, between the elemental and the motor or the sensitive. Those that make the transition from the sensitive to the motor type, in which, with a sensitive foundation-structure there is a more motor character, and strength of the fingers and their joints, are the hands which D'Arpentigny called 'artistic' and 'useful.' They are the eminently 'handy' sort; and are often seen among mechanics, artists, and musicians. Transition-forms between the sensitive and the psychical are not rare: they may indicate a poetic mind, but they are especially met with when high training and refined care of the whole organism, and especially of the hands, has been maintained for many generations. These might be called the 'well-bred,' or the 'aristocratic,' hands; D'Arpentigny has named them 'Mains de race.' Lastly, transitions from the motor to the psychical form symbolise great thinking powers: they are the 'philosophic' hands.

Whatever be the form of the hand, its significance will be modified if it be not according to rule in the characters appropriate to sex and age. For example, if a man have a feminine psychical hand, he will lack the grandeur and clearness of thought which the psychical hand should, in his sex, testify: and a woman with a manly psychical hand will want something of the complete beauty of the true feminine mind. So, as we have already intimated, the roundness, softness, and fleshiness, appropriate to childhood, will mark, whatever be the form of hand with which they are combined, a comparative feebleness of character; while the leanness and dryness, that should be delayed till old age, will, in earlier life, tell of hardness and narrowness in the character, whatever it may be, that is symbolised by the general form of the hand.

The FOOT has symbols very similar to those of the hand. On the general principle, that those parts, which present the most distinctive specific characters of man, are most significant of the human mind, none should be more symbolical than the feet, whereon Man rests and moves in that erect posture, in which he bears himself above all other creatures, and is ἄνϑρωπος, the being with the upturned eye. Their forms are, indeed, various, and always characteristic: or, if less so than those of the hands, it is in those respects in which the hands, as being peculiarly sensitive organs, are more than the feet significant of the mind's sensibility.

Of course, all those forms of the human foot are indicative of a low mental state which are like the feet of other mammalia. And, the chief errors in this direction are, —the flatness of the foot (independent of disease), which makes it like that of a bear or other plantigrade: the diminutive size, in comparison with the leg, in which it lacks its characteristic fitness for supporting an erect body; and the narrowness, with shortness of the great toe, and defective projection of the heel, by which the contrast between man's foot and the ape's is lessened. These characters, by which the foot loses its human distinction, may be read in the same way as the corresponding lowered forms of the hand; and so may those in which the childish form is retained; or the womanly, or the manly, form is misplaced.

The typical forms of feet are described, by Carus, as the elemental, the sensitive motor, the pure motor, and the athletic motor. The elemental foot, like the hand of the same name, is that which, though it has grown to its full size and proportion, has not been developed beyond the childish form. It is coarse, plump, and clumsy; too flat-soled; short, broad, and fleshy. The ankles are thick and shapeless; the balls and joints of the toes are large. Such feet are commonly found in conjunction with elemental hands, and have the same import; they are the feet of the mass, singly powerless, in multitude mighty.

The motor-sensitive foot, corresponding with the sensitive hand, is the proper foot of woman. It is small, and smooth, and slender; a narrow foot, with but little projection of the heel, and no projection of the joints or sinews; the ball of the heel and of the great toe are not large or prominent; the nails are small and finely textured. The ideal of this foot is in the Venus de' Medici; the caricature of it in the out-stretched, flattened, ape-ward foot of the Negro. In a man, the sensitive-motor foot will stamp a feeble and effeminate character, unless it be associated with a well-developed and harmonious form of the head and of all other parts. Thus associated, such a foot indicates great elastic power, and energetic speed of action: such is the foot of Mercury in antique sculpture: and among different races it is most frequent (though with characteristic varieties in each) in the Negroes, Hungarians, Poles, and Celts, the which are nations most given to dancing It is the form with which the sentiment of the ballet may be most perfectly expressed; and in some of the antique statues of Minerva it is represented with a sharpness, simplicity, and grandeur, such as might claim for it the name of psychical and an analogy with the psychical hand.

The pure motor foot has the true medium form of the well-made foot, especially that of the man. It has neither the stumpyness of the elemental foot, nor the slenderness of the sensitive-motor, nor the great muscularity of the athletic; but, avoiding all these extremes, it is, with variations according to sex, justly adapted to its simple purpose of supplying a well-formed strong support for the weight of the body.

The motor-athletic foot is distinguished by its great size, its strength of bone, and its muscularity. It is typified in the foot of the Farnese Hercules. It always marks a powerful, athletic constitution; and in its possessor we may look, perhaps, for vehemence of will, but not for the profound insight of the reason or the vivid creation of the fancy.

We have now placed before our readers nearly all that we think can be fairly said for the symbolics of the human form. We have seldom interrupted our statement with any doubts; for with a subject in which every assertion is suggestive of discussion, it seems the best course, first, to state it fully, and then to express a general judgment on it. Thus, then, we would conclude:—

1. That in the general evidences adduced in the first part of this article there is sufficient foundation for the doctrine, that each man's mental nature is indicated or symbolised by his bodily forms; by the forms, namely, not of one or a few, but of all parts of his body; and of these, not only in their gestures or acquired expressions, but in those fixed forms, which depend, at least in part, upon the skeleton.

2. That there is in most persons a natural faculty of discerning characters in the forms of their fellow-men; a faculty which is capable, in certain persons, of being so cultivated that their judgments of character derived from it alone are very generally true.

3. That much is yet needed to give the study the rank of a science. Especially, the several observations of correspondence between mind and form need to be much more numerous and more exact, and to be expressed with specific detail instead of being confined to general statements. The exceptions which we may find to nearly every rule derived from them need also to be explained; and the theory and the art require to be more closely bound together. Carus has, indeed, done something towards this end, by reducing many physiognomic observations to rules connected and consistent with those of physiology; but much more remains to be accomplished by minds of a less imaginative tendency than that of Carus.

4. This want of sure connexion between the theory and the art is, however, no disproof of either. The same defect, though in a much less degree, is chargeable against all the studies that are occupied with life and mind. In all ages, for example, there have been truths in the science of physiology, and truths in the art of medicine; and in every age it has been thought that the two were united by close bonds; but in every succeeding age many of the bonds have been changed, the truths alone abiding; and even now, those who are wisest hold by the science and by the art as branches of knowledge nearly related, indeed, and in some parts mutually supporting, but in many parts self-subsisting, and in some dissociated. So, we believe, it will long be with the art and the theory of symbols in the human form.

ART. VII.—*Port-Royal.* Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Paris, 1840–48. 3 vols. 8vo.

'AN event,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'which happens sometimes even to philosophers,'

> 'has happened to M. Cousin. He has fallen in love with Madame de Longueville in person; yes, with the Great Condé's sister. The place in which he has most particularly shown his passion for her is where he has to deal with La Rochefoucauld. He does not speak of him as a judge or a critic would speak, but as a rival. "She never truly loved but a single person," says he; "it was La Rochefoucauld;" and this leads him to add, "I don't deny it; I do not like La Rochefoucauld." La Rochefoucauld is for him the great adversary, the rival who, two centuries ago, supplanted him.'

The sarcasm launched against M. Cousin by M. Sainte-Beuve was not without a personal motive. The author of the *History of Port-Royal* was the first to rescue the subject from the oblivion into which it had fallen, and he had no sooner entered the holy monastery than he would fain have shut the gates on all after-comers. Among the poachers upon his domain M. Cousin has been the most persevering and successful. In fact, his depredations were not confined to Madame de Longueville. Notwithstanding her noble birth, her remarkable beauty, and the important part which she played in the intrigues of the Fronde, she was, after all, but a secondary actor in the scenes of Port-Royal. A far greater offence of M. Cousin was to have denied to M. Sainte-Beuve the privilege of showing Pascal in a new light. Before his narration could reach the period at which this surprising genius shone forth in all his glory, his discoveries were anticipated, and his principal hero torn away from a frame which, it must be confessed, was too narrow for so illustrious a man. Others joined in pursuit of the game which had been started, and there was even a contest for the right to use the manuscripts preserved in the public archives. In compliance with an old and mischievous usage students are permitted in France to borrow and retain as long as they choose the books and documents which are necessary for their researches. The right gives rise to incessant inconvenience and frequent abuses. The manuscript which is taken at first for the honest purpose of investigation may afterwards be kept to prevent a rival from making use of it. Whether this was the motive in the Pascal chace we will not attempt to determine, but certain it is that M. Faugère, who published a new edition of the *Pensées*, was obliged to have recourse to a ministerial order to obtain some papers detained by a fellow-hunter. The Republic of letters has hitherto rather gained than lost by the emulation which has been excited, but we should be of a different opinion if M. Sainte-Beuve allows himself to be driven away by this irruption into his territory. The hedge sparrow, it is said, forsakes the eggs which have been handled, and, fearful for the safety of an offspring which she is too weak to protect, refuses to give them life. But the stronger eagle fights for her young, and, if an enemy succeeds in ravishing one from the nest, the remainder of the brood does but become the dearer. Let M. Sainte-Beuve copy the example of the nobler bird, and, after an absence already too prolonged, return to his beloved nest of Port-Royal. If M. Cousin has not yet conquered his resentment against his fair Longueville for having been admired by La Rochefoucauld, M. Sainte-Beuve should be more generous, and forgive her for having been loved by M. Cousin.

The Monastery of Port-Royal exists no longer. All that remains of it are some shapeless ruins, situated in a dark and marshy valley not far from Versailles. It is supposed to have been founded by Bishop Eudes of Sully, and Mathilda of Garlande, in the year 1204, that prayers might be said there for the happy return of Mathieu I of Montmorency, Mathilda's husband, who was fighting in the Holy Land. A Bull, in 1223, conceded to the convent the privilege of receiving secular ladies, who, disgusted with the vanities of life, might wish, without taking the vows, to give themselves up to God. It was perhaps the admission of these worldly recruits, who were not wholly detached from the frivolities of society, which was the cause of that taste for fashion which was reproved at the beginning of the sixteenth century by the superior of the house. The inmates had committed the enormity of wearing sleeves which were wider at the bottom than at the top, and the abbess was ordered to have them made narrower. Later it was found necessary to prohibit the use of masks, gloves, and starched linen. These trifles were the symbols of more serious irregularities. The service was not duly attended, the rule of seclusion was violated, and dances and banquets had greater charms than the offices of religion. Such deviations from monastic strictness were then general throughout France. The reform in Port-Royal was brought about by a girl who was forced against her will into the office of abbess, and who not only succeeded in making her community a model of discipline and virtue, but who attracted into her sphere so many persons illustrious for piety, for learning, and for genius, that, of all the institutions of the kind which ever existed, this is the one which has obtained the largest renown and the most universal admiration. No glory was wanting to it—not even the distinction of bearing nobly a long and cruel persecution. The means by which these results were obtained are a rare example of the power of simple and persevering rectitude, and give a perennial interest and importance to the history of 'Mother Angélique,' though the house over which she presided is in ruins, and the succession of her disciples was not permitted to continue.

Antoine Arnauld, the representative of

an ancient and distinguished family in Auvergne, married the daughter of M. Marion, an *avocat-général*. This M. Marion was a favourite of Henry IV., and obtained from him the abbacies of Port-Royal and St. Cyr for two of his grand-daughters. The eldest, Jacqueline Marie Arnauld, was then only seven and a half years old; the younger, Jeanne, was six. Abuses of this kind were frequent at that era, but it was not always easy to obtain the ratification of the appointments at Rome; and Antoine Arnauld, who was noted for a famous speech which he had delivered against the Jesuits, was not likely to obtain much indulgence from the Pope. In consequence the fraud was committed of representing the sisters to be older than they were, and, the better to dissemble the truth, they were described not by their true Christian names, but by the names which they received at confirmation, and which became their religious appellations. This was the reason why Jacqueline was ever after called Mother Angélique, and Jeanne, Mother Agnes. The opening of the drama does not prognosticate reform. The next scene in the history was still less promising.

The two child-abbesses, who were set to preside over religious communities long before they were themselves emancipated from the bondage of the nursery, first spent a year together in the convent of St. Cyr, which belonged to Mother Agnes, the younger sister. At the close of a life devoted to humility, she still reproached herself with an outbreak of domineering authority, when, in a quarrel with her elder sister, she asserted her right, if she pleased, to turn her out of her abbey. 'She was proud and romantic,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'to such a degree as to ask God why he had not permitted that she should be born *Madame de France!*' It would be idle to moralise on traits like these. The whole case may be summed in the fact that she was six and an abbess.

Mother Angélique, with whom we are more immediately concerned, next spent two years at the abbey of Maubuisson, the last place which was calculated to inspire a young girl with religious sentiments; for it was presided over by Madame d'Estrées, the sister of the fair Gabrielle, so famous for her beauty, and the visits which the royal lover paid to the convent were an open insult to morality and religion. It was from Madame d'Estrées that the future reformer of Port-Royal was named Angélique at her confirmation. This most assuredly was not a very edifying beginning.

At first Mother Angélique was only the coadjutor of Jeanne de Boulehard, the existing abbess. The latter died in 1602, and her successor, when hardly eleven years old, was definitively installed in her office, and invested with all its functions and prerogatives. One day, when Henry IV. was hunting in the neighbourhood, he took it into his head to visit M. Arnauld, who was at Port-Royal with his daughter. The little abbess went out to meet him at the head of her community, and marched gravely along with ludicrous dignity upon thick-soled shoes, some five or six inches high, that she might appear to have the stature of a woman. That merry monarch could not fail to be delighted with the mock-heroic scene. He left with reluctance, and kept shouting as he rode away, 'I kiss my hand to Madame the Abbess.'

Nothing as yet seemed to foreshadow the changes which were soon to take place. On the contrary, Mother Angélique felt no vocation for a religious life. She regretted the world from which she had been cut off so young, preferred the reading of Plutarch's Lives to her Breviary, and often meditated joining two of her aunts who had embraced the Protestant religion and resided together at La Rochelle. She even desired to marry, for she justly thought that a holy domestic life was more agreeable to the Almighty than the unnatural austerities of a monastic seclusion. By degrees the conflict of her feelings reduced her to a state of melancholy which impaired her health, and she was taken home to be nursed. She was not then sixteen. Her father detected the causes of her despondency, and with the vehemence of will which was the characteristic of his race he one day entered her room with a document in his hand, and said, 'Sign this, my child.' Awed by the profound respect which she entertained for her father, but her heart bursting with rage, as she instinctively divined the purport of the unread paper, she complied with his demand. She felt that her honour was pledged, that she had definitively engaged herself against her will to lead a religious life. And, in fact, the act was the ratification of her vows; it was her sentence upon herself!

Her health restored, she returned sad but resigned to the convent, which she accepted henceforth for her destiny. The renewal of her vows, it is true, had been obtained by a trick, but it was a trick played by a beloved father. Filial respect threw a veil over the artifice, and the poor child only thought of her signature, and forgot the mode of obtaining it. Religion had as yet no part in her resolution, but it was close at hand. One evening, at the approach of twilight, as she came from a walk in the garden, a Capuchin friar arrived at the convent and requested to preach. A sermon was an entertainment which broke the monotony of the ordinary convent life, but as it was growing late the abbess was on the point of refusing the offer. Suddenly she changed her mind, and ordered the bells to toll. What the capuchin said she did not herself recollect; but while the discourse, which was on the humility of the Saviour, was proceeding, a complete revolution took place in her feelings. 'God so touched me,' she said, 'that from this moment I found myself more happy to be a nun than I ever before was unhappy at being one.' She perceived, however, that the Capuchin preacher was not capable of guiding her in the path which a divine light had just displayed to her, and she kept her emotions to herself. The new thoughts which now agitated her heart again affected her health, and she was removed to her father's country seat of Andilly. 'That dwelling appeared to me so lovely,' said the poor girl, 'that I would gladly have remained for ever amidst such beautiful scenes, for God had not yet given me the eyes of a Christian.' Nevertheless she assumed a coarse dress, lay on a hard couch, and curtailed her sleep to go and pray secretly in the remotest parts of the house. Sometimes she was found inflicting punishments upon herself that she might become accustomed by degrees to bear bodily pain. Dreading the effects of such austerity, her family, who had hitherto employed their endeavours to engage her in a monastic life, now united their efforts to check her enthusiasm. The nuns, when she got back to Port-Royal, were not less averse to the new spirit which had come over her. In spite of relations and nuns she followed her own conscientious convictions, and resolved to persevere. The first change she introduced was to bring back the community to the strict observance of their vow of poverty. It was not the easiest part of the undertaking, for the best were those who were most opposed to the step. They remarked with some reason that when everything was in common, clothes included (for such was the rule), all providence would cease, and nobody would have any interest in economising. Mother Angélique did not hesitate to acknowledge that in a temporal point of view the rule might be disadvantageous, but temporal considerations had no longer any weight in her mind. Her principal aim was the spiritual good of her flock. She considered that the sole choice lay between not being abbess at all, or fulfilling to the letter the requirements of the office, and while the contest was pending she was once more seized with a deep melancholy accompanied by fever. The nuns asked her what made her so sad. She replied that they knew the cause well enough, and that it depended on them to put a period to her grief. 'Tell us what you want of us,' they said, at last, touched by her sorrow, 'and, provided you are satisfied, we promise to do anything.' She reiterated that what she required was that they would renounce the system of individual property; and the following day they brought her their clothes. One nun, named Johannet, who was deaf and dumb, had not been informed of what was going on, and it was intended, in consequence of her infirmity, to exempt her from the law; but on seeing the others produce their wardrobes, she guessed the meaning of the action, and imitated their example. From that day, which was the eve of St. Joseph, 1609, and which was religiously inscribed in the *Fasti* of Port-Royal, the community of goods was permanently re-established, and the Mother Abbess was cured of her fever.

There still remained one refractory member in the person of an aged nun, Dame Morel, who fondly cultivated a little garden. She brought everything except the key of this garden. 'We all of us have our little garden,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, with his usual grace, 'and we often cling to it more strongly than to the large one. Dame Morel flew into a passion whenever any nun or father Capuchin sorrowfully spoke to her of that unlawful reservation. At last, one day, when no one had breathed a word on the subject, she surrendered by a sort of inward miracle. She sent in a letter the key of the garden, as of a last citadel. In fact it was the key of her heart.'

When Mother Angélique had overcome this difficulty, and established the community of goods, she made up her mind to strike the great blow. She was determined to restore the rule of seclusion, to sever herself from the world, and with her nuns devote herself completely to God. This involved the separation from her family, whom she so dearly loved, and by whom she was so tenderly beloved. But the Arnaulds were not to be disunited by this daring act of filial disobedience, by this richly rewarded sacrifice of feeling to duty. One by one, sisters, brothers, mother, nieces, and nephews, came clustering round the young saint whom they began by opposing, most of them attracted by her virtues, her example, and her insinuating charity. She began by drawing to her her little sister, Mother Agnes, abbess of St. Cyr, whom we have already seen priding herself on her official supremacy. In a few months she renounced her once cherished dignity, and took her vows as a simple nun at Port-Royal.

The law-courts rose, and Antoine Arnauld, as was his custom in vacations, repaired to Port-Royal. In one of the huge family coaches of the period were the father, the mother, the eldest sister Mme. Le Maître, a younger sister named Anne, who was then fifteen, and the eldest brother Arnauld d'Andilly, who was twenty. It is difficult for us now to realise the full force of the paternal authority of that age, and the immense hardihood which it required to resist its will. Mother Angélique was hardly seventeen, and had never swerved from the most profound obedience, which was seconded by such love as strong minds only are capable of feeling. Prayer was her weapon against the coming attack, and the nuns of her party joined with her in her supplications. She had taken possession at dawn of every key to prevent a surprise, and, with her supporters, waited the arrival of the dreaded coach 'like a little force under arms awaiting the enemy.' So daring did the act appear, that few of the inmates could believe she would have the courage to persist. At length the noise of wheels was heard in the outer court, and Mother Angélique, advancing to the wicket, announced her resolution to her father, and begged him to proceed to the grated parlour, where alone she could receive him. No sooner did she utter the words than he flew into a passion, knocked louder than ever at the door, and fiercely demanded admittance. Madame Arnauld joined in the clamour, called her daughter an ingrate, and swore an oath which afterwards cost her many a tear, that if she was not admitted at once she would never again set her foot in Port-Royal. M. d'Andilly, with the impetuosity of youth, went further still, and declared that his sister was a monster and a parricide. The Abbess stood firm. M. Arnauld, unable to prevail by force, had recourse to stratagem. He demanded to see his two other daughters, Mother Agnes and Marie-Claire, intending to rush in as these were let out. But they were sent round by the church-door, and the opportunity was lost of surprising the citadel. As they joined the infuriated group, M d'Andilly poured forth bitter reproaches against Mother Angélique. Mother Agnes immediately took up her defence, observing that her sister had done nothing more than was prescribed by the Council of Trent. 'Oh, forsooth,' exclaimed M. d'Andilly, excited beyond endurance, 'this is a pretty case; here is another little pedant who quotes to us canons and council!' All this while there were some dissentients in the camp, and among them was old Dame Morel, who clung so fondly to her little garden, and who now exclaimed, 'It is a shame not to open to M. Arnauld.' Mother Angélique was of another opinion, and at last her father, without relinquishing his anger, yielded to her entreaties, and went to the reception-room. Pale and agitated, he spoke to her through the grating of all that he had done for her, and of the love which he bore her. Henceforth he renounced it; he would see her no more, and as a final request he conjured her to take care of herself and not ruin her health by reckless austerities. This pathetic adieu, in which tenderness mingled with resentment, proved too much for the overwrought mind of Mother Angélique, and she fell senseless on the floor. A paroxysm of alarm now took possession of M. Arnauld. He called wildly upon his daughter, he stretched out his arms to the opposing grate, he vociferated with all his might for help, and his wife and children screamed as loudly as himself. The nuns, believing that the uproar was only a renewal of the original contest, kept carefully out of the way, and it was some time before they could be made to comprehend the situation of their Abbess. Her first words on opening her eyes were to request her father not to leave that day. She had a couch prepared for herself by the grating; a calm and loving conversation ensued, and Mother Angélique was victorious over her family. Her ecclesiastical superiors afterwards gave permission for Madame Arnauld and her daughters to enter the convent when they pleased. But the fatal oath was for a year an insurmountable barrier. At the end of that period she heard a sermon in which hasty and foolish vows were declared not to be binding, and she immediately ordered her carriage and set out for Port-Royal. The day of her reappearance was ever after kept as an anniversary in her heart by the delighted Mother Angélique.

The grand contest which had taken place was known in the annals of the monastery by the name of the 'day of the wicket.' M. Royar-Collard used to speak of the scene as one of the great pages of human nature, and one which was not surpassed by anything in Plutarch. His admiration, all must agree, was not misplaced. The object for which Mother Angélique contended was indeed mistaken, or rather the mistake was in her vocation itself. But what is beyond all praise is, the unflinching adherence to what she conceived her duty,—the sacrifice to conscience of every opposing feeling of her heart.

> ' ——————— unmov'd,
> Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrified,
> Her loyalty she kept, her love, her zeal;
> Nor number nor example with her wrought
> To swerve from truth, or change her constant mind
> Though single.'

This was her true glory, her chief distinction, and it was this quality which enabled her to produce such wonderful results.

'Let us,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'recapitulate the actors in the events of the day of the wicket—Mother Angélique, M. Arnauld, Madame Arnauld, their three young daughters, Agnes, Anne, and Marie-Claire, Mme. Le Maître and M. d'Andilly. Well, these actors or spectators, M. Arnauld excepted, who died in the world respected as an honest man and a Christian, all, with Madame Arnauld at their head, entered finally into Port-Royal.' Marie-Claire, who, we have seen, was already domiciled with the Abbess at the time of the battle, had been a lovely child, but was completely disfigured by the small-pox. When she first caught sight of her face in the glass, she covered it with her hands and cried out, 'It is no longer I.' The involuntary exclamation was true in a sense which she little imagined. It was probably not only her face but her heart which was changed by the event, and her moral being profited by the destruction of her beauty. Anne, who was six years older, had her religious impressions strengthened by the same disorder. Her convictions continued to gather force until in 1616 she renounced the world for Port-Royal. 'When I first entered,' she wrote, 'I felt a painful void in my soul, and, having mentioned it to Mother Agnes, she answered that I need not be astonished, because, having quitted all the things of the world, and not being yet consoled by God, I was as between heaven and earth. About a year afterwards this void was filled.' From this time she considered the convent a paradise. The marshy and unwholesome valley, the damp and narrow cell, seemed delightful to her spirit, soothed by the religious exercises which were indissolubly associated with the locality, and she imagined, as she gazed at the sky, that it was more serene than elsewhere. She once, when she was alone, danced with joy at the recollection that she was a nun, and when she saw one of the sisterhood sorrowful she thought if she did but look at her black veil she would be sad no longer. But mortification was the rule of the house. Her passion was prayer and solitude, and she was subsequently set to perform the uncongenial task of instructing children. For fifteen or sixteen years she continued to obey, but it was, she said, as it were at the point of the sword. Mother Angélique set the example of self-denial. 'It would be difficult,' wrote her niece, 'to find such another piece of serge as she used for her dress—so coarse, rough, loose, yellow, and greasy. What I say of her clothes I might say of everything; she never took for herself anything but the refuse.' M. Arnauld had been accustomed to assist in defraying the expenses of the establishment, and she endeavoured by economy to dispense with his gifts and render the house self-supporting. In spite of the poverty which resulted, she managed to relieve the poor families in the neighbourhood. To the inmates she compensated for the deprivations she imposed on them by redoubling her tenderness. It was on the sick sisters especially that she lavished the tokens of her inexhaustible charity, nursing them and rendering them the most repulsive services. Whenever she was wanted it was almost always in the infirmary that she was to be found. She was discovered there one day lying on the feet of a sick nun, whom nothing would warm, and she said, with a laugh, that she was performing the office of a blanket. In fact, the irresistible gift of persuasiveness which Mother Angélique possessed consisted mainly in this, that she was more severe towards herself than towards her flock. She oftener taught by example than by precept. When she had determined upon suppressing the use of meat in the community, she began by trying the practice upon herself. For a month she ate nothing except a piece of omelette, and to conceal the fact, she had it covered with a thin slice of mutton. A petty deception like this does not accord with the nobler proceedings of the holy Angélique; but tricks in some shape or other seem an incurable vice of the Roman Catholic religion. Having undergone the probation in her own person, she invited the rest to repeat the experiment, and abstinence was embraced by the entire community.

Port-Royal set in order, Mother Angélique was called upon to perform the same duty for another establishment. Her former mistress and namesake, Madame d'Estrées, still presided at Maubuisson, where matters had proceeded from bad to worse. She locked up and illtreated the monks who were sent to inquire into the scandals which prevailed, and her last feat in this kind was to imprison one M. Deruptis in a tower of the abbey, keep him on bread and water, and have him flogged every morning. It was determined, as she refused to vacate her office, to remove her by force and shut her up in the house of the '*Filles pénitentes*,' though it was certainly not to this body that she belonged. The king's archers arrived on the 5th of February, 1618, and being denied admittance, they scaled the walls, broke open the doors, and carried away Madame d'Estrées on her bed. On the 19th of February Mother Angélique left Port-Royal to supply her place. It was the day after the profession of her sister Anne, who remained unmoved, while the rest of the nuns were weeping for the loss of their beloved Abbess. The gloom which overcast a portion of the noviciate of sister Anne was passed, and she entered into that joy at her calling, of which we have seen the evidence. 'God,' she said, when astonishment was expressed at her seeming indifference to the departure of Angélique—'God conferred too great a favour upon me yesterday to permit me to mourn to-day.'

The reception which Mother Angélique met with at Maubuisson was a complete contrast to the regrets she left behind. The report of the reform of Port-Royal had frightened the dissolute nuns, and they pictured to themselves a stern mistress whose very aspect would cause them to shudder. They had none of them the slightest idea of the duties of their profession. They attended the holy services without reverence, and spent all the remainder of their time in entertainments. They gave numerous parties, played comedies to divert their guests, had collations served in gardens where they had had summer-houses built, and often walked to the ponds on the road to Paris, where they were joined by monks who danced with them. The age was dissolute, and there was nothing of primitive innocence and simplicity in these rural amusements, which, even at the best, were a contravention of the rules of monastic discipline. The ignorance of the Maubuisson nuns of everything which appertained to religion was hardly credible. To confess is one of the first demands of the Roman Catholic church, the very alphabet of its faith; and people whose lives were supposed to be passed in pious exercises knew not how to discharge a duty which was performed by the meanest peasant.

> 'They presented themselves for the purpose to a Bernardin monk who did not bear the name of their confessor for nothing, since it was he who always made their confession for them, and named the sins that they were to acknowledge, although perhaps they had not committed them. It was all that he could do to get them to pronounce a "Yes," or a "No," upon which he gave them absolution without further inquiry. At last, wearied with the incessant reproaches of this father, on account of their ignorance, they hit on what they thought an excellent method. They composed in conjunction, with much difficulty, three kinds of confessions—one for high festivals, one for Sundays, and one for working-days, and having written them in a book, each took it when they went to confess, which they might just as easily have done altogether, since they all repeated the same thing.'

Mother Angélique did not underrate the difficulties of her task. She believed that she was sacrificing herself to others, and that her health and energies would be exhausted in the task. She took with her her young sister Marie-Claire, 'and before setting out,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'she showed her the bed she would one day have to occupy in the infirmary of Port-Royal on her return from this rude and ruinous campaign, as a general might point out the *Invalides* to his soldiers on the eve of battle.' The Abbess began by endeavouring to win the co-operation of the old nuns whom she had known in her childhood. Her gentle manners diminished by degrees the fright which her arrival had caused, and at last terror was changed into admiration. She next, to infuse a better spirit into the house, introduced thirty new nuns of tried piety, lodged them in a separate quarter, and bestowed all her care upon their training. As in Port-Royal, she was the first to perform the tasks she imposed. She swept the house, carried the wood, washed the porringers, and weeded the garden. Her cell was the narrowest, darkest, and most uncomfortable in the house; a sewer near the window rendered it unwholesome; insects made it a place of torture; and, to complete the self-imposed hardship, she slept in serge sheets upon a straw mattress which was placed on the ground.

Maubuisson was destined like Port-Royal to have its 'day of the wicket,' but the contest was of another kind. Madame d'Estrées had been violently ejected by the King's archers, and she resolved to copy the tactics of her enemies. She had escaped from the house of the *Filles pénitentes* in the night, and appeared suddenly at Maubuisson, accompanied by the Count de Sanzai and an armed escort. She went up to Mother Angélique as she was entering the choir, and, addressing her, said—'I have come to thank you for the care you have taken of my abbey during my absence, and to request you to return to yours and leave me to manage my own.' 'Madame,' replied Mother Angélique, 'I would do it gladly if I could, but you know that our superior has ordered me to take charge of this house, and that having come here from obedience it is only from the same obedience that I can depart.' Having said these words, she sat down in the choir in the seat of the Abbess. 'What audacity,' exclaimed Madame d'Estrées, 'to assume my place in my presence!' and rushing out she demanded the keys of the house. She was answered that they were in the possession of '*Madame*.' 'Is there any other *Madame* here but myself?' she cried out in a rage. The storm soon after ceased for a while, but was renewed when Mother Angélique and her nuns returned after dinner to the chapel. Count Sanzai and four gentlemen advanced towards her, sword in hand, and exhorted her to yield. One of them, to terrify her, fired a pistol. She still replied with calmness that she would not stir until she was turned out by force, since this alone could justify her before God. The nuns thronged around her to protect her, while Madame d'Estrées poured upon her a torrent of abuse, and at last took hold of her veil as if to tear it from her head. 'Immediately,' she says, 'my lamb-like sisters became lions, and one of them advanced towards Madame d'Estrées, and exclaimed, "You wretch! do you dare to pull away the veil of Madame de Port-Royal? Ah! I know you well. I know who you are."' And upon this she caught hold of the veil of Madame d'Estrées and flung it away. The gentlemen now seized Mother Angélique by the arm, and hurried her into a coach which was waiting for the purpose. The nuns rushed in a crowd to the carriage; some ascended the box, some got up behind, or on the roof, and others clung to the wheels. 'Drive on,' said Madame d'Estrées to the coachman, but he answered that he dared not, for he should kill the nuns. Mother Angélique alighted, formed them into a procession, and two and two they walked to Pontoise. The plague was in the place, but the people thronged about them, exclaiming 'that they had left the real plague behind in the person of that infamous and abandoned woman who had turned them out.' Their sojourn at Pontoise was short. At the first outbreak Madame Angélique sent to Paris to announce what was going on. A troop of the King's archers were immediately despatched, and Madame d'Estrées and her bravos fled at their approach without waiting to dispute the field. At ten at night Madame Angélique and her nuns set out from Pontoise, escorted by a hundred and fifty archers, each carrying a torch in his hand and a musket on his shoulder. It is evident that exciting episodes like these would only increase the sense which the community might before have entertained of the importance of their mission, and would give an impulse as marked as it was unexpected to the efforts of Mother Angélique.

The danger from the myrmidons of Madame d'Estrées did not entirely cease with this memorable day. They sometimes appeared at the convent, and fired under the windows. A garrison of fifty archers was ordered to watch over the safety of the inmates, but Mother Angélique refused to retain them. Her religious faith was equal to all emergencies, and that calm and enduring heroism, essentially feminine, which she displayed before the drawn swords of the brutal creatures of the infuriated ex-abbess, was the only shield she desired against a renewal of the outrage. She continued for five years her work of reform, and was offered the appointment of abbess, but refused to accept so rich a post. Madame de Soissons was named to the office, and Mother Angélique remained some months to assist her. Disagreements, however, arose, and one of the complaints was that she had filled the monastery with poor girls without dowry. 'I answered,' she said, 'that if a house with thirty thousand livres rent was too much burthened by thirty nuns, I should not consider that Port-Royal, which had only six thousand, would be incommoded by receiving them.' She accordingly removed them there the 3rd of March, 1623. The Port-Royal nuns chanted the *Te Deum* on the arrival of their sisters from Maubuisson, 'welcoming them as a present from God to enrich the house more and more with the inexhaustible treasury of poverty.' Mother Angélique, who had business in Paris, was unable to accompany the adopted thirty to their new home: and fearing that the sudden influx of such numbers, when she was not there to keep order, would occasion an in-road on the strictness of the rules, she commanded them not to utter a syllable till her return. Each had a label on her sleeve, upon which was written her name, for the guidance of the officials of Port-Royal. It was not till the 13th of March that Mother Angélique returned, and unlocked the tongues of her thirty mutes. They had already been trained to observe frequent silence, and, above all, to a general unquestioning obedience. A novice, on proceeding to the cell which had been allotted to her, and which was supposed to be furnished, found nothing but faggots. She accepted the accommodation without one word of inquiry, and slept on the faggots for several consecutive nights. On another occasion, some medicine was carried by mistake to a nun who was in perfect health. That it was brought to her was sufficient, and she immediately swallowed it. The excesses of a system, if they lead to nothing worse, at least result in the ridiculous.

The Abbé de Saint-Cyran was intimate with M. Arnauld d'Andilly, the eldest brother of Mother Angélique. He happened to be present when she sent to ask for carriages to take the poor nuns of Maubussion to Port-Royal, and he was so deeply impressed with the disinterestedness of the transaction that he wrote the abbess a letter of congratulation. Such was the commencement of her connexion with this remarkable man, who exercised so large an influence over the present fortunes and future fate of Port-Royal. Richelieu, who appreciated his talents and feared his worth, made great efforts to attach him to himself. He offered him several sees, and the persevering refusal of Saint-Cyran to accept the bribe was the principal cause of the persecution to which he was afterwards subjected. 'The narrow way,' he once observed, 'obliged me to marry a prison in preference to a bishoprick, because the refusal of one led necessarily to the other under a government that could tolerate only slaves.' 'Richelieu,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'like Bonaparte and all despots, could never bear that a person of any consideration should remain beyond the sphere of his power. He did not scorn to make advances, but woe to those who did not yield to them! Whoever was not for him, and wholly his, was soon deemed to be against him. In truth, the aims of Saint-Cyran and Richelieu were as remote as ambition and humility, as state-craft and simplicity, as worldliness and Christianity. While the Cardinal was intent upon wielding the sceptre of kings, the Abbé was engrossed with dreams of reforming the church. 'Formerly, said he, 'it was like a large river, of which the waters were clear, but it now seems nothing but mire.' The evil was notorious, and was bewailed by every man who had the slightest pretension to goodness. 'My daughter,' said St. François de Sales to Mother Angélique, 'to talk of such disorders to the world would give rise to useless scandal. These sick people love their diseases; they do not choose to be cured. I know this as well as the doctors who speak of it, but discretion prevents me from mentioning it. We must weep and pray in secret to God, that His hand may be laid where men are not qualified to set theirs.' The man who uttered these expressions cannot certainly be taxed with an over-scrupulosity, for he believed he would be justified in cheating at cards for the purpose of increasing his alms! It was the same in Italy as in France. 'Zeal and affliction for the disorders of the Court of Rome,' said Frederico Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, 'incited me to write a book on the subject three fingers thick. But, having seen every avenue closed against reformation, I burnt my work, well assured that these moral truths did but cause scandal, and proclaim the excesses of those who refuse to mend.' The whole soul of M. Saint-Cyran was up in arms against the spirit of an age like this. The world, the flesh, and the devil were in the Church, and, while Richelieu was in league with them, the business of the abbé was to fight against them to the death.

Before the acquaintance of Mother Angélique with M. Saint-Cyran had ripened into intimacy, some disastrous change took place in the Port-Royal community. 'This house, so inconvenient and so small,' wrote one of their number, in allusion to the influx of nuns from Maubuisson, 'became suddenly enlarged by the ample charity of those who desired to be straitened for the advantage of others.' The sentiment was admirable, but the walls did not expand with their hearts, and they felt the annoyance of being crowded too closely in their hive. The marshy valley, too, generated fevers, and fifteen of their number had died in two years. They consequently purchased a house in Paris, and thither the colony was transferred in 1626.

The Mother Angélique, who had long been desirous of resigning her post of Abbess, petitioned the King, about the period of the change of residence, to allow the nuns to choose their own superior. The prayer was granted, and a triennial election was substituted for the appointment for life by the Crown. A short time before she abdicated her own authority, she became acquainted with M. Zamet, bishop of Langres, and gave him the directorship of Port-Royal. If M. Zamet had been a M. Saint-Cyran, his fervour and wisdom would have supplied the place of the watchful piety of Mother Angélique, and rendered her resignation innocuous. But she was deceived in her man. Cautious as she was, she had mistaken the character of this wily bishop, who was of Italian descent—

> 'For oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
> At Wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
> Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
> Where no ill seems.'

Through the new Abbess he began with all speed to undo the work which Mother Angélique, with endless toil and prayer, had laboured so many years to effect. In lieu of the customary plain fare, served up on stoneware, they had now delicate viands on enamelled china. The dresses of the nuns were of beautiful white shalloon, their scapularies of brilliant scarlet, and perfumes, fine linen, and nosegays were employed to give an air of luxury to the chapel. In short, M. Zamet avowed that he desired to introduce all the refinements which could please the young ladies of the Court, and allure rich and highborn maidens into the house. The discipline was relaxed to keep pace with these indulgences, and the nuns were encouraged to cultivate jesting, ridicule, and mimicry. It was evident that Port Royal, under such influences, would soon relapse into the indolence and sensuality which experience shows to be the natural tendency of monastic institutions. Mother Angélique's heart was hot within her, but she held her tongue. 'I often felt grieved,' she says, 'but I did not speak; and when I asked myself, What is the good of all this? I answered, To confound my own judgment.' But though she forbore to remonstrate, her demeanour told what spirit she was of. 'Your shadow is obnoxious to us,' said M. Zamet to her one day. 'Then send me where you please,' was her reply. Her submission did not disarm his indignation, for he wanted her to be as worldly as himself; and since he could not subdue her goodness, he resolved to persecute it. The nuns were forbidden to talk to her, lest she should give them bad advice. On several occasions an account of her life, filled with calumnies, was read aloud in the refectory. She continued eating all the time, and on the Abbess expressing surprise at her composure, she replied, 'I did not give it a thought.' Once she was taken into the room with a large paper mask on her face, and the nuns who escorted her said, 'Sisters, pray to God for this hypocrite; pray to God that she may be converted.' Another day she was ordered to rise from the table, a basket filled with dirt was tied round her neck, and as they led her round the room they exclaimed, 'Sisters, behold this wretched creature, whose mind is more stuffed with perverse opinions than this basket is with filth.' After acts like these, to walk barefooted and bareheaded was a trifling penance. The meekness with which she endured every insult that could be devised is the surest proof of the extraordinary worth of her character and the depth of her Christianity. In her reforms she appeared as a leader and a model; like a captain who goes in advance of his soldiers that he may conduct them to victory. Admiration, success, and obedience were a full compensation for past self-denial, and the stimulus to new. But when she who lately ruled was mocked and reviled by her former pupils—when austerity only provoked contempt—when piety was branded as hypocrisy, and innocence as guilt—she had nothing to sustain her except the reality of a religion which was all-sufficient for itself. Of the many signal passages in the history of Mother Angélique this is the chief; the unflinching resolution of 'the day of the wicket' fades before her unmurmuring submission to protracted persecution.

There is little interest in the events which restored Mother Angélique to the favour of M. Zamet, and which, ultimately destroying his authority, placed the monastery under the direction of Saint-Cyran. We pass at once to the year 1637, which was marked by an event that produced a new appendage to Port-Royal, and was a fresh source of distinction to it. The nephew of Mother Angélique, Antoine Le Maître, was the most eloquent advocate who had been heard at the bar in the memory of man. 'The days on which he pleaded,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'the preachers, out of prudence and for fear of speaking in a desert, left their pulpits to go and hear him. The Great Hall was too small to contain his audience.' These famous speeches were published after the revision of the orator himself. M. Sainte-Beuve confesses that they do not vindicate the admiration of his contemporaries. They are filled with quotations from poets, historians, and fathers of the church. The ancient mythology is freely introduced, and Mars and Neptune are cited in the case of a servant-girl seduced by a locksmith. It was the age of pedantry, and all antiquity was ransacked for precedents and allusions. An advocate once talked of the Trojan war and Scamander. 'I beg to remind the Court,' said the counsel on the opposite side, 'that the name of my client is not *Scamander* but *Michaut*.' In the time of Le Maître the Scamander would have been thought a rhetorical ornament, and such frigid interpolations were the admiration, however little they may have moved the feelings, of the auditors. The pious mother of the great advocate dreaded his fame, and thought it a snare of Satan to inflame his pride. She prayed fervently that the danger might be averted, and the request was heard. His aunt, the wife of that M. d'Andilly who inveighed so frantically against Mother Angélique on 'the day of the wicket,' fell mortally ill in August, 1637. M. Saint-Cyran attended her on her death-bed, and M. Le Maître heard the words he addressed to the dying penitent. As the prayer for the flitting spirit was read,—'Depart, Christian soul, from this world in the name of the Almighty God which has created you,'—the young advocate thought of the terrible day when this tremendous order should be pronounced over him. The sudden impression did not pass away. He determined to abjure the bar, and went to impart his resolution to Saint-Cyran. 'I foresee,' replied the holy man, 'whither God is conducting me in intrusting me with your salvation: but no matter; we must follow him, even to prison and to death.' The Port-Royalist historians explain the allusion. 'Cardinal Richelieu could not endure that persons on whom he had views should quit the world and escape from his hands, so exclusively did he consider them as his property and his creatures;' to which M. Sainte-Beuve subjoins, 'And what indeed would Bonaparte have said if a Saint-Cyran had converted and carried off from him one of his marshals? He likewise would have had a Vincennes for the converter.'

It was settled that M. Le Maître should continue to plead till the arrival of the vacation enabled him to withdraw less obtrusively than in full term. But his mind was no longer in his profession, and his addresses diminished in power. Mortified by the disparaging comments of a rival advocate, he summoned up all his energies to render his last speech worthy of his reputation, and he succeeded to his desire. He believed he had renounced in his heart, as he was about to renounce in fact, the pomps and vanities of the world, but he could not endure that his fame as an orator should suffer an eclipse, and he did homage to the glory he thought he despised at the very moment of abjuring it.

He had a brother, M. de Séricourt, who was in the army, and who visited him in his retreat. 'Will you, who appear so surprised to see me in this condition,' said M. Le Maître in greeting him, 'do me the same honour as some in the world who report and believe that I am mad?' 'No,' replied M. de Séricourt, 'from the moment that I heard the news at the army I wished often I could imitate you. I came here more than half conquered, and this finishes me.' Nor did the results stop here; a third brother, M. de Saci, entered into orders and became confessor at Port-Royal. It is a singular instance of the rigid pride which mingled in the domestic relations of those days that the Le Maître who voluntarily renounced the fairest prospects of worldly ambition, and was contented to bury himself in a secluded oblivion, underwent the severest conflicts of soul before he could bring himself to accept M. de Saci for a confessor. The eldest son could not serve the younger. He could exchange distinction for insignificance, but his pride revolted at the notion that he, the first-born, should show any symptom of obedience to his brother. He at last, at the instance of his ecclesiastical superiors, vanquished his scruples, and he wrote to M. de Saci to tell him that he entirely resigned to him his heart.

The recluses at first were lodged in a building contiguous to Port-Royal of Paris, which was run up for the purpose. The persecutions which were commenced soon after caused them to retire to the original Port-Royal in the Fields, from which they were driven in turn. But they finally settled there, and it is there that M. Sainte-Beuve exhibits to us the eloquent ex-advocate performing the functions of a day labourer, 'digging, reaping corn, making hay in the heat of noontide, wiping away the perspiration in summer, his beads in his hand, and refusing a fire in the hardest of winters; then plunging deep into study on his return from manual labour, devouring Hebrew that he might penetrate into the hidden meaning of Scripture, examining all the doctrine of the fathers, translating them, compiling little treatises, composing learned biographies, and collecting materials for the writings of M. Arnauld his uncle.' He once resumed his ancient functions, and pleaded for the nuns of Port-Royal before a village magistrate who had never heard anything so beautiful. He loved to teach the pupils at the schools, and it was still the master of eloquence which spoke in his lessons. 'He read to me, and made me read,' says Du Fossé, 'different passages of the poets and orators, and pointed out to me their beauties both of sense and elocution. He taught me also how to pronounce both poetry and prose, which he did admirably himself, having a charming voice and every other quality of a great orator.' But what more than all shows how his affections lingered over the profession he had renounced, and with what fond recollections he reverted to the arena of his triumphs, is that, having detected the genius of young Racine, he wanted to make him an advocate!

The forebodings of Saint-Cyran were not long in being realised. On the 14th of May, 1638, he was arrested and conducted to Vincennes. M. d'Andilly met him as he was carried guarded in a coach, and, not guessing what had happened, said to M. Saint-Cyran, 'Where are you taking all these people?' 'Oh!' said M. Cyran, 'they are taking me.' The exact cause of his imprisonment was never declared. He himself enumerated seventeen reasons for it, but tyranny does not want seventeen reasons for persecuting virtue. The papers containing the vast labours of his studious life were seized and carried away. Two or three volumes escaped the search, and they were burnt by his nephew, M de Barcos, for fear they should furnish materials for an accusation. They were the memoranda for a gigantic work on the Sacrament. 'The thoughts,' said M. de Barcos, 'are not lost, for they have returned to their source.' M. Saint-Cyran did not regard their destruction with equal complacency. 'If,' said he, 'a man has amassed by the pious studies of years those riches of the divine word which are infinitely more precious to him than pearls or diamonds, and which he loved as having been given to him by the hand of God, and if this man consents that God destroys them by an unexpected accident, it is an excellent preparation to lead such a person to the voluntary abnegation of himself.' In effect it was to acknowledge that if he could resign himself to the destruction of his theological labours he could resign himself to anything. Of all the losses of property none would seem so disheartening as to lose the proceeds of protracted mental toil, and it is surprising with what patience these trials have usually been borne, and with what fortitude and resolution they have been repaired. The resignation of Fénelon surpassed that of Saint-Cyran himself. His papers were consumed in a fire which burnt down the palace of Cambrai. The Abbé de Langeron hastened to Versailles to inform him of the disaster. He found him quietly conversing with some friends, and the Abbé endeavoured to break the news by degrees. 'I know it,' interrupted the Archbishop; 'but it is better that my house should be destroyed than the cottage of a poor man;' and he tranquilly resumed the former conversation. When Cooper, the author of the Latin Dictionary, had been employed eight years upon his work, his wife, who was a shrew, put it on the fire. The indomitable lexicographer commenced it anew, and in eight years more completed his task. Porson spent ten months of incessant toil in copying in his beautiful hand the almost obliterated manuscript of the Lexicon of Photius. When the copy was burnt he sat down unruffled to make a second, which he completed in the same perfect style as the first. Audubon likewise, the American ornithologist, had one thousand of the drawings for his great work on birds destroyed by fire. 'The burning heat,' he says, 'which rushed through my brain when I saw my loss, was so great that I could not sleep for several nights, and my days were oblivion; but I took up my gun, note-book, and pencils, and went forth to the woods again as gaily as if nothing had happened. I could make better drawings than before. In three years my portfolio was filled.' All authors, however, have not displayed the same self-command. A fire consumed the observatory and manuscripts of Hevelius, and such was his regret at the destruction of some astronomical notes that he wrote eight years afterwards that he never thought of it without shedding tears. Father Simon, the author of the well-known 'Critical Histories of the Old and New Testament,' was denounced by the Jesuits to the Intendant of Rouen, and, fearing that his manuscripts would form the ground of a charge against him, in the first impulse of alarm he committed them to the flames. No sooner was it done than his regret brought on a violent fever which killed him in three days. An accidental fire destroyed a work of Urcæus, which he had just completed. Pouring forth a torrent of abuse on the Virgin and the saints, he rushed into a wood, where he spent the day in a continuous delirium. He passed the night on a dunghill, and next morning took refuge in the cottage of a poor joiner, and remained with him six months, renouncing alike the companionship of his books and his friends. What an effectual antidote it would have been to his grief if he could have rated his works at the same value as they were rated by the world! But the best consolation was that which awaited Thomas Gale, the learned author of the 'Court of the Gentiles.' The great fire of London burnt the house of the friend who had care of the manuscript. Gale had scarcely subdued his mind to resignation when his friend came to tell him that the manuscript was saved.

The male recluses who lived within the precincts of the monastery of Port-Royal at Paris were ordered to leave on the arrest of Saint-Cyran. It was then that they took refuge at the old *Port-Royal-des-Champs*, which had been now twelve years uninhabited, and was going to decay. The cells within were damper than ever, the grounds without more marshy, the surrounding woods more dense and gloomy. The enemies of Saint-Cyran grudged his disciples even this retreat, where they were cut off from all possibility of working mischief, and where malaria promised to deal more rigorously with them than tyranny itself. One M. Laubardemont, of infamous memory, was sent to interrogate them, that he might extract some evidence against M. Saint-Cyran. 'The examination of M. Le Maître in particular,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'excites at once laughter and disgust. It is folly, but wicked and cruel folly, and it is just that it should tarnish the grandeur of Richelieu.' Among many other puerile questions, Le Maître was asked if he had not had visions. 'Yes, certainly,' he replied; 'when I open one of the windows of my chamber I see the village of Vaumurier, and when I open the other I see the village of Saint-Lambert. These are all my visions.' The ex-advocate was in his element here, and he triumphed as easily over M. Laubardemont, when performing the office of Inquisitor, as he would have done if of old he had been pitted against him in the courts. The recluses, driven from their solitude, took lodgings in Paris; but in the summer of 1639 they went back secretly to *Port-Royal-des-Champs*.

The Prince of Condé interceded for M. Saint-Cyran with Richelieu, and the Cardinal replied, 'Do you know for what kind of man you are pleading? He is more dangerous than six armies.' Hope of mercy there was none; and it was not till the death of Richelieu, five years afterwards, that M. Saint-Cyran was released from his confinement, the 6th of February, 1643. 'All Vincennes,' says M. Sainte-Beuve, 'was in transports; the monks of the place came to congratulate him, and the guards wept with joy and sadness to see him depart.' Mother Agnes was the first who heard the news, when the community were assembled in the refectory, which was a period of the day devoted to silence. Not choosing, even on such an occasion as this, to infringe the laws of the house, she unfastened her girdle to intimate that the bonds of their beloved director were broken. The sign was instantly understood. Every face beamed with gladness, and in the midst of their silence the nuns spoke a language more expressive than words.

The health of M. Saint-Cyran was undermined by his long imprisonment, and he died in the October of the year that witnessed his release. He bequeathed his heart to M. d'Andilly on condition that he withdrew from the world; his bowels were claimed by Mother Angélique for Port-Royal of Paris; and his hands, 'which had been so often raised to God, and which had written so many truths,' were cut off for M. Le Maître. These ghastly relics of corruption, which are shocking to men of another faith, wear to the eyes of Roman Catholic superstition a hallowed appearance. But if the Port-Royalists honoured his remains, they also endeavoured to emulate his spirit, and at least in this instance did not substitute for saintship the worship of a fragment from the body of a saint.

Several ladies of rank were attracted by the piety of Port-Royal, and had occasional relations with it. Marie de Gonzague, the future Queen of Poland, possessed an apartment there to which she frequently retired. In her high estate her counsellors exhorted her to save, but she answered that it was needless, for that she should always have enough to be received into Port-Royal by her old friend Mother Angélique. 'No, no,' replied the Abbess, when these words were reported to her; 'unless a queen is completely holy she causes a relaxation of the rules Kings and queens are nought before God, and the vanity of their station rather excites his aversion than his love.' There is not a little religious pride in this speech, which was unworthy of Mother Angélique. Another of the frequent visitants of Port-Royal was the Princess de Guemené, and above all the Marquise de Sablé, who built a house within the precincts of the monastery. There she led a placid and agreeable existence, receiving excellent company, and allowing herself a thousand dainties. Her retreat was an odd compound of *bel esprit*, devotion, politics, and confectionery. 'Here is all my stock of maxims,' La Rochefoucauld wrote to her; 'but as people give nothing for nothing, I beg to have in return a carrot-soup and a mutton-stew.' And again—'You cannot do me a greater charity than to allow the bearer of this note to enter into the mysteries of marmalade and of your genuine sweetmeats, and I most humbly entreat you to do all you can for him. If I could hope to receive two platefuls of those sugarplums, of which I do not deserve to eat, I should hold myself indebted to you all my life long.' How did Mother Angélique put up with these excellent carrot-soups, these exquisite stews, and these mysteries of marmalade? We are not informed; but her ardent wish to return to the beloved *Port-Royal-des-Champs* serves as an indication of her opinions. Paris, it is easy to perceive, marred her work, and she felt the necessity of a deeper retreat.

It was not till the 13th of May, 1648, that Mother Angélique and a portion of the nuns returned to Port-Royal in the Fields. The dilapidated mansion had been repaired, and the surrounding grounds, drained and cultivated by the exertions of the increasing band of recluses, were healthier than before. Mother Agnes asserted that the place inspired a devotion which was not felt elsewhere; and if, she said, the nuns of Paris, of whom many preferred to remain in the city, had experienced the sensation, they would desire the wings of the dove, that they might fly there and be at rest. She seemed unconscious, like her sister Anne, that her feelings were derived from incidents associated with the locality, and not from the locality itself. It was here that conviction first dawned upon her mind when the fascination of novelty and the ardour of youth conspired to maintain her in a perpetual joyfulness. These were days never to be renewed, and the recollections of that glorious time haunted the scenes in which they were born, and impregnated every nook with the primitive spirit.

The war of the Fronde, at the commencement of 1649, gave for a while a new aspect to the monastery. The people of the neighbourhood brought their moveables to this sanctuary to preserve them from the ravages of the hostile armies. The courts were crammed with beasts and fowls till the scene reminded the nuns of Noah's ark. The church was closely packed with corn, peas, pots, and pans, and all manner of miscellaneous effects. The dormitory was full of sick and wounded. Many of the peasants who took refuge at the monastery were crowded together with the animals to such a degree, that, except for the coldness of the weather, Mother Angélique was convinced that the plague would have broken out. Even the cold itself was an evil, for their wood was exhausted, and they did not dare to stir abroad to cut more. Many of the people were starving in consequence of the general pillage, and they owed their lives to the charity dispensed at Port-Royal. But what, above all, gives a shocking idea of the wanton brutality of the soldiery is, that the inoffensive inhabitants of the surrounding villages were obliged to forsake their houses and hide themselves in the woods to avoid being killed by their countrymen.

Such as we have seen Mother Angélique she always remained. We pass on to the year 1651 that we may get a glimpse of another remarkable woman, Jacqueline Pascal, who then entered the monastery. 'Heaven,' says M. Cousin, 'has granted her, with the loveliness of a woman, all the gifts of genius. She was inferior to her brother Pascal neither in intellect nor in character.' At the age of fourteen she won the annual prize which was given at Rouen for the best poem on the Immaculate Conception. When her name was announced, Corneille rose on her behalf and thanked the President in verse. M. Cousin considers that the poem of Jacqueline surpasses that of the author of the 'Cid,' and it must be confessed that the woman who was the equal of Pascal, and the superior of Corneille, must have been one of the marvels of the world. But we cannot accept the estimate of M. Cousin, who is prone to exaggerate the merits of his heroines to a degree which we should not have expected from the rigorous precision of a metaphysician. Whether or not he has fallen in love with them, according to the theory of M. Saint-Beuve, he certainly writes of them with the blindness of a lover. Jacqueline Pascal, in moral force of character, was not inferior to her celebrated brother, but she was no more his rival in intellect, if we are to judge from her writings, than she was a hundred feet high.

In 1646 her father fell upon the ice and broke his leg. Two brothers in the neighbourhood, who, though they were not surgeons by profession, had acquired great skill in the setting of limbs, attended him on the occasion. They were as well versed in the Port-Royal divinity as in the treatment of fractures, and introduced the Pascals to the writings of Saint-Cyran, Jansenius, and Arnauld. In the autumn of 1647 Jacqueline accompanied her brother to Paris, and having been strongly impressed by the treatises of the Port-Royalists, she was induced to go to their church. The sermons completed what the books had commenced, and she made up her mind to become a nun. She at last disclosed her desire to her father. He answered that his days would probably not be many, and he entreated her to have patience till he was in his grave. In the mean time he promised that she should live as she pleased. She thanked him, gave no direct reply to his request that she would not desert him, but said that he should not have reason to complain of her disobedience. It is seldom that good qualities are mixed together in the mind in their just proportions. Jacqueline's grand merit was the homage she paid to the conclusions of her conscience, and the inflexible resolution with which she acted upon her convictions. Her defect was to yield too much to her personal desires, and to give too little weight to the feelings of others. She was not by nature deficient in domestic affection, but it was overborne by her conventual aspirations, and the intensity of her individual will. The touching appeal of her father deserved a warmer answer, and a more hearty compliance. In truth, in all her traits, Jacqueline was a complete personification of the virtues and errors of Port-Royal. Within its walls there was a bond of affection which rivalled in its strength the ties of nature, but the tone adopted to those without was hard and chilling. The fountain of love in the monastery itself was never dry, but the stream was not suffered to flow beyond.

In 1649 she went with her father to stay with her sister Madame Perier in Auvergne. She never left her room except at meals or to go to church, and if any one intruded on her privacy it was evident that the interruption was irksome to her. She passed the winter without a fire, and would never approach it when she came down to dinner. Her abstinence was so great that she destroyed her health, and when it seemed necessary, from her debility, to increase the allowance of food, her stomach was unable to bear it. The candles she consumed showed how little she slept, and it is surprising that exhausted nature did not sink under the discipline. The dress of the monastery was so trying to novices, that by fretting the body it acted injuriously on the mind. Jacqueline resolved to prepare herself beforehand for the change. She discarded her corset, cut her hair, and wore a head dress which was larger and more troublesome than the veil. Prevented from entering the convent, she adopted the conventual life in her home. The moral courage this required was immense, for it was opposed to all which prevailed around her, and was certain to provoke incessant censure and ridicule. In Port-Royal it was the system, and everything there contributed to make it as easy as it was difficult in the world. But here again we come upon the errors and follies which mingled with her high resolves, and deprives them of much of their praise. It almost seemed as if the votaries of Port-Royal held pain to be piety, and comfort to be wickedness. They were not content to declare war with criminal sensuality; they thought that physical deprivation was an essential part of moral beauty. Jacqueline expressed a doubt whether dirt was the most perfect state of man; but it was encouraged and practised by some in the monastery, and was quite as rational as many of their other observances. It would be difficult to say whether particular portions of their rules are most fantastic or revolting. In the dreary directions which Jacqueline drew up for the management of the children at Port-Royal, she states that in the brief periods of recreation each must play by herself to avoid making a noise! As if the noise of childish sports was a sin! They were strictly forbidden to caress each other, or to show marks of fondness, for nature was not to be directed, but extinguished. Good and bad, they confounded it all in a common anathema, and, not content to root out the weeds from the heart, they converted it to a desert.

During the sojourn of Jacqueline with her sister, a monk employed her, as she had a turn for poetry, to translate some of the Latin hymns of the church into vernacular verse. She imparted the project to her friends at Port-Royal, and they enjoined her to desist. They told her it was a talent of which God would not demand from her an account, and that humility and silence were the attributes of her sex. It was still the same delusion. They would not permit the use of gifts for fear they should be abused. The notion was at the root of the monastic system itself. They fled from the world they should have ameliorated and adorned, for fear the world should overcome them. It was not strength but weakness which drove them into retirement, and to preserve their individual health they ran from the infected, whom they should have remained to cure. When it was literally a physical malady instead of a moral plague with which they had to deal, they acted like true heroines. Jacqueline sat day and night for an entire fortnight by the bedside of a niece who had the confluent small-pox, and hardly left her for a moment. She had, however, passed through the disorder herself, which diminished very greatly the danger of infection.

In September, 1651, her father died. Being now her own mistress, she determined to gratify her cherished project without further delay and enter Port-Royal. Her brother fondly hoped that she would defer her intention for a couple of years, and remain to soothe his grief and relieve his solitude. He was hurt when he found she was bent upon leaving him, although she spoke of it at first as a temporary trial of the conventual life. She entered the monastery, in January, 1652, when she was twenty-six years of age, and two months afterwards she wrote to her brother to declare her final resolution. 'It is just,' she said, 'that others should do a little violence to their feelings to compensate me for what I have done for the last five years.' To compensate her, that is, for not abandoning a loving father! Such was one side of the spirit of Port-Royal, often selfish in its seeming self-denial. When she sent word to her brother that she should take the veil on All-Saints' day, he went to her, nearly wild with the pain produced in his head by the announcement, and implored her to postpone the final step, that he might have time to get reconciled to the project. He could only obtain a fortnight's respite, which he rejected as useless. To have satisfied the affection, consoled the sorrow, participated in the thoughts, and cheered the home of Pascal, will not seem to healthy minds a less worthy and religious act than to have shut herself up in Port-Royal.

Irritated perhaps by the ungenerous obstinacy of his sister, Pascal availed himself of his legal rights to avoid putting the portion bequeathed her by her father into her power. This step threw her into an agony of distress which nearly cost her her life. Unable to endow the monastery with her inheritance, she must either forego the vocation which was the predominant passion of her soul, or submit to be received gratuitously, which was gall to the proud independence of her mind. To escape the alternative she desired to be admitted as one of the lay sisters who were the menials of the establishment, and in fact worked for their scanty board. But this request was refused. Mother Angélique and Mother Agnes thought the dowry a matter so indifferent that they gaily advised her to renounce the property and trouble her brother no more upon the subject, but M. Singlin, the director of Port-Royal, replied that, if some maintained their rights with too much warmth, others relinquished them with too much facility; that it was necessary always to stand neuter, and, regardless of interest on either side, to consider what was right; and that, if a person was disposed to be unjust to ourselves, charity to him obliged us to endeavour to show him his error and bring him back to his duty. After delivering this wise counsel he yielded to the opposite opinion, and Jacqueline was instructed to write to Pascal and abandon her claim. She would have been inconsolable if he had taken her at her word; but when he found her resolution to assume the veil was unalterable, he paid her portion of his own accord with perfect good will. Thus ended Jacqueline's 'day of the wicket.' It was as much more trying to her fortitude than the grand conflict of Mother Angélique as it was inferior in dramatic interest and less justified by the circumstances. The Abbess had been compelled by her father himself to take the vows against her will, and having subscribed them she did but claim the right to keep inviolate the solemn obligations she had been forced to contract. Jacqueline, on the contrary, insisted on taking the veil against the wishes of her relations, and forsook a greater duty for a less. The result justified her obstinacy to the person whom it chiefly concerned, for Pascal himself was won by her example to follow her into seclusion, and outdid her in the observances of monastic austerity.

Later events displayed under a more favourable aspect the true grandeur of her character. The Jesuits, who hated Port-Royal because, being famous and influential, it was yet not Jesuit, procured at Rome the condemnation of five propositions which they professed to have extracted from the 'Augustinus' of Jansenius, the friend of St. Cyran. A formulary, as it was called, founded on the bull of the pope, was drawn up in 1656, and ordered by the parliament in 1657 to be signed by all the ecclesiastics of the kingdom. The command slept till May, 1661, when it was determined to put it in force, and the nuns of Port-Royal—the very focus of Jansenism—were required to sign it. For some time previously this party was satisfied to draw a distinction between a question of fact and a question of doctrine. They admitted that the doctrine was false, and that the Pope was empowered to pronounce upon it, but they denied that it was to be found in the work of Jansenius. To satisfy the conscience of the Port-Royalists a declaration was attached to the formulary, of which the substance, according to Jacqueline, was to require simple silence as to the fact, and obedience to the bull as to the doctrine. The Jansenist divines consented to the compromise, but the inflexible Jacqueline repudiated it with indignation. She treated it as an evasion, and a cowardly relinquishment of the truth. To bind themselves to silence and to leave their adversaries free to speak and to triumph was for practical purposes to admit that the propositions were in Jansenius. This she said was consenting to a lie if it was not denying the truth, and she protested loudly against virtually signing a statement that a doctrine was in a book where they themselves had not seen it. Nor was she a whit more willing to give up Jansenius himself While admitting that they were bound to obey the Holy See in matters of faith, she in reality rebelled against it, maintaining that the author and his doctrine were alike holy, and that they ought to defend them to death. Her position was a triple invasion of Roman Catholicism. Not only was it a *private* judgment, not only was it a *lay* judgment, but it was the judgment of a *woman*. She herself alluded to this objection. 'I know it is not for women to defend the truth, although unhappily it may be said that, when the bishops have not the courage of women, the women ought to have the courage of bishops. But if we are not to defend the truth we can at least die for it, and suffer all things rather than abandon it.' That the Ministers to whom God had confided his gospel, should be so unfaithful to it pierced her, she said, to the heart. 'What is it,' she exclaimed, 'we fear? Banishment and dispersion, loss of property—if you will, imprisonment and death; but is not this our glory, and ought it not to be our joy?' Her letter, full of such indignant expostulations as these, she, a simple woman trained up in the obedience of the Roman Catholic system, had the courage to send to the great Doctor of her church and party, Antoine Arnauld, who had agreed to adopt the declaration, and was believed to have been concerned in drawing it up. She did not dispute his creed, for it was the same with her own. It was his betrayal of the belief he held, the duplicity, the cowardice, which she denounced, and, by the boldness with which she upbraided him, showed him how to be daring in a righteous cause. She declared that if the compromising conduct continued the agitation would kill her, and kill her it did. She expired on the 4th of October, 1661, a martyr to her lofty sense of moral rectitude, and the disgrace of shrinking, at the dictation of power, from the avowal of truth. The Mother Angélique had gone to her reward in the preceding August. On her death-bed she checked a nun who was taking down her words. She was answered that the dying remarks of a preceding abbess had been of considerable use. 'Ah,' she said, 'that dear mother was very humble and very simple-minded, but I am neither.' Doubtless she had her hours of pride, for she had accomplished mighty things, and could not look round upon her holy flock, and the celebrated men who had gathered round her house, or mark her influence over the minds of others, and the impulse which her example had given to piety throughout France, and not be tempted to feel some complacency at the contemplation of her work; but if a momentary vanity ever intruded, it was quickly expelled, and she was as truly humble as she was good. Not only as the reformer of her convent does she occupy the chief place among its celebrities, but she appears to have been really the most remarkable, as was testified by her associates and successors when they proudly called her the '*Great* Mother Angélique.'

It would be doing these holy women a grievous injustice, and would entirely destroy the value of their example, to suppose that they were actuated by the hope of that fame which has eventually fallen to them. It was the hatred which Port-Royal excited, the opposition it provoked, the injustice it suffered, which raised it to the place which it occupies in the eye of the world, and, far from presenting a field for ambition, its insignificant endowments, its homely buildings, and its secluded position, seemed to doom it to perpetual obscurity. The decisive part of the life of Mother Angélique was passed in an arduous struggle with lukewarmness, laxity, or vice, and she could have no notion that her steady devotedness and gentle wisdom would ever be heard of beyond the walls of the convent which they adorned. The incidents of her career which most attract the reader were, after all, but brief episodes in her humble, unobtrusive existence, and were done in a corner and not in the market-place. The 'day of the wicket' was a domestic scene which subsequent events alone caused to be recorded; and if anything could have added to the grief which the Abbess felt in that memorable conflict, it would have been the knowledge that the particulars would one day be published to the world. The noble remonstrance of Jacqueline Pascal against the covert surrender of the most cherished principles of the Port-Royal community was contained in a private letter which was never intended to see the light, and would doubtless have passed into oblivion except for the splendour of her brother's reputation, which, like a sun, illuminated every object within its system. The conflicts of mind which killed her were on behalf of views which were discountenanced by the great name of her sect, and she undoubtedly must have supposed that her sorrows and remonstrances would be buried with her in the tomb. Even as it is, the names of Mother Angélique and Jacqueline Pascal have waited two centuries for the honour which, however little it was desired, was so eminently their due. It was in the party of the Jansenists that Roman Catholicism made its nearest approach to the Protestant creed, and rarely indeed have any adherents of the Papal church shone forth with such a pure and steady light as the Nuns of Port-Royal.

ART. VIII.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. London.* 1856.

IN the year 1841, when the long struggle between the Melbourne Government and its political opponents was drawing rapidly to a close, Sir Robert Peel, as the head of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, conceived the circumstances of the juncture to be so ripe as to justify his taking into his own hands the critical office of moving a decisive vote against the existing Administration. The ground which he chose for the attack was their admitted failure in many legislative measures of prime Parliamentary and national importance. Those, he contended, who are unable to legislate, are disentitled to govern; and to this effect was the spirit not less of his motion than his speech. Mr. Macaulay was then a combatant of the first class in all the more historical debates of that assembly, which now laments his absence without hope of his return. He gave to the question, as was his wont, a retrospective turn. He joined issue with Sir Robert Peel, not upon his minor premiss, asserting that the Melbourne Government had failed in many of its great legislative undertakings, but upon his major, which declared success in legislation to be an essential condition of the right to hold office. He made his appeal to the last century, and contended that for decade after decade of years, from the Hanoverian succession onwards, legislation of the higher class was almost a dead letter. And his facts were, we conceive, entirely beyond dispute. The long course of some fifty years produced nothing, that can be quoted in that class, except the Septennial Act; for the useful and sensible consolidation of the Stocks, which represented the then formless and chaotic national Debt, by Mr. Pelham, was a measure not entitled to take any very high rank in the history of statesmanship, either from boldness of design or from difficulty of execution. At the close of those fifty years came the Acts, which had for their aim the raising a revenue from our American Colonies by the authority of Parliament. The general, perhaps the universal, opinion of our own time is, that the Septennial Act was a beneficial measure, and that the laws for taxing America were highly ill-advised; but, setting aside the merits of these laws, we must admit in both cases that they were important. As having been important, they are apparent exceptions to the general stagnation of legislative enterprise during the first half century of the Hanoverian dynasty. Yet they are only apparent exceptions; for they were alike expedients of the moment to meet a pressing necessity. The taxing acts were intended to relieve the finances labouring under the effects of war, and were passed by men innocent, as it seems, of political intention. The Septennial Act was simply intended to bar the constituency from the exercise of the franchise at a moment when its temper was unfavourable to the actual settlement of the Crown in the line of Brunswick. Not even in these cases, and far less in any others, do we find any recognition of the principle, in the sense in which it is now understood, that it is the duty of Governments and Parliaments to watch not only over the maintenance but over the improvement of the laws, and to study their progressive adaptation to the ever shifting exigencies of society.

This abrogation or abeyance of the legislative office in regard to political and social improvement was in the main to be considered as the price which we paid for the rescue of the constitution of the country from what used to be called in the homely old English phrase, 'Popery and arbitrary power.' To escape from greater evils, the country accepted evils which were less. To advance would have been better than to stand still: but it was better to remain where we were without advancing, than to lose the ground which former generations had made good. The extravagant laudations of the two first Georges and their period, which were once so common, are only to be excused as due to the excited feelings of men under the pressure of constant alarm excited by the ever impending return of the Stuarts. In truth that pair of very indifferent Sovereigns and most unattractive human beings, were the sufficient and only bar between our laws and institutions on one side, and almost certain ruin on the other. There were other drawbacks, too, connected with the Hanoverian succession, aud other evils, of which it is not easy to distribute the responsibility, though we still groan under their effects. But into the higher sphere of morals and religion we do not at present enter, farther than to express the surprise with which we find Mr. Macaulay laying on the altar of Whiggism a sacrifice so costly, as the assertion that the reign of Charles the Second supplies us with the most immoral period in the history, not of the court only, but of the nation.

The political insecurity, however, which retarded legislation during the barren period we have just described, also diminished the urgency of the need for it. For it is rapid growth in the body politic that renders stereotyped law intolerable. When progress is slow and doubtful in the country at large, a better shift can be made, than when the elastic force which swells in every limb threatens to burst its swathing bands, unless they be enlarged from time to time. The first half century of our Hanoverian history was not, in our belief, a period of rapid growth, and would scarcely have been a period of growth at all, but for the reflex effect produced upon England by the wonderful advancement of the American Colonies, and by their constantly expanding commerce.

In the early part, however, of the reign of George the Third, causes came into operation, which were destined to lead to an immense development of our national resources. Great manufacturing inventions, extensive improvement in our internal communications, and moderated legislation with respect to corn, began to act on the condition of the country; and the union with Scotland, heretofore one of force and of statute, began to take root, on both sides the Border, in the affections of the people. A course of rapid industrial progress began, which entailed a multitude of economical and moral changes in society, and created numerous wants before unknown. But a torpid organ does not resume its activity at call; and the political system of the eighteenth century, with its cast of parties, had been formed with reference to the state of the succession, and had become wedded to those subjects which bore upon it, namely at home a certain balance between religious parties, and abroad the prevention of French preponderance: a policy which flattered the national tendency to expansion, by the opportunities it afforded for colonial conquest. And unhappily the great American quarrel, springing out of the debt and financial difficulties which were the legacy of former wars, now again absorbed the energies of England; and involving her towards its later stages in a desperate struggle with Europe, as well as with her own kindred, forcibly as it were adjourned the solution of the rapidly multiplying problems of our internal government. When Mr. Pitt became minister, he applied himself with gigantic energy to that portion of the public exigencies, which was the most pressing, and thoroughly re-established our finances. It is hard to say what might not have been anticipated from his vigour and wisdom, combined with a continuance of peace. But the hurricane of the French Revolution swept over the face of Europe, and drew him into a war which again postponed for a quarter of a century almost all attempts at legislative progress, with the splendid but isolated exceptions of the union with Ireland and the abolition of the Slave-Trade. At the close of the war we found ourselves with heavy financial embarrassments, with a depreciated currency, with all the establishments of the country swollen to unnatural proportions, with a poor-law threatening almost to absorb landed property, while it also demoralized the middle class by parish jobbery, and by subserviency the lower, with a vast increase of population, and a general shifting in the relations of the various classes of the community. Not only had the work left undone by four or five generations accumulated upon one, but the whole period, which had been negative as to clearing off incumbrances, had been active in creating them; on the one hand, the processes of decay had taken their usual course, and antiquity required reparation; on the other, the youth and prolific vigour of the country had brought new ideas, new relations, new spheres of life into existence, and no provision, religious, moral, political or municipal, social or physical, had been made for them. The Church, the State, the titled landed, commercial, and labouring classes, had all departed from their former reciprocal attitudes, and no one knew either how far, or in what direction they had swerved.

The argument of Mr. Macaulay, then, was in this view worse than worthless. It was, if strictly taken, to show that we might be idle now without reason, because others had from necessity been idle before us; and this, although we were suffering so deeply from the consequences of the unhappy necessity, which we were invited of our own free will to reproduce.

But in truth this representation, though it may be dialectically a fair answer to an adverse rhetorician, would not be a just representation of the whole case as it stood. The Government of Lord Melbourne, with all its faults, was not in fact chargeable with legislative inaction. On the contrary, though it was defeated in many measures of importance by a powerful and determined opposition, yet it also carried many; standing second indeed in this respect to the ministry of Lord Grey, but likewise capable of bearing advantageous comparison with some other Governments, composed of the same or of kindred materials. There are indeed (so, as opponents, we may take leave to think even in the calm of after-time) great stains upon its memory; it expelled Sir R. Peel, and itself came into office, avowedly and expressly to carry measures with respect to the Irish Church, which, when they were found to be from the state of public feeling inconvenient, it coolly turned adrift. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues were willing to be the heroes of the famous Appropriation Clause, but, as to becoming its martyrs, that was a totally different affair. Their best friends admit that they adhered to place with an undue tenacity; and we cannot question the truth of the charge against them of dallying with Radicalism, since Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) found it necessary on quitting office in 1839 to make the accusation. Nor can even friends, we should think, admire the manner in which they raised the great controversy of Protection in 1841. Legislation upon corn, sugar, and timber may have deserved their attention; these, however, were questions which common decency required them to approach as questions of the first order, with full deliberation and full notice. Instead of this, the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Session proved by its silence that no such plans were intended; and it was only when the accumulations of Parliamentary defeats absolutely compelled them to choose between resignation and a policy, that they announced their intention to modify the Protective system. They had weathered seven Sessions of Parliament; during this, their legislative life, they had made no step worth naming in the direction of commercial freedom; on their deathbeds they executed a charitable bequest in its favour, which the world took to be rather like some other charitable bequests, made under like circumstances, a wrong and an embarrassment to their successors much more than a testimony of disinterested and self-denying affection. But with all this the Melbourne Government, like Lord Grey's which preceded it, and Sir Robert Peel's which followed it, has left its mark upon our history. Many laws of the utmost importance are due to its labours; the Municipal Corporation Acts in the three countries, the Church Commission Acts, the Marriage and Registration Acts, the laws for the Commutation of Tithes in England and Ireland, the Irish Poor Law, the extension of the arrangements for public aid to popular Education, the introduction of the Penny Postage (although under financial arrangements which were singularly discreditable): these, if we name no others, form no trivial monument to an English Administration. On the particular merits or defects of these measures we have no intention of entering; as they remain upon the statute book, and have struck root in the country, we must recognise them as being, upon the whole, apart from all individual or party views, a fair representation of the national mind, and an adequate product of its legislative organ. In one subject, however, the Government of Lord Melbourne left a wretched name. A fatality appears evermore to dog the path of Whig finance, and never was it in worse esteem than under the management of Lord Melbourne's ministry.

At a time when Sir Robert Peel's Government was driven from office in 1846, it might upon the whole be justly said, that for a quarter of a century or more the work of legislation for the United Kingdom had been vigorously carried on. The business of administration, which is the primary function of the Executive Government, subject only to the after control and correction of Parliament, had, we believe, during the same period, been very creditably conducted. The organisation of departments, the scale and methods of public remuneration, the management of the public accounts, all had undergone extended inquiries and improvements. The colonial policy of the country had passed into a new, and, as it is now universally allowed, a most beneficial phase: and although the Foreign Department was of necessity less than others subject to effective Parliamentary review, yet in this respect too the agency of Parliament had been often important, and never otherwise than creditable. With all this the condition of the people had undergone a marked improvement, and general content among the masses (in which we must, we fear, recognise the best modern substitute for the ancient sentiment of popular loyalty) had taken the place of a sullen and restless estrangement. Thus the Legislature had really and vigorously addressed itself to the work of dealing with the arrears which a century had accumulated, and its general success was attested by the growing prosperity of the people, and by the public approval of its labours.

Now all this was achieved under a system of party government: a system much maligned, much misunderstood, open no doubt to exception, bearing testimony in its very basis to our human imperfections, to the inevitable prolongation of childhood into our manhood; but yet inseparably associated with the government of the country ever since the Crown ceased to be the predominating power in it, and our parliamentary institutions grew into their full development.

It would be beside the purpose of these pages to discuss the Reform Bill; though the time has now come, when its tale might well be fairly and dispassionately told. But on one among many prophecies, not all of the same colour, then confidently vented, but since falsified by the facts, we pray the bestowal of a moment. It was confidently said, that the Reform Bill was to extinguish the system of government by party. But when once the momentary feeling had passed by, which gave to one section of politicians a factitious, and for the time an overwhelming strength, it became clear that the tendency of the Reform Bill for the time was not to destroy, not even to mitigate, but to continue, nay, to sharpen and enhance the struggles of party. Town and Country, upon the whole, represent the respective preponderances in Great Britain of Church and Dissent, of Authority and Will, of Antiquity and Novelty, of Conservation and Reform; and Town and Country had received from the Reform Act each its separate organization, acutely distinct and angular, while all the intermediate, nondescript, miscellaneous influences, that under the old system had darkened the dividing lines and softened the shock of the adverse powers, had been but too ruthlessly swept away. The independent section of the House of Commons, which had previously been considerable, formed an altogether insignificant percentage of the first Reformed Parliament. In the second it was reduced to what in chemical analysis is usually denominated a 'trace.' It was imponderable, inappreciable. Before the crisis of 1841 it had become absolutely extinct; and we believe the *articulus mortis* was reached at the juncture when that respectable politician, Mr. George Frederick Young, ever the last to yield to what he thought wrong or doubtful, enlisted under the banners of the Conservative Opposition.

We now hear grey, or semi-grey politicians, those who begin to plead their having served their country for a quarter, at least, of a century and upwards, descanting, before the admiring babies of the last ten years' growth, on the comfort and satisfaction of the good old days of party government, before the great break up of 1846. Ah! those were times indeed. What close-running! what cheering! what whipping in! No loose fish; no absentees: if a man broke his leg before a great division, it was a kind of petty treason. What harmonious meetings then in the dining-rooms of leaders! What *noctes cœnæque Deûm* at the Carlton! if indeed it was not rather by the morning light, that men walked up Whitehall and Charing Cross, admired St. Paul's with a side-long glance along Whitehall Place, before it was cut to pieces in the view by the cross lines of Hungerford Bridge, and reckoned with glee how the usual 'working' majority for ministers of about three was progressively reduced to two, and to one. Such was the social and jovial side of the *régime* that then existed. But it had other aspects. No doubt it was a time, when some men economised the labours of thought and inquiry by casting wholesale on their leaders the responsibility of their votes; and when a doubting conscience was sometimes borne along, through insufficient light, by resistless sympathy, sometimes perhaps even by the mere servile dread of the intolerance of party censure. It was a time, no doubt, of strong antipathies; but it was also a time of strong attachments, of unwavering confidence, of warm devotion. If a man detested one half of the House of Commons, at least he loved the other; and we very much doubt, as far as our information goes, whether at the present day the barometer of his hatreds has fallen so low as the thermometer of his affections. If his politics were not profound, they were intelligible; and so were his companions. Men were aware, in those days, with whom they rubbed shoulders; it was not then as now, when more than one quarter of the House of Commons presents precisely the appearance of the birds and animals known to street-wanderers as 'the happy family,' in all except its happiness. As we have seen it stated in a MS. review of the period, "it was a time when the whole House was composed, on the one side or the other, of men who were really comrades; when comrades were friends, and leaders were almost idols; when every one who needed guidance was willing to seek for it, and when none who sought for it could fail to find it. Personal selfishness and vanity, levity and idle crotchets, were then much less rife than they now are, and the high moral results of a spirit of discipline were very perceptible in the dignified tone of the proceedings of Parliament, and in the degree of respect which it commanded from the community.' Even the Irish members had this advantage, under the iron rule of O'Connell, that they were positively prohibited from tearing one another to pieces in the name of their religion and their country.

Now, without at all arguing that there are no topics of comfort to be found, at least in the main causes which have brought about the present less hearty and intelligible state of things, we very seriously desire to call attention to the disastrous nature of the change which has occurred, in its bearings upon the efficiency of Parliament.

A first and superficial view of the House of Commons would suggest the idea, that a highly-organized state of political party must be unfavourable to efficient legislation, and that the absence or feebleness of party combination must make it comparatively easy. How can Lord Melbourne's government carry intricate questions of law and policy through all the turns and twists of the Parliamentary labyrinth, with its three hundred and thirty sworn supporters, when Sir Robert Peel sits opposite, watchful as a lynx, with full three hundred and twenty-five similarly conjured against the minister and his plans? Now the very fact which constitutes the danger, supplies the remedy.

> 'Tu mihi fons vitæ, tu mihi causa necis.'

In the first place, this condition of the Opposition affords a security, not to be equalled in any other manner, that the Government shall not fail to do its duty according to its own sense and perception of it. Blunders will be exposed, jobs denounced, weak places laid bare, all measures carefully probed and sifted; each of them, for each department, mainly by the man who, upon the next change of ministry, will himself be the minister for that department. But, strange to say, this state of things, affording an absolute guarantee that the Administration shall not have more than fair play, likewise furnishes the very best security of which the case admits, that it shall not have less. For both parties are playing for a stake of equal value in the eyes of each; the Ministry for the retention, the Opposition for the acquisition of power. If the stake of either be higher, it is that of the Opposition; for hope is sweeter than enjoyment, and there is some truth in the hack saying of political circles, that there are but two happy days in the life of a public man, the day when he obtains office, and the day when he resigns it.

Given the House of Commons, made up of a party in power and a party out: it is plain that what we should desire on behalf of the country is, stimulus to what is right for the party in, self-restraint and circumspection for the party out. The former is supplied to the Government by the existence of an Opposition, and the Opposition finds the latter in the prospect of power. There is no such healthy check upon the action of abstract opinion, as a contingent liability to be called upon to give it practical effect. The expectant minister must be wary in condemnation, and still more wary in suggestion, when he knows that the very triumph he aims at will, if achieved, require him to-morrow or next day to deal with the case he is discussing; that he may find the plan he has too rashly projected upon a nearer view impracticable, and the plan he has indignantly been denouncing the only one of which the case, when thoroughly examined, admits. All this is seen in the clearest light, and is, above all, known and felt beforehand; and not by effort, but by fixed habit. It is not a formal lesson; it is part of the Parliamentary atmosphere, which the British statesman breathes. These imperative considerations are enforced by the outcry which arises when they have been unhappily forgotten, or, in the heat of party excitement, casually overborne. Doleful is the case of the minister who, stung with shame and deafened by outcry, rises on the right of the Speaker's chair to propose what he had condemned from the left; and the notoriety of the case when it occurs by way of exception, together with the poignancy of the suffering which it causes to an honourable mind, affords ample proof of the efficacy, as a general rule, of what may be called for politics, more justly than for population, the preventive check. This teaches us, that a weak Opposition may be, nay almost must be, unscrupulous; but that a strong Opposition must be measured, guarded, balanced, alike in its declarations and its votes.

Nor must we allow ourselves to be wheedled out of those views of the case which common sense suggests and experience confirms, by objections of the sentimental and maudlin class. We may be told that we have represented public men as being actuated solely by a lust of office, which means personal advantage, and as being habituated to weigh public measures only in the scales of selfish interest. This is far from the truth, which in practical subjects is commonly missed alike by optimists and pessimists, and certainly by the latter at least as much as by the former. The appetite for office, in many cases we are assured, and in all we may trust, is not the lust of pecuniary or other personal advantage, nor even mainly the craving for distinction or for power as an object in itself; but it is the desire of ardent minds for a larger space and scope within which to serve the country, and for access to the command of that powerful machinery for information and for action, which the public departments supply, and which multiplies the means of usefulness for a minister, in a degree far beyond any that personal diligence and private resources can enable him to attain. He must be a very bad minister indeed, who does not do ten times the good to the country when he is in office, that he would do when he is out of it; because he has helps and opportunities which multiply twentyfold, as by a system of wheels and pulleys, his power for doing it. The present First Lord of the Treasury has, to his honour, always been above the timid and feeble tone of those who think it necessary to affect a coyness with respect to office, and who can talk of nothing but the sacrifices they made to duty on the last occasion of accepting, or, as the case may chance to stand, of resigning it. His language, we believe, has always been frankly to the effect, that office is the natural and proper object of a public man's ambition, as the sphere in which he can most freely use his powers, be they what they may, for the interest and advantage of his country.

And the responsibility of the Opposition, if it be strong, that is, if it be in a condition to take office upon its being vacated by the actual possessors, is twofold: they are punished by failure in the attempt to gain it; or again, they are punished by shame and scorn if, after having gained it, they attempt to hold it by policy and by measures which when in opposition they denounced. But if the Opposition be weak, if it be not so manned and organised as to take office upon the occurrence of an opportunity, then the case is very different. It is not punished by failure to attain that which if offered it is unable to assume; it is not punished by the prospective shame of administering inconsistently what it never seriously hopes to administer at all. And if there is no contingent punishment to follow upon miscarriage, there is no responsibility at all. But the responsibility of the Opposition, as we have explained it, is no less than that of the Government itself, the life, soul, and energy of our parliamentary system. An Opposition which is weak, and which therefore is not responsible, can only satisfy its natural appetencies in the idle explosions of malevolent passions, in seizing such occasions as chance may send for catching at momentary notoriety, or in intriguing with discontented sections for the overthrow of the Government, sometimes under vague hopes from the chapter of accidents, sometimes upon the pious principle that what is bad for our antagonists cannot but in the end be good for ourselves. Not that a weak Opposition is of set purpose indeed, more than a strong one is patriotic and virtuous by vow: but as the one is placed in circumstances such as to favour and promote a discharge of its duties upon the whole satisfactory. even so the other is deprived, to such a great degree, of the incentives to beneficial exertion, and of the checks upon folly, precipitancy, and fraud, as to leave little or no chance to the better in their conflict with the worse parts of our nature.

But it is high time that, abandoning the region of argument and speculation, we should come to facts, and point out in some detail the nature and extent of the evil to which we desire to draw attention, namely, what may be termed the paralysis of Parliament as the great organ of the constitution for its highest purposes. This is an evil which has been since the year 1846 of almost constantly growing force, and which under the present administration has reached a height quite without example since the time when the settlement of European affairs in 1815 permitted, and the loud voice of public necessity required, the legislature to set about its work in earnest.

The premiership of Lord John Russell, from 1846 to 1852, but ill bears comparison with his leadership from 1835 to 1841. The two periods were nearly of the same duration. In the first of them he held only the second place in the ministry; the second saw him at its head. Under Lord Melbourne he had to confront a minority, which at the outset came within thirty of the number of his own supporters, and which gradually reduced that margin until it came to a cipher; while it was conducted by parliamentary leaders, whose combination of talent, skill, and experience with most remarkable faculties for business was almost, if not altogether, unparaleled in our annals. But the Government of Lord John Russell was scarcely confronted by an opposition at all. There were occasional rallies under Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli, to take a vote on the subject of protection; but there was no organized staff of statesmen watching with a jealous eye and habitually criticising the operations of Government, as occasion offered, in each of its departments. Again, the calibre of the men had not fallen off; for the heads of departments were by no means inferior to those who had served under Lord Melbourne—rather, indeed, the reverse; and the minister himself had the advantage of ten more years of experience in parliamentary leadership since he had acted with Lord Melbourne. Every circumstance, if we compare the two periods, would appear at first sight to have been in favour of the second as against the first; but, in point of performance, none can doubt the superiority of the first over the second. We have enumerated a few of the parliamentary achievements of Lord John Russell as leader for Lord Melbourne: as leader for himself he did not pass one single measure of a class to take rank with any of them except the repeal of the Navigation Laws. Now of this, although it was a necessary and immediate postscript to the Corn Act of 1846, he postponed the settlement until 1849; and he then contrived his measure so as neither to gratify the free-traders by making a clean sweep of the reductions on the coasting trade (which was done by Mr. Cardwell on behalf of Lord Aberdeen's Government in 1854), nor to soothe the protectionists, and at the same time realise the full advantages of his measure, by obtaining the reciprocity which America through Mr. Bancroft had promptly offered. We pass by the financial history of this Government, as we shall hereafter do in regard to the Government of Lord Palmerston, with the same decorous silence as that of the administration of Lord Melbourne: nor do we suppose that among the multitude of all classes, who thought that the insolence of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman would best be repressed by legislation, there is one who feels himself indebted to the Russell Government for the abortive measure that it placed upon the statute book under the name of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act. The provisions of the Irish Poor Law were extended under sheer necessity; and the statesmanlike conception of the Encumbered Estates Act, which originated with Sir Robert Peel in a remarkable speech, was forced upon a reluctant and objecting Ministry by general opinion. Neither, again, do we give credit to that Government for the Act which altered the constitution of the Australian Colonies, for it was a measure alike falling short of the exigences of the case, and the state of the public feeling, as exhibited by the debates, at the time when it was passed through Parliament. The question, however, which we are at present discussing is not the policy which should have been pursued; but, as most persons would agree that legislation must be adapted to the growing wants and changes of society, we are pointing out how inefficient was the ministry to accomplish this indispensable end.

We know not to what this marked decline in Whig administration can justly be ascribed, except to that disorganization of party which followed upon the events of 1846. It may indeed be true that Lord John Russell was in a minority before the dissolution of 1847, and that even after it he could hardly claim a clear majority of his own pledged supporters. But he had other unpledged supporters, who were quite as steady and of far greater weight. Governed by fears which subsequent experience proved to be altogether chimerical, Sir Robert Peel apparently deemed it his first duty, during this period, to prevent the accession to power of a party favourable to agricultural protection. Accordingly, drawing with him by his great and just authority a portion of his former colleagues and adherents, he spent the four last, and perhaps most questionable, years of his political life in securing power to those whom he had up to that time constantly opposed, and to whose opinions he had himself undergone no conversion. This stage in his career has, it is no more than fair to notice, secured the eloquent praise of M. Guizot;[*] but, without questioning the integrity of his motives, we presume to doubt whether he acted in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment. At any rate, thus it happened that Lord John Russell's Government was secured in majorities, in ease, in most weighty countenance, and in access to the best advice. Why did it fall so far short of its former self, and run a career so little distinguished in the eyes either of its opponents, of its friends, or of the country at large? Was it not the absence of that tension on both sides which is the necessary condition of activity, and which can only result, according to all such experience as our history supplies, from the distribution of the mass of the two Houses of Parliament into parties under the guidance of those in whom confidence is placed, and who are on the one side with the minister in possession proving by his acts his right to govern, on the other side with the minister in expectancy, proving by his criticism upon such of those acts as he disapproves, and by his expositions of his own prospective policy, his superior fitness to hold the reins of power? Action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions. The action is with Government, the reaction is that which we term opposition. It is not true, but the reverse of truth, that a strong Opposition makes a weak Government. A strong Opposition makes a strong Government: for it either makes the Government strong in its merits and services and in the fidelity and loyalty of its supporters, or when by the failure and prostration of these it has made the Government weak, it becomes the strong Government itself, and sends the former Administration to lie fallow in retirement, and, as quickly as it may, to grow fresh and vigorous again. And as with a strong Opposition we have a strong Government, so with a weak Opposition we have a weak Government, and with no Opposition we have, for the purposes of which we now speak, no Government at all.

Three sessions yet remain, before we come to the present Administration, for rapid and cursory review.

In the beginning of March, 1852, Lord Derby and his friends entered upon their parliamentary labours. They were avowedly supported only by a minority in the then existing Parliament; and an understanding was arrived at, that they should confine themselves to such measures as were of immediate urgency, and should then without delay counsel the Crown to dissolve the Parliament, with a view to that early and final settlement of the whole question of Protection, which was admitted on all hands to be so desirable. The business of the session was accordingly carried through in a period of four months, and under these circumstances it would be unjust, even to absurdity, that we should require from the Derby administration a great array of legislative achievements; yet, we believe, even its bitterest opponents will be prepared to admit that it is liable in this respect to no discredit. The question of the militia was settled; a constitution, conveying many valuable privileges, was enacted for New Zealand,—and, if we are rightly informed, it proved at least sufficiently acceptable to the people of that colony to make Sir John Pakington the most popular within its limits of our innumerable Colonial Secretaries. The Chancery Reforms, too, at this time became law. If it be replied, that this list of legislative measures is but slender, let it be recollected that they were the produce of no more than half a session; and let it also be borne in mind, with a view to equal justice, that this list, though the work of a Government supported by a minority and put upon half-time, will bear favourable comparison with the performances of other sessions, both earlier and later, when the Government of the day had no such just excuse to plead.

The session of 1853 cannot on the whole be termed inactive; but that of 1854 must certainly be set down as one of marked legislative failure. It would be beside the mark to dwell, in a mere summary like this, upon the causes of the weakness of the then existing Government; but of the fact, while we have the recollection of the session of 1854 before us, it is impossible to doubt. Education slept: Reform was snuffed out: two important measures of the ministry, one having reference to Scottish schools and the other to parliamentary oaths, were rejected on the second reading; and the Bribery Bill, which figured among the principal proceedings of the year, was as much or even more the work of distinguished members of the Opposition, than it was of Lord John Russell. Yet even this feeble year is strong, in comparison with those which have succeeded it. The Oxford Bill, after almost interminable discussions, became law, and virtually decided the academical constitution of Cambridge; the coasting trade was thrown open; and Parliament found much of indispensable occupation in the financial and other measures connected with our transition to a state of war from the time when 'the land had rest forty years.'

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[*] Revue des Deux Mondes, Septembre, 1856.

And now we have reached the threshold of a period in which the clack of debate has been not less loud nor wearisome than heretofore, in which once more the absence or mitigation of party spirit has seemed to open a clear and broad field for vigorous legislation, and in which we have been assured with even greater confidence than is common that we had at last got the right man in the right place. But when we ask for the legislative results of the last two years, the query itself may almost be taken for an insult. Oh for some Caleb Balderstone, who without materials could deck and furnish forth that board, which ought to be adorned by every variety of food from our legislative kitchen; or could rightly plead the 'thunner' which came down the broad chimney and spoiled them all. The mind reverts to the history of these sessions, if indeed they have a history, with a vague and uneasy sense of something like the tossing of a ship at anchor in a heavy ground-swell: there has been noise but no wool: motion but no progress: all the forms and figures of parliamentary life, Queen's speeches at the beginning and the close, men in wigs and men not in wigs, a beating upon green boxes, cheers rolling hither and thither much as usual, parchments and papers carried up by the hundred to the table from the bar, interminable lists of unintelligible titles for innumerable bills; the ordinary staff of Honourable, Right Honourable, and Noble persons in office, everything in short that tongue can speak, mind imagine, or heart desire, except one thing, and that is the performance of work. For blunders, scandals, failures, and disgraces, official, political, constitutional, executive, and above all legislative, the session of 1855 perhaps exceeds all former precedent, but can hardly exceed them as much as it is itself surpassed by the session of 1856.

With a view of sparing wearisome details, we shall enter on no detailed consideration of the former of these years. We shall not attempt to present a full statistical account even of the second. That may be found in a return which was ordered at the close of the session on the motion of Mr. Disraeli, and the substance of it is contained in a speech which he delivered on the 25th of last July. We do not altogether adopt the view of causes which he offered, but as to his facts there can be no doubt. And now it will be our task in the first place to set in the scale the chief positive results of the session; and then to array against them some of the more conspicuous and strange of its miscarriages and scandals.

The chief positive results of the session are to be found, we believe, in the Cambridge University Bill, the Police Bill, the Bill to appoint a Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, and the Bill for the retirement of the Bishops of London and Durham. The first of these, although it went one stage further with respect to the admission of Dissenters to degrees, yet was, as we have said, in almost every important point a reprint *mutatis mutandis* of the Oxford Act of 1854; and consequently it went through Parliament in a small fraction of the time which that measure had consumed. The Police Bill was a measure originally framed in Brobdignag, but finally reduced to the dimensions of Lilliput, and, having in fact become by collapse nearly invisible, was allowed to pass. It simply provides for attracting all those counties which have not yet adopted the system of Rural Police, within the sphere of a central and united influence, by the *bonus* of a grant from the Consolidated Fund. It was termed by a statesman of the present century the most vulgar of all political expedients, to solve a difficulty by dipping into the public purse. It may be so: we are not, however, aware that the case before us admitted of any other mode of treatment; and, though the Act be a small and partial one, we are far from treating it as otherwise than creditable to the Department or the Government which passed it. We cannot speak with equal favour of the two other measures, on which the session rests its claim to praise or to acquittal. The appointment of a Vice-President of the Committee of Council for Education is highly objectionable. It is notorious to all the political world, that though the executive duties of that department are multiplied and serious, they are almost wholly summed up in the prudent and careful management of details. The political and parliamentary portion of them is almost infinitesimally small. They scarcely have invaded the dignified ease of Lord Granville; they do not prevent him from representing while we write the British Crown and people with his splendid suite as Ambassador Extraordinary at St. Petersburgh; they absolutely do not admit of division between that intelligent and popular nobleman, or any one who may hereafter fill his place, and a second in command. In its first aspect, therefore, this measure is simply the perpetration of a job by Act of Parliament in the creation of a highly salaried office without duty. But again this as a parliamentary office, and therefore as implying an addition to the official staff without necessity, is highly exceptionable on constitutional grounds. Lastly, we are always liable to this danger, that a public functionary whose appointed and regular duties do not bring him all the notoriety which he covets, may seek for fame through meddling and mischief: witness the meteoric career of Sir Benjamin Hall, whose Salmonean thunders made even the Duke of York's Column for a moment, though happily *but* for a moment, tremble upon its base. If a dull man is appointed Vice-President, we simply pay 2000*l. per annum* for more snoring on the Treasury Bench, and for the addition of another uncomplaining sheep to the flock of an accomplished whipper-in. If an *esprit remuant* is put there, then our 2000*l.* will go to pay him for concocting plans of public education on a scale of grandeur probably exceeding even the resolutions of Lord John Russell; in which case, if only to secure fair play, we ought surely to pay another 2000*l.* to Mr. Henley for the use of his masculine sense, sharp penetration, and indomitable firmness, in overturning them. As, however, the President of the Council has now been for four months abroad, without the nomination of any Vice-President to supply his place, we confidently trust either that the Government will have the good sense to make no appointment under this silly Act, or that Parliament will, even in their teeth if necessary, have the good sense and patriotism to insist on its repeal.

Nor can we pass a more favourable judgment upon the Act for the retirement of the Bishops of London and Durham, of which Lord Derby, aided by Lord Aberdeen, in vain attempted to arrest the progress. Introduced and passed under circumstances of extraordinary indecency, its matter was not out of keeping with its manner. It has left upon record a scandal which we fear will often and often make the hustings ring, and long continue 'to point the moral and adorn the tale,' to animate the rhetoric and excuse the venom, of Anti-church orators. It is much more likely, we believe, to bar than to open the path to the effective consideration of the question how provision may best be made for the discharge of the Episcopal Office where the bishop is disabled, for it has put out of the way the two cases which happened to offer peculiar facilities for adjustment, and which might have drawn others along with them, while it has left only unmitigated difficulty behind. With respect to this ill-starred bill, our principal consolation must be in the belief that those, whose names were most prominent in the arrangement, were in reality least responsible for its objectionable parts; and in the knowledge that the crushing illness, which prevented the Bishop of London from applying his own great capacity to a novel and thorny question, was simply due to the prolonged and exhausting labours of his apostolic charge.

Such is the legislative catalogue of actual performances for 1856; and in our view its demerits fully counterbalance its merits. But let us assume that this is matter of opinion and open to debate; the same can hardly be said of that far larger part of the proceedings of the year to which we are now about to turn, and from which we shall, in mercy to the reader, only make certain selections, characteristic however of the whole.

Shortly before the opening of the session the public had been startled by an announcement that Baron Parke had been called to the Upper House by the title of Lord Wensleydale, but the Patent he had received limited his peerage to the term of his natural life. As that distinguished judge was known to have no son, and to be considerably advanced in years, it was evident, so at least all men thought, that this proceeding was one as deliberately taken as it was obviously important; that it contained a distinct announcement on the part of the administration that life peerages were necessary, that they were now to be systematically inaugurated, and that the prerogative of the Crown had upon full consideration been found clearly sufficient for their revival or establishment. Thus conceived as to its purpose, the proceeding adopted was obviously a convenient manner of trying the issue.

The word *Prerogative*, once so awful, is now tame and familiar to our ears. Formerly large and elastic, it has, in its application to almost all subjects, been gradually hemmed in by the boundaries of custom or of statute. But there remain certain spheres within which it is still watched with jealousy: one of these is the ecclesiastical supremacy, the other is that of the constitution of Parliament. Even the invention of what is wholly new in these high matters could hardly be more culpable, than revival of what has been dark and doubtful in its origin, and what has nothing clear and unambiguous about it except the fact of its utter desuetude. Nor is the fault and danger lessened, but enhanced, from the fact that an extension of the prerogative would not at the present day be the mere addition of a certain amount of force to the Crown—a power outmatched by its competitors in the state: it would be so much taken from the balanced system of the constitution and given to that single element which alone, humanly speaking, can ever seriously disturb it, namely, the majority of voices in the House of Commons of the day.

It was very speedily seen to be plain that the Government had reckoned without their host. A formidable opposition arose, led by Lord Lyndhurst, backed by Lord Derby and his party, silently approved by many among the usual supporters of the Government, loudly and authoritatively favoured by the liberal law-lords, Brougham and Campbell. Of Lord Derby it might well be said that he was in this case

> 'Magnum
> Agmen agens Clausus, magnique ipse agminis instar.'*

But the hero of the day was Lord Lyndhurst. Though he had long passed the limits of fourscore, he stepped into the fray, nay, led the van with force and fire—

> 'Ultra vires moremque senectæ;'

and even his glance, his countenance, and his figure, were less remarkable than the undimmed brilliancy of his intellect, the lucidity and consecutiveness of his historical research, and the cogency of its appliation. His two speeches on this subject, taken in conjunction with his age, are, we believe, performances without example in Parliamentary history. The result was, for the House of Lords in its relation to the Crown, a sort of minor Magna Charta. The supposed prerogative was by repeated votes cast upon the ground and trampled in its dust and mire: and though it was well understood that life peerages by prerogative, which were thus ignominiously belaboured, meant life peerages at the command of the majority of the House of Commons, yet neither that House nor the country at large were dissatisfied with the manly and dignified resistance of the Lords, nor grudged them one tittle of the triumph which they won.

There has not been an occasion within the memory of this generation, when the Crown has suffered such defeat and disparagement. It has claimed, and claimed too by the act of exercising it, a power which, beyond all doubt, placed the independence of the House of Lords at its mercy in a manner and degrée heretofore unknown, and by means of (at best) a forgotten machinery. We who now live have never seen it challenge the Peers to a trial of strength except in 1832, when the Ministers not only were backed by the House of Commons and the country, but, what is more, when they knew their own minds. The Crown was then victorious, and the Lords received a blow and damage which it required the patriotism, prudence, and self-command of many long years to retrieve. On this occasion its failure was as signal, as was then its success: and the responsibility of having advised such a contest even upon grave and imperious occasion, even after having taken all the means to ensure success which forethought can suggest, is of the gravest order.

But the occasion was not grave. The purpose in view was simply that of removing a dissatisfaction which has grown up during the last few years with the working of the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and the narrow scope of the remedy, namely, the importation of a single new judge, conclusively shows that the evil was one which did not require in order to its cure a conflict between two of the greatest, and the two most august, among all the powers of the state. In fact, as we believe, the inconvenience arose partly from the advanced age of some of the present law lords, and partly from certain personal incompatibilities, that is to say from what is accidental and transitory: and notwithstanding the downfall of the life peerage, notwithstanding the defeat of the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, the remedy has been applied after all, and Baron Wensleydale now sits in the House of Lords, and is ready to lend his poweful aid to its judicial *corps*, under a patent of peerage not limited to his life. There was one way, and only one, in which the Crown might have been relieved from the disparagement it had undergone. and that was that the Ministry should have made their own both the original act and the censure it received, in the usual manner, namely, by retirement. They would thus have borne the offence away as it were on their own shoulders; the fault would have been purged, and the Crown entirely relieved from the odium and the slight it had encountered. But at no stage in the proceedings did it appear to occur to them, that they might thus dignify defeat by accepting its proper and ordinary consequence.

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* Æn. vii. 706.

The strangest part of this narrative, however, is yet to be told. During the discussions in the House of Lords, common Fame—*Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,* but which also sometimes does a little good—whispered it abroad, that this great constitutional innovation had never received the sanction of the Cabinet, or even been debated at its meetings; and that more than one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State had declared in very plain terms that they knew nothing about it, and had been no parties to it. The Lord Chancellor was asked in the House of Peers, what the law officers of the Crown had had to say to the measure. With a simplicity that infancy itself could not match, the head of the law replied that the question of the right of the Crown was so plain that he had not thought it necessary to consult them. This question, which he thought so plain on the affirmative side, every one of his legal colleagues held to be equally plain, only in the negative: and again that mischievous common Fame reported, that one at least of the law advisers of the Crown, a man of the very highest distinction in his profession, did not scruple to make it known to such as cared to ask him, that the case of the Government for life peerages by prerogative, in homely phrase, had not a leg to stand upon.

Still, however, a sort of face was put upon the matter by denials and asseverations in the usual forms. A Committee sat: a bill for the so-called reform of the appellate tribunal was introduced, it was passed through the Upper House, and the leading members of the Government maintained at least their consistency under discomfiture, by declaring that they supported it because it left open and unprejudiced the question whether the Crown had a right to make life peers by prerogative, and that nothing could induce them to support it on any other supposition. But the Bill came into the House of Commons. It was raked right and left, front and rear, by a fearful fire; its fate quivered in the balance; some impertinent and over-analytical members confidently pronounced that the effect of the Bill had been misrepresented in the House of Lords, and that its terms went to the positive extinction of the alleged prerogative. The Government remained obstinately silent on the point. At length, before the closing division of the Commons, an answer was categorically demanded from the law officers. Sir Richard Bethell rose amidst breathless attention. He said that '*if* such a prerogative existed'—he continued to repeat several times over his emphatic '*if*'—and no man who has not heard an *if* from the Solicitor-General can well conceive how much more force he gives to that insignificant-looking and hypothetical particle than another man could put into the roundest volley of assertions—if such a prerogative existed, that is supposing it to exist, 'it was beyond all doubt entirely extinguished by the Bill.'

The time must come when the echo of banter and of bluster will alike have died away, and when it comes, we are much mistaken if there will be any opinion but one in the country upon the history of this extraordinary proceeding. Such reckless disregard of the principles on which Cabinets are conducted—such levity in raising for any purpose, however small, or for no purpose at all, the weightiest constitutional questions—such unblushing abandonment, at the last moment and under compulsion, of the ground upon which the contest had been provoked and maintained, and of the doctrines which alone made it excusable—such poltroonery in turning tail alike on what had been said and what had been done as matter of high public interest and constitutional concern—such an inability to appreciate the importance of principles, purposes, and great measures, as compared with the mere retention of office and of the name of power—are nowhere that we know of to be found in our parliamentary annals. And in this one case we see the specimen and pattern of all the vices which make up the share of the existing Government, and we fear it is no small share, in the responsibility for our present state of legislative and parliamentary prostration.

The opening of the session in the House of Commons was not less unhappily remarkable than it had been in the House of Lords. A Commission had been appointed, we believe under the Government of Lord Aberdeen, to inquire into the subject of the local dues and charges upon shipping in the various ports of the kingdom, which were highly complex, various, and confused. The commission reported that it was expedient to deal with these charges in a manner somewhat summary for the public good; the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Mr. R. Lowe, introduced to Parliament, in a lucid speech, a measure which was intended to sweep them away. It had a double strength of authority, for it represented in the main the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and unreservedly the mature views and conclusions of the Cabinet. The newspaper press gave the scheme a favourable reception, and for about three days Mr. Lowe was the hope of the Ministry and the man of the time.

But the ports began to bestir themselves, and the signs of a formidable opposition overcast the horizon. As long as this was confined to the adverse benches, it was matter of no account; for the numbers of the Conservative party, even when it musters well, are a minority, and, besides, the prevailing disorganisation is not wholly excluded from their ranks. But blackness overspread the faces on the right hand of the chair, when, of all men alive, Sir Francis Baring, a Whig among the Whigs, and the saviour of the Government in the session of 1855 from the adverse address of Mr. Disraeli on the negotiations at Vienna, rose to second the motion of Sir F. Thesiger for the rejection of the Bill on its second reading. However, Mr. Lowe was not dismayed; he even extended his front; he spoke in menacing tones of 'musty parchments,' and of the analogy between certain alleged forms of property and pure plunder. The second reading had actually been proposed; what option remained? A Government cannot easily withdraw any measure announced from the Throne and introduced upon the part of the Cabinet, without obtaining the judgment of Parliament upon it. This, however, is sometimes done (or, we should rather say, *was* sometimes done, it is now growing to be the general rule); but to withdraw a measure of the Administration in the middle of a debate is such an utter befooling of the whole function both of Government and of Parliament, that it was plain *this* could not be thought of. One contingency, however, escaped the persons who so reasoned; perhaps it could not be thought of—but it could be done without being thought of. Alarm had arisen high in the House; Lord John Russell declared his nerves to have been shaken by the strange unearthly utterances of Mr. Lowe. It was known that he had been a distinguished senator in Australia, and there was thought to be in his speech a certain *soupçon* or flavour of the doctrines current there in a particular class of society. Under these circumstances, Lord Palmerston rose at the commencement of what should have been the second night's debate, and announced the withdrawal of the measure. Not that the Government had changed its mind—it had maturely considered the whole affair, and then only had determined—but, said the First Minister, there are certain details of the Bill which may require further adjustment, and which, from their complicated nature, cannot be conveniently adjusted in a Committee of the whole House on the Bill. Therefore the Bill was to be entirely withdrawn, and the whole proceeding was to be begun anew before a Select Committee of inquiry into the subject. But why all this circumlocution? The Government had undergone a defeat—the defeat not of those who are beaten after doing their best, but of those who, having challenged the fight and begun it, then run away. Now even this censorious world gives Lord Palmerston credit for so much courage, that we must take it for granted that he is possessed of that high and noble quality. We sincerely regret that, instead of using it on this occasion, he resorted to a subterfuge alike unworthy of his position, his colleagues, and his character; for the cause which he assigned for the withdrawal of the measure was a pretended, not a real cause, and was known to his whole audience to be so. There are multitudes of other Bills besides the Local Dues' Bill which come before Parliament, and which involve intricate details not suited for adjustment in Committees of the whole House; but, perhaps for this very reason, it is provided by the forms of the House that Bills themselves, after the second reading, when their principle has been affirmed, may be referred to a Select Committee for the better settlement of their clauses. Accordingly, the proper course for the Government to take, on its own showing, would have been to state that the details of the Bill, being difficult and complex, would be referred to a Select Committee after the second reading. Lord Palmerston knew very well that the Bill would be lost on the second reading, and that this was the reason for withdrawing it. Ashamed to state the true cause of his proceeding, he put forward one which was wholly fictitious, and which was fabricated with so much clumsiness, that it in no degree warranted, even if true, the decision he announced, but pointed to a course altogether different and to persistence in the debate. In other times it used, we believe, to be thought that confession redeemed a fault. It seems to be the notion of the nineteenth century that confession not only does not redeem, but constitutes a fault, and not only a fault, but the one fault which is unpardonable; for there is no evolution of political mountebankery which it is not deemed advisable to execute, rather than to tread in the old ways of the Constitution and of our forefathers, and to say plainly before the world, as the case may be, 'we are defeated and resign,' or, 'we are defeated, but we do not construe the disapproval by the House of the particular measure as a proof of the general withdrawal of its confidence, and we shall therefore continue to act as advisers of the Crown.'

But why are these things permitted? If the Minister deals with public business in a manner which destroys the mutual respect between Governments and Parliaments—if he acts in matters of high public concern without sincerity, that is, without earnestness of purpose—if they are mere cards and counters to be played with for the purpose of the hour—if he has neither extended knowledge of the public interests, nor is capable of feeling that deep and wearing solicitude about them which, for other Ministers, has constituted at once the chief burden of their life, and their main title to the posthumous gratitude and admiration of their country—why does not Parliament correct all this? Grant that the fault in this case, and in most cases, of blunder and miscarriage, lies in the first place with the Minister: is it not the business of Parliament, of the House of Commons in its own sphere, of the Opposition, to call the Minister to account, and to mark his misconduct with its displeasure? And if it fails to discharge this duty, does it not itself become in the face of the country chargeable with the blame?

That this must be answered in the affirmative is, we think, undeniable. Still we must ask ourselves, what is the cause which leads the Parliament thus to forego the performance of its duties, and suffer the organs of state to lie in scandalous inaction?

Although we would willingly avoid wearisome detail, yet for fear it should be imagined that we are carefully selecting adverse instances, and untruly representing them as patterns of the whole, we must advert to other proceedings of the session, particularly those in the department of legislation; and we regret to say they are characterised throughout not only by the same incapacity, as we have already observed, to comprehend the state of the public exigencies, and of the mind of Parliament, but by the same combination of levity with inertness of purpose. There was indeed hardly a subject which the Government was not ready to take up of their own motion, or under seeming pressure, or at the request of 'Brown, Jones, or Robinson.' Take, for instance, the department of matters ecclesiastical. The Church courts were to be reconstituted; the law of Marriage reconstructed in its most essential and tender point, that of the indissolubility of the contract; under the name of a Church Discipline Bill, a new organic relation was to be fixed for the established Churches of England and Ireland, and other provisions were laid before the House of Lords, such that, in the judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury, uttered from his place, the bill ought to have been called 'a bill for the subversion of episcopacy.' A new law of church-rate was engrafted on the Abolition Bill of Sir William Clay. All these four were ecclesiastical measures of the first importance. The first was defeated, the other three abandoned; and the ecclesiastical legislation of the session is summed up in the useful Bill for facilitating the division of parishes. This was not a bill of the Government; it was the work of a private member, Lord Blandford; but it was pursued with singleness and energy of mind, and its success, in contrast with the failures we have mentioned, serves in some degree to indicate their cause.

But the case was alike in all departments. The London Municipal Reform Bill of the Home Secretary, the Civil Service Superannuation Bill of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Partnerships Bills of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, the Scottish Education Bills of the Lord Advocate, every one of these were either defeated in their most essential parts, or (and this was the case with nearly all) utterly abandoned. A fry of minor measures, the Poor-Law Bills of the Poor-Law Board, the Health Bills of the Health Board, the Works Plans of the Works Board, the Agricultural Statistics Bill, the National Gallery Site Bill, and so forth—

> 'Sed quid ego hæc autem nequicquam ingrata
> revolvo?'

The case of all was alike; and if the Secretary for the Colonies and the President of the India Board lost no bills, it may very possibly be for the reason that, so far as the world is informed, they had none to lose. Such legislative wreck and ruin never has been seen.

But we must also look outside the sphere of legislation; and here we shall find the facts equally unsatisfactory as regards the public. One measure of the utmost importance to the country came before Parliament in the shape of resolutions on education proposed by Lord John Russell. To the adoption of these resolutions it was universally understood the Governmen were to lend their support, with a view to the framing of a bill, which might become the subject of further and more definite consideration. For, upon introducing them, their author received the compliments of the First Minister, who expressed his hope that Lord John Russell might have the honour of settling the long agitated question. But as the resolutions were more and more revolved in the Parliamentary mind, they came to be more and more disliked. The Dissenters enlisted under the banners of Mr. Henley; the Peelites took the same course; the Government found Lord John Russell's ship not seaworthy, and unexpectedly declared against all his resolutions except one. In this *one*, which purported to be little more than formal, they could see no harm, and it received their support; but they are destined, even on this solitary remnant of a grand scheme, to divide against an overwhelming majority, which gave assurance to the country that, if we are no longer so much at one in religion as to be able to give full effect to the principles involved in its national establishment, we at least intend, while liberally ministering the assistance of the state, to take care that it shall be assistance only and not dominion over education—to respect to the uttermost the freedom of religious teaching, and to rely upon the innate energies of the Church for the maintenance and propagation of the doctrines which she holds.

The aspect of the session upon the whole was one of constant defeat and disparagement to the Administration. But, strange to say, the slights and insults were not all on one side. Though Lord Palmerston has endured more from the Houses of Parliament than any former Minister, they have also endured more from the Minister than any former Parliament has borne from any of his predecessors. If vengeance can be a compensation for suffering, or rather, for we see nothing vindictive in his nature, if the loss of self-respect can be made up for by seeing others compromised, these consolations must abundantly be his. For while he has multiplied miscarriage upon miscarriage as Minister, the Houses of Parliament have endured them; they have attempted no remedy; the Lower House has suffered all attempts at censure to become as vain and frivolous, as the conduct that had provoked them. And this, if the ancient spirit of English representation be yet alive in the House of Commons, is no small punishment. It is easy to conceive what stout old Peter Wentworth, whom Elizabeth herself could not browbeat, would have said to the childish proceedings that make up nearly the whole session of 1856—how Hyde and Falkland, not to say Hampden, would have chafed at seeing English gravity, manliness, and earnestness of purpose, dethroned as they now are in perhaps their choicest sanctuary. But this is far from being all. Dictation, assumption of power, reckless calculation upon Parliamentary timidity or impotence, have been carried to a very high pitch indeed. Lord Palmerston has required and obtained from the House of Commons such submissions, as it had never before made within the long term of his own political career. For example, the bill for the two episcopal resignations was one involving great and varied difficulties. It created peerages for less than life. It raised points the nicest and most dangerous as to the undue influence which an unscrupulous Minister might obtain by furthering similar retirements. The question whether the resignations stipulated to take place were to be made upon contract, and therefore simoniacal, at least demanded to be maturely examined. The question how disability ought to be ascertained, in cases where consequences of so grave an order were involved, was similarly difficult and weighty. It was material to inquire on what conditions retirement should be allowed—in which of several modes the administration of the existing bishop should be replaced, whether by a substitute, an assistant, or a successor; and again to guard against the establishment of precedents unawares; and well to consider, what rule should be advisedly adopted with respect to the charging of episcopal pensions on the common fund of the Ecclesiastical Commission, or on the revenues of the see. All these matters were at least opened by the measure. Yet that was done which Pitt or Peel would never have attempted, and which if they had attempted they would not have been allowed to do. The House of Commons was required to pass the Bill through all its stages in four, or at most five, days, from the 20th to the 25th of July; and what is more strange by far,

> 'Obedient Yamen
> Answered Amen,
> And did
> As he was bid.'

In this proceeding it may, however, be said the House of Commons might have refused obedience, had it so pleased. Scarcely so, in fact; for when our wearied Senators are scattered to the four winds of heaven, their re-assemblage without time and notice is impracticable, and the squadron of official members enjoys a kind of Parliamentary omnipotence. Still the case is a different one from that which we shall next notice.

The negotiators, assembled at the conferences of Paris, having settled the business, for which the world knew them to have been authorized to meet, proceeded to other matters; and, without the slightest knowledge on the part of the public at home, Lord Clarendon became party to a covenant which involved a complete and permanent abandonment of the ancient and long-cherished policy of this country with respect to restraints upon the commerce of neutrals in time of war. With the merits of this large question of policy we have, at this moment, nothing to do; they are much contested; but the manner of proceeding which was adopted deserves the sharpest reprehension. The rights which we had exercised from time immemorial—which we had maintained alike by diplomacy and by arms—which were deeply rooted in the law of nations as well as in the usages of this country—were given up in the dark, alike without the sanction and the knowledge of the country, of the Parliament, nay, perhaps it may be conjectured—after what we have seen in the case of the Appellate Jurisdiction—of the Cabinet. This was not like the temporary concession at the beginning of the war, made without objection from any quarter worthy notice, and made under an absolute necessity which excluded all discretion. If we were to have France for an ally, unity of maritime action was positively indispensable: and while the arrangement was *pro hâc vice*, all the rights of the country were fully reserved. The surrender made by Lord Clarendon was of a very different order. It was not to gain a peace, for peace was already made; it was not to obtain the extinction of privateering, by way of reciprocal concession from America, for America was not then consulted, and having since been asked, she has, as might have been anticipated, utterly refused. It was not even done by treaty, but by an engagement as clandestine, as it was binding with reference to Parliament and the nation. It is idle to say that this change was a change within the limits of the prerogative. For the purposes of a foreign negotiation everything is, in the abstract, entirely within the limits of the prerogative, except what requires legislation to give it effect. It would have been within the limits of the prerogative, if not to give the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Gibraltar to the Emperor of Russia, yet certainly to agree to his immediate occupation of Constantinople. Yet even foreign negotiations of high importance are usually kept within the substantial cognizance of the Legislature. For example, the negotiations for peace were not entered upon without the full knowledge and known contentment, if not approval, of Parliament; and yet it was free to us, after the conclusion of the treaty, to interfere and repudiate it, without breach of honour (the very measure adopted by France towards England in 1841 with respect to the treaty for the better suppression of the Slave Trade by the establishment of the right of search), up to the very moment when the ratifications were exchanged. But the worst of this matter is, that there was no treaty at all, and therefore no ratification, and no interval before it. It was an informal, yet perfectly binding engagement in the shape of a mere Protocol, contracted in secret, without any public or parliamentary sanction, at a single stroke of the pen, by the sole discretion of the Minister, and without any opportunity either for revision or recall.

What could Parliament do? It might have impeached, or at any rate, have dismissed the Minister. By acquiescing in the slight passed upon its authority it exhibited its impotence; but its inability to punish does not establish the innocence, or even mitigate the culpability of the proceeding of the Government, or diminish by one hair's breadth the evil and danger of the precedent which it has made.

There was another proceeding connected with the Conferences at Paris, of a character more painful still. At one of the sittings, the Foreign minister of France declared that the laws of Belgium, with respect to the press, required the attention of Europe, and would, unless altered by its Chambers, call for a forcible intervention: and he asserted, that in consequence of their inefficacy, exhortations to assassination were suffered to be published in that country with impunity. The Protocol, which records the fact, gives a summary of the discussion which followed. Lord Clarendon, in this discussion, held language not in full harmony with the feelings of his country; but his position was difficult, and he carefully guarded himself, according to the report, from admitting the facts to be as they were erroneously stated by Count Walewski; the truth being, that the Belgian laws respecting the press for the protection of foreign governments, are more stringent than our own, and are indeed so stringent, that no measure could be taken to increase their rigour short of the abolition of trial by jury in offences of this class. But great was the surprise, and, we must add, the shame of Parliament, when, after the Protocols had been laid upon the Table, it was informed by Mr. Whiteside, that at the end of this very same Protocol, after the more diffuse account of the conversation, there came certain summaries of opinion on the subject of the press, in which all the Plenipotentiaries were stated to have agreed: that under one of these heads the sentiments of the French Minister were virtually reproduced, and the threat against Belgium but too intelligibly repeated; and that this summary immediately preceded the signatures to the Protocol, among which were read those of the Earl of Clarendon and of Lord Cowley. We must do them the justice to believe that this extraordinary proceeding was no more than an act of inadvertence: but many a man shoots his father or himself by an act of inadvertence, and of such a class, on the best supposition, was the act of the British Plenipotentiaries. Nor does our belief to this effect at all mend the matter in its bearing upon the public interests; that which alone stands upon record is the signature of Lord Palmerston's Foreign Minister to language at variance with all the principles of British law and British liberty—language which Lord Londonderry would have scorned to make his own, and for which, if he had made it his own, he would undoubtedly have been censured or impeached—language which is now enshrined in a very solemn public document, as conveying the united sentiments of the Great Powers of Europe, and of which the danger is only neutralized by the fact that every English heart would take fire at the least sign of a disposition on the part of the Government to countenance, either directly or indirectly, either actively or passively, any attempt at giving it effect. And indeed the speeches even of our humbled House of Commons were intelligible enough up to this point: but no man was found bold enough to propose that which the case, beyond all doubt, imperatively called for—namely, a vote of Parliament, declaring that we were not prepared to betray for others the principles which we hold dearer than life for ourselves.

After what we have related it can excite little surprise that the course of Parliament with respect to the recruiting question in America was marked by a similar feebleness and indecision. We do not wish to revive that discreditable discussion which took place in the House of Commons on the 1st of July. Suffice it to say, this was an occasion on which no one Member could be found (we believe there was a single exception—but an exception of the class that strengthens the rule) to acquit the Government by his speech, and yet scarcely any to condemn it by his vote. A quarrel more trumpery than this affair of the recruiting appeared to be in the eyes of Englishmen, it is impossible to conceive. But it is not so certain that the subject was of equally dwarfish dimensions in the view even of unprejudiced Americans; at all events, the fact was not only clear and indisputable that we were through our agents in the wrong, but that again, in order to avoid the capital sin of confessing an error, the shabbiest and most discreditable evasions had been employed. It is needless to enter in these pages on the details, for they form the whole staple of the debate; and the speech of the Minister himself contains no attempt to escape from the pressure of the heavy accusations urged against his Government. But Mr. President Pierce, by an extraordinary manœuvre, had made himself the best friend of Lord Palmerston, as he accepted for apologies the assurances of the Ministry, and laid the blame on Mr. Crampton and the Consuls, whom he dismissed. Now, there is not an act of any one of these gentlemen known to the world that did not receive the full and express approbation of Lord Clarendon: but they, whose offence as against England was absolutely none at all, and whose offence as against America has been entirely covered by the approval of their official chief, have been deprived of pay—perhaps we should say of livelihood—while the two Governments, with a shabbiness which we could not have expected from Lord Palmerston, were exchanging the sugar-plums of mutual compliment over their heads.

It is, however, the merit of the Minister, that he never fails to follow the indications which reach him from one mystic source. The Government is well organised in that department which feels the pulse of members of the House of Commons, divines and reports their intentions while yet in embryo, and then, according to circumstances and to orders, either wheedles them into compliance, or takes the measures necessary to avert the occasion which would cause the meditated disobedience to break forth. It is universally believed that the Government intended to dismiss Mr. Dallas in requital of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton when it should come. It requires no argument to show that the one proceeding was, in reason and in honour, a just and inevitable consequence of the other. If Mr. Crampton was rightly dismissed, then we ought to have effaced our offence by confession; but, if wrongfully, then beyond doubt it concerned the honour of the country, that we should not suffer this gross insult without the proper sign that it was felt. A body of gentlemen in the House of Commons, however, who 'usually support the Minister,' had been laudably determined to allow no step that would further embroil the two countries. They made their intentions clear, through the medium that everybody knows but nobody names, to Lord Palmerston. The consequence was that Mr. Dallas was retained, and the whole subject of our relations with America is as yet kept in that ambiguous state between hostility and friendship, which commonly describes our position in reference to half the countries of the globe at the periods when Lord Palmerston has the supreme control of the foreign policy of the country. No successor has yet been named to Mr. Crampton; and it rests in the power of the man, who has successively embroiled us during the last twenty years with almost every Power of the civilized world, to dismiss Mr. Dallas for any or no cause, and to bring us to the verge of war with America; with no Parliament to check him beforehand, and with the knowledge that when Parliament meets and the mischief is done, it is little likely that any party should covet the charge of dealing with the difficulties that the existing Government may then by its recklessness have created.

We shall only touch for a single moment on one other subject, that of the well-known Crimean Report It is too large for discussion here: and it may even yet become the subject of more practical consideration elsewhere; for there is in the public mind a deep and rankling dissatisfaction, which nothing short of some deliberate determination of Parliament ought to allay. Lord Palmerston resisted the inquiry proposed by Mr. Roebuck to the House of Commons, and overset the Report of the Sebastopol Committee: he would have a better inquiry of his own. 'We,' he said, 'will be your Committee.' When *his* inquiry was completed, he subjected the Report, in which the results were summed up, to a new or third inquiry before a Board at Chelsea, so contrived and arranged, that the opinion of the Board could not be made public before the Session had virtually closed; and thus it still remains wholly unknown what is the judgment of Her Majesty's Government upon the causes of any one of the disasters of the winter of 1854–5. The decision to inquire displaced one Government and half-shattered another; the results of the inquiry, through the contrivance rather than the neglect of the Administration, are equal to zero. It yet remains to be seen how far Parliament is satisfied with the mode in which the Minister has redeemed his solemn pledge to sift to the bottom the causes of the Crimean calamities.

We might have greatly extended our delineation of the actual state of public affairs under the Palmerston administration. We have not, however, space to dwell upon the flippancy with which it has now become almost habitual in the Lower House to answer grave and pertinent inquiries on matters of state,—upon the manner in which subordinate members of the Government, and especially Mr. Peel, are put up to make unpopular resistance to reforming motions, which later in the evening the Prime Minister gains the cheers of his supporters by accepting—or upon the form—now, we believe, about to be stereotyped—for covering ignorance and inattention to business, by assuring the House of Commons that 'undoubtedly the question is difficult, but undoubtedly it is also important, and it will certainly receive the consideration of the Government.' We cannot give the notice they deserve to the backward and forward marches of the Minister on the subject of the observance of Sunday; movements associated only in their common indecency: nor can we wait to expose the petty but most mischievous device of treating the representatives of the people, at the public cost, with railway tickets to reviews, which we believe no one of them desired or asked to obtain in a manner so improper. But we will close this portion of our task by adverting to a ludicrous paragraph, which has just been going the round of the newspapers: it is as follows:—

> 'LORD PALMERSTON AND HIS COLLEAGUES.—We understand that Lord Palmerston has issued a circular to the parliamentary heads of each department, requesting them to supply him in the month of November with the particulars of all legislative measures which they are desirous of being introduced into Parliament. The object of the Premier in making this prudent request is, that the Cabinet may, in the first instance, have a full and early opportunity of being acquainted with, and of deciding upon, the departmental bills to be introduced into Parliament, of determining in which House of Parliament the measure shall be introduced, and of

avoiding the confusion which invariably arises from the introduction of a large number of Government bills at the end of the session, when there is no longer sufficient time for their full and ample consideration.'

The material part of this announcement really is the retrospective admission it contains. It is plain from the paragraph that the writers of it plainly see that heretofore the 'heads of departments' have not thought it at all necessary to communicate with the Premier on the subject of the measures they might mean to bring into Parliament, any more than the Premier thought it requisite to communicate with the 'heads of departments,' or the Lord Chancellor with the law officers, in the strange and disastrous affair of the life peerages. But now it seems that, after two sessions of office, it has occurred to somebody that there is something wrong; and hence there is gravely announced to the world, as a new invention of State, that which every man who has gathered even by rumour the A B C of administrative business, also knows to be of elementary and absolute necessity in order to its being carried on with efficiency or even with decency; namely, that the members of the Government who have bills in preparation should obtain the sanction of the Cabinet, and especially of its head, to all among those bills which rise above the standard of commonplace, at all periods both of and before the session, and most of all at the time, usually about the month of November, when it is the custom of most cabinets, we believe, for once at least to look forward, and to frame something like a plan for the operations of the coming year.

As, when the just equilibrium of motion has been lost, a ponderous machine sways first in one direction and then in the other, and compensates a perilous reel towards the right by another to the left, even so we see at this moment that machine of State, whose vital parts are the Administration and the Parliament, wabbling, as it is termed, this way and that, sometimes the Minister manifesting his contempt for the House of Commons, and sometimes the House of Commons insisting that the Minister shall eat dirt, and both alike spending in their lateral and tortuous movements the strength, which ought unitedly to propel the legislative body along the path of sedulous and careful improvement.

Meantime the signs of this demoralization of Parliament, with respect to its high duties, are becoming manifest through the country. Some years ago that body had reached so high a place in the public veneration, through the energy and comprehensiveness of its labours, and through what the public took to be the ungrudging sacrifices of its leaders, that its decline is slow, and the first degrees of the descent are almost imperceptible. But they are now rapidly coming to be visible to the commonest eye. The inter-sessional speeches of members to their constituents present us with the picture of something like a confessional for politics, brought under the public eye. And the language held in these speeches during so much as has passed of the present recess appears to be wholly that of admission and of penitence. The indication of causes, indeed, is meagre in the extreme, and the light thrown upon them is for the most part utter darkness. To talk of long speeches as the root of the mischief is mere trash; for ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, speeches were far longer; the House of Commons had then three or four nights of adjourned debate for every one evening so spent in 1856, and yet those years belonged to a time, which to the latest days of our history will be held in honourable recollection, if not for the unerring wisdom of the Legislature, yet for its indomitable, unflagging energy, and for the extraordinary amount of real work which on behalf of the country it achieved.

Once more, then, to what causes is due this unexampled state of the political arena? That we may lay the saddle on the right horse, let us first take it off the wrong one. It is not due to the late war. When the Parliament met at the end of January, that war was virtually at an end. We had already entered upon negotiations, of which the work had previously been half done at Vienna, and of which the whole substance was agreed on before hand. Their details doubtless imposed enough and to spare of arduous labour on the Foreign Minister who represented us at Paris, but they no more afford a plea for ministerial or parliamentary inefficiency than does any other important foreign negotiation which proceeds while Parliament sits; and of late years we have rarely been without one. Besides, it is not that the Minister and the Parliament never stirred; on the contrary, the seed of promise never was more largely cast—nay, the harvest of noise was abundant; it is only the *yield*, that too soon was found to be short beyond all former example.

Nor is it because the work of men in power is difficult, that we have now to lament an almost unprecedented collapse of political energy. No doubt the difficulties of Governments are always great; but they are not, so far as they are extraneous, greater, they are even less, than they have usually been. The stock of public satisfaction, created by the activity of some former ministries, is not yet exhausted; and hence the indolence of the day enjoys a toleration, which twenty years ago would have been accorded to no Minister, and no Government, whatever.

Neither is the mischief due to the vices of this particular House of Commons as compared with others, either past or possible. Its history presents indeed a whole legion of failures; but three things at least may be said of it; it has rejected many bad proposals of the minister; it has never refused a good one; and it has sometimes by the main force of minatory votes, as in the case of Lord Goderich and the admissions to the civil services, compelled a sluggish functionary of state to move onwards, even when he had mustered all his *vis inertiæ* for somnolent resistance. It does not abound beyond its predecessors in political or rhetorical nuisances; there is no eminent public man, official or independent, within our recollection, who ought to have been within its walls, and yet is excluded from them. If it is unhinged, bewildered, and disorganised, all this has come upon it from causes quite independent of its own personal composition, causes which would in all probability operate even more powerfully upon a new body of representatives, if the Parliament were dissolved tomorrow. It is not the individual House of Commons that is at fault; we must look deeper for the mischief, and much deeper for its cure.

The criticisms which in the preceding pages we have passed upon the policy of the Government, will already have shown that in our opinion there lies in that quarter a certain amount of specific responsibility for the evil. The great Journal of England which supports Lord Palmerston as the man of the moment at least, if not of the day, in delivering a hostile judgment upon Mr. Disraeli's Review of the Session near its close, condemned* not less distinctly the conduct of public affairs by its political friends; and intimated that, if its own method of handling the subject had been adopted in the debate, Lord Palmerston must have come off second best.

Yet let us not be unjust to the Ministry. Some of its high departments are filled by men of great ability; others by men of large experience; all by men who must be admitted to have fair claims to public respect. They are not on the whole inferior to those who filled the departments of State under Lord Melbourne or Lord John Russell. Whence then—the question does but recur with the greater force—the miserable declension in their public performances? We do not seek for the main cause of the evil within the doors of the cabinet, but we do opine that one of the causes, and that no inconsiderable one, lies within those doors; nay, further, that it is to be found in the very man who, if his name does not give to the government true strength with the country, gives it at least that temporary substitute for strength which is termed *prestige*.

We believe Lord Palmerston to have attained to his present high position by the suffrage of his countrymen. It appears probable, indeed, from so much as is known to the public of the history of the Ministerial crisis in February 1852, that he gave Lord Derby some reason to expect his assistance in the formation of a Government, and then disappointed him by withholding it. Yet a man who has passed nearly fifty years in Parliament untainted by intrigue should not, after so long a trial successfully ended, be lightly suspected. But more. We have heard that when, during the interval between Lord Derby's attempt of that date and the formation of the existing Government, Lord John Russell received from Her Majesty a commission to construct a Cabinet, though he had failed with many others, Lord Palmerston agreed, in the event of his success, to act on his behalf as leader in the House of Commons. If this be true, it is of itself a conclusive proof that Lord Palmerston did not intrigue for the Premiership, but won it fairly. Whether he won it wisely, whether the ultimate verdict of his countrymen, which must determine his future fame, will be raised or lowered by their having known their old Foreign Secretary as a young Prime Minister is a question altogether different. Those words may yet become his political epitaph which was spoken of another favourite:—

> ' O thou fond many! with what loud applause
> Didst thou beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbroke
> *Before* he was what thou wouldst have him be!'*

Lord Palmerston has the obvious advantages of an unusually prolonged service rendered to the State, great adroitness and facility of speech, admirable temper, high birth, and a frank and manly bearing altogether answerable to his extraction. The extraordinary assiduity of his attendance on the House of Commons has been the subject of public remark and commendation. His foreign policy, after it ceased to be under the salutary and effective control of the late Lord Grey, has scarcely had the approbation of a single British statesman; but, whether from its manliness or from the sound and affectation of it, it has beyond all doubt been eminently agreeable to those who form the masses of the ten-pound constituency, and to those who reflect that constituency in the press. Of this there is a most curious proof upon record. One material occasion only, during the whole administration of Lord John Russell, forced Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham into the ranks of opposition, and reunited for the moment all the scattered fragments of what was once the great Conservative party; it was the debate in 1850 on the Foreign Policy of Lord Palmerston. But that was also the one only occasion on which the undistinguished Ministry of Lord John Russell obtained a signal and a splendid success; for the result of a long debate, and of the arguments and eloquence of a great preponderance of eminent men against Lord Palmerston, was a majority of nearly fifty in favour of the Government to which he belonged. But we doubt whether even from his so largely partaking of those hectoring propensities of John Bull, which are unhappily a byword against us in foreign countries, he derives a greater advantage than from the extraordinary manner in which, to the common eye, he appears to project almost all the faculties and energies of youth into a ripe old age. It is felt to be a fine thing for the country to have a minister at all times ready for a row with Czar, Emperor, King, President, and all the rest of them; but a still finer thing that this same man should, when he was in the seventh decade of his life, have spoken through a whole night, and should now, when he has more than started in the eighth, be able to walk, ride, hunt, or swim, against those who have the advantage of him by two generations.

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* 'Times' of July 26, 1856.

* 2 Henry IV. i. 3.

On the other hand, if our estimate of Lord Palmerston be correct, he labours under two radical and incurable defects, which must inevitably prevent his ever taking rank among the great ministers of England; his knowledge of public business, and his interest in it, appear to be alike limited to the Foreign Department; of the affairs of which he is a master, and with respect to which, though steady firmness seems not to be found among the elements of his character, his tone and language often prove that his heart is in them. It may be truly said that Lord Palmerston first began to think upon the domestic business of the country when, after seventy, he was summoned to the conduct of the war. In regard to the infinitely multiplied and diversified subjects, administrative and legislative, which continually solicit the mind of a Prime Minister if he is in earnest, and which prematurely exhausted the immense energies of Peel, his conceptions are vague, flat, bald, and shallow, in an unprecedented degree. The lesson which he was set too late to learn, he has not learned at all; there is scarcely an idea, good, bad, or indifferent, to be extracted from his speeches upon the general business and legislation of the country; even his military knowledge appears to be that of thirty years back, and to be produced into the light in the garb of that day, unrenovated, unfreshened even by the 'reviving drawer' of Sydney Smith. More than this, the people feel that the business of the senate is handled in the spirit of the nursery; and the worst of all is that they feel it justly; for there lies at the root a want of cordial interest, and a marked absence of earnestness of purpose, and of the sense of any other sort of responsibility than the simple risk of being placed in a parliamentary minority. These are defects which might indeed have left Lord Palmerston useful in the second place for which Lord Derby designed him, but which are incompatible with the beneficial occupation of that post on which all other political offices are dependent; and with defects like these in the head, it is impossible even for the best men in secondary posts to achieve the arduous exploit of rendering creditable parliamentary service to the country. Still, amidst the decay of zeal and the abeyance of political duty, the Minister, strange to say, enjoys his ease:—

> 'pronâ
> Fertur aquâ, sequisque secundo defluit amni.'*

Nor is that ease disturbed, it seems rather even deepened by the quarrelsome policy abroad, which constantly entails upon us suspicion, disesteem, and isolation; and which appears to be employed at least, if not devised, as a screen for the neglect of primary and domestic duties.

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* Æn. viii. 548.

But if we have now laid a full share of blame upon the administration, must we not next turn to that side of the House with which this journal may be supposed to feel a peculiar sympathy, and ask, where is the Opposition all this time? Under our parliamentary system, is not this the quarter from which we should anticipate either the correction, or at least the faithful and stern exposure, of what is wrong in the proceedings of the administration?

We cannot think it enough to say in reply, that the Government is Conservative. Has this word a positive, or has it only a negative meaning? Granted, that there are no indications in the ministry of a tendency to organic change; does this of itself constitute safety, or is it only one of a set of conditions, the rest of which are just as essential as the first to make the country prosperous and its institutions really secure? Deeming the state of public affairs to be wholly unsatisfactory, we on that account see in it the seeds of future danger and disturbance. We cannot afford to multiply sessions of Parliament, of which the best thing to be said is, that if they have done little good, they have done little harm. The elaborate machinery of constitutional Government was not constructed, nor were the triumphs of British freedom gained, for such a neutral end as this. Nor is the body politic, more than the body natural, ever really stationary. The hand of man may indeed be slack in the work of preservation and repair, but the tooth of time never ceases from its work, and that which is not waxing inevitably wanes. In this day of ours, Government and public institutions have no strength to spare. Great political genius is not the birth of every generation; the absence of it at the present day is often deplored; but diligence, and above all earnestness, we have a right, and necessity besides, to require. We cannot afford to be ruled by drones; and least of all by Administrations or Parliaments, whose noisy buzz mocks the reality of life and industry, but produces none of their fruits. Next to a revolutionary spirit in our rulers and representatives, we ought to view with suspicion and aversion any such crew in the vessel of State as, ceasing to row it steadily up the stream, lets it, as a necessary consequence, drift down among the rapids.

We have striven, in what has hitherto been said, to be before all things intelligible. We have left, indeed, and we shall leave, much unsaid; but we have spoken with the conviction that evils must be seen in clear and bold outline, before remedies can be devised. Besides, it is the right and duty of all observers, as occasion offers and suits, to note for themselves, and to make known to others, the ill symptoms of the state. In a country like this, where the discovery and application of remedies depends mainly on a healthy freedom in the circulation of opinion, the very act of making them known, if it at all succeed in fastening public attention upon them, is the first and perhaps the most important step towards the cure.

We have already indicated the opinion which we ourselves entertain of the cause to which the evils we have described are principally due. It is not the Premiership of Lord Palmerston; that Premiership itself is partly a result of the dislocation of the old forms of party connexion, and partly aggravates the evils of that dislocation; for his normal manner of playing with the public business could not be tolerated in a Parliament, of which the component parts were rightly braced and marshalled for their duties: in return, by flattering indolence, and by baffling earnestness and putting it out of countenance, it tends to confirm the existing state of things, and prolong the period of parliamentary demoralisation.

It may indeed be said that party is not dissolved. There is still a Liberal party in power; there is still a Conservative party in the 'cold shade' of opposition. We grant that, numerically and nominally, by far the greater portion even of the House of Commons is attached to the recognised leaders on the one side or on the other. It may be urged that we are inconsistently complaining of the revival of those independent sections of the House of Commons, of which we have already lamented the extinction under the first action of the Reform Bill, and we may be told that outlying knots of men are precisely what were wanted to soften the too rude shock of principles and parties.

We are far from disputing the existence and the great numerical strength of both a Liberal and a Conservative party in Parliament. We perceive, on the whole with satisfaction, that the local organisation of the constituencies still remains almost everywhere in its old and simple form of dualism. This division of local parties may indeed be at present almost as much animal as intellectual, but it is dignified by traditional recollections, and it is probably the best or the only way, in which the communication of ideas between representatives and constituents can be practically maintained. We also find in it the basis upon which, in an altered posture of public affairs, we may again see the old parties once more arrayed face to face, and in something like their old condition.

We should, however, be wholly mistaken if we were understood to object to the existence of any members, or bodies of members, not connected with the party, even if they should together amount to a considerable fraction of the House of Commons. We do not presume to pronounce, that such a state of things would be incompatible with a needful strictness in the drill of parties, and with the full vigour of Parliamentary Government. Our complaint is not grounded on any abstract doctrine, but upon the proved practical prostration of the legislative organ—upon its gradual and certain loss of respect from the country—upon the present inefficacy of the checks which Parliament, and the Opposition in particular, ought to be able to impose upon the conduct of a Ministry—upon the damage and disgrace which the country undergoes from the practical prevalence of a persuasion, whether just or not, in the House of Commons, that the Opposition are not prepared to run the risks attending the resumption of office, and which influences the minds of so many persons, that, when some capital error of domestic or of foreign policy is denounced, the attack is enervated and baffled by a latent impression that Parliament has no choice, as the Government have no successors in readiness to follow them. Whether this be true or otherwise is not the question. We do not ourselves share in the belief, that the present Opposition, would flinch from the responsibility of assuming the government in the event of a ministerial crisis. But that belief exists and operates, at least so far, that when a case arises, like that of the Life Peerages or the American recruiting question, where the conduct of Ministers is wholly without defence, Parliament has not been able to punish, because it has not dared to displace; which means, in other words, that the whole essence of our Parliamentary system is in abeyance, since its working absolutely depends on the known responsibility of the Opposition, which again itself hangs wholly on their known readiness to take office. Without this the country has no adequate guarantee for either the honesty or the prudence of their criticisms and plans; the virtue of public discussion is lost, and ministers enjoy power, or what ought to be power, without the ordinary incentives to doing well, which are wholly inseparable from their liability to dismissal in the event of doing ill. Our complaint therefore is wholly practical, and is founded upon the two glaring facts, first, that, Parliament has of late years increasingly lost its capacity to make provision for the legislative wants o the country; and, secondly, that it does not, under the present circumstances, venture to call the minister to account, when it thinks him wrong, from its ignorance who is ready to succeed him, and it accordingly has allowed him, again and again, to cover the discomfiture of the debate in the brilliant victory of the division.

Want of mutual confidence, want of defined profession of political opinion, the uncertain sound of the trumpet of leaders, the yet more uncertain movement of the followers who should obey, and the action and reaction of each of these causes of weakness and confusion on the other, seem to be the evils of which we ought, apart from all consideration of leanings in politics either this way or that, to desire the removal.

But when we speak of the disorganisation of the old composition of political parties as an evil, and of the want of clear political profession, let us not conceal from ourselves the fact, that much of the inconvenience we suffer ought to be far outweighed by the satisfaction with which we may contemplate its cause. Twenty years ago the Liberal and Conservative parties had taken opposite ground on a multitude of great public questions. Most of those causes of difference have disappeared by the settlement of the questions to which they referred. It is not true that the triumphs have been all one way, and that the more Conservative part of the nation have disposed of the contest simply by surrendering the posts they defended. The great question of Protection and Free Trade was at no time really a question between the Conservative and the Liberal parties. If franchises have been enlarged, if corporations have been reformed, if Dissenters have been relieved, if education has been more powerfully aided, mainly through the efforts of the Liberal party, on the other hand ecclesiastical property has been defended, the independence of the House of Lords upheld, the constitution of the House of Commons shielded from violent and organic changes, the relative rights and attitude of classes maintained, principally through the energy and determination of Conservative politicians. But the interval between the two parties has, by the practical solution of so many contested questions, been very greatly narrowed. He who turns from Pall Mall towards the Park between the Reform and Carlton Clubs will perceive that each of those stately fabrics is mirrored in the windows of the other; and it may occur to him, with horror or amusement, according to his temper, that these mutual reflections of images set up in rank antagonism to one another, constitute a kind of parable, that offers to us its meaning as we read with conscience and intelligence the history of the time.

No man should quarrel with his own blessings on account of the incidental inconveniences with which they may be accompanied; and therefore, if we lament that the relaxed and divided state of political combinations paralyses the House of Commons for the time, we must thankfully record that, while this is an evil with reference to the duties of the future, it is itself a sign and a result of good achieved in the recent past. Had the decline of parties been owing to mere indifference or disgust, our regret for the fact would have been unattended with either hope or comfort; but this is not the case. It is due to the sobering lessons of experience which each party has received, and which have brought about a general abatement of extreme views and an abandonment of impracticable purposes; it is due to the increased degree in which considerations of the public good have ruled the mind and conduct of politicians; it is due to the patient and unwearied labour of Parliament, which has achieved since the Peace of 1815, and since the Reform Act of 1832, so many great legislative exploits. All this is true political and social progress; and it is progress, moreover, which it has been mercifully vouchsafed to England to secure during a period, the latter part of which has been disastrous in a high degree, on the continent of Europe, to the principles of orderly and regulated freedom.

When before the Dissolution of 1852 the Government of Lord Derby was assailed by its antagonists as 'a Government without a principle,' Mr. Disraeli ingeniously replied upon the opposition as 'an opposition without a cry.' It might not be difficult at this moment to puzzle either side of the House by asking the Government where and what is its principle, or the Opposition where and what is its cry.

Undoubtedly the state of the Conservative party, as it has been exhibited on many occasions during the last session of Parliament (let us give as instances the motion with respect to Kars, and the proceedings with regard to education in Ireland), cannot be satisfactory, either to its declared members, or to those who, aware that it represents an essential and governing element of British society, heartily desire to see it fulfil its proper political duty, whether in or out of power; namely, that of giving steadiness to the onward movement of society, and negotiating, as it were, terms of peace and union between the new wants, desires, necessities that are ever springing up in a highly vitalized society on the one hand, and those august institutions on the other, by which England yet testifies to the true and far-sighted wisdom of the elder time, and exhibits to the world a 'solidity' of her political institutions, not less remarkable than that of her soldiers on the field of bloody battle.

But if there be cause for dissatisfaction in Conservative quarters, what shall we say of the Liberal party? Graced with the *spolia opima* of the political arena, it is in luxurious possession of all the ensigns of power, and of all the machinery for beneficially ministering to the wants of the public service. It likewise, as well as its rival, represents a powerful tendency of the English mind; and, though its unchecked predominance would be full of danger, its health and activity are needed for the welfare of the body politic; and the only sacrifice we shall make to our own principles in qualifying this doctrine is, to express an opinion that, if we are to judge from the feeble and discreditable manner of its present working, it would be far more respectable, far more useful to the country, and of course, therefore, far more at ease in its own conscience, upon the benches of Opposition. Lord Aberdeen was bold enough, on assuming office, to propound the paradox, that any Government, which in these days would obtain the confidence of the country, must with that view be both Conservative and Liberal: but we fearlessly put it to the members of both these political parties, that policy and proceedings such as those of the session of 1856 (and not of that session only) are neither Conservative nor Liberal; they hold on to each of these only by its besetting vice; they have nothing of the Conservative character except its inertness, and nothing of a Liberal aspect except its restlessness. To the high-minded men of all parties the first object of anxiety must be, that they maintain their traditions, fulfil their promises, redeem in office the expectations raised in opposition, transmit to the next generation the fame they have inherited from the last. But what if a Government formed of members of the Liberal or Movement party holds place for several years—and, for aught we know, it may be in Lord Palmerston's power to retain the seals of office till he has turned four-score—what if, when retiring, it is in a condition to point to few useful laws enacted, while its failures are unnumbered in domestic legislation—while its diplomacy has kept the country in perpetual hot water, and has rendered necessary the maintenance of costly establishments, which a better state of foreign relations would have enabled Parliament to reduce; and while its administration of patronage, especially of ecclesiastical patronage, has been deeply tainted with the nepotism which, not less than financial blundering and feebleness, appears to stick like a barnacle to all Whig, Whigling, and Whiglike administrations; and to mar the dignity and political virtues, to which that party is without doubt, historically at least, entitled to lay claim! We cannot indeed refuse to agree with Mr. Disraeli, as he is reported to have spoken on the 25th of July, in thinking that a party which is thus contented with the titles and the patronage of office, and which, on condition of enjoying them, allows its own professions to be forgotten, its principles to lie in abeyance, and its very name to become a by-word for weakness—slowly, perhaps, but infallibly, undermines the ultimate foundations of its power in their proper seat, namely, the public mind, and may hereafter have to pay, by whole decades of exclusion from power, for every single session of those during which the title to possession has not been fairly earned by diligence and success corresponding with its high responsibilities and its great opportunities. The Radical and independent Liberal party has long practised what, to speak plainly, we must call an imposture on the country, by its annual sham-fight on the Ballot: it is now practising, perhaps unconsciously, a deceit not less gross upon itself: for, by standing before the country as primarily answerable for the feebleness and effeteness of parliamentary action, it will speedily lose the best part of whatever qualified hold it may have upon the public respect.

Some of those observers of public affairs who might agree with us in lamenting the present decadence of Parliament, and even in perceiving a connexion between that decadence and the disorganised state of the old party connexions, may see a shorter way, than we ourselves do, to effectual improvement. They perhaps think that, after all, the simple cure lies in the reconstruction of what is called the 'old Conservative party.' Among the anomalies and solecisms in the Lower House in its present condition, one of the greatest, without doubt, is the position of those gentlemen who pass by the appellation of Peelites, and who, ejected from office by their scruples and difficulties in respect to the Sebastopol Committee, have since maintained an attitude which the country, as represented by its press, plainly considers to be equivocal. Moreover it is plain that, among all the outliers from the great parties, none, not even Lord John Russell, so powerfully tend to prolong the existing state of general weakness, and the relaxation in party organisation. Not that they are powerful either in their numbers or in the general favour, but that by their traditions, if not by their characters, they happen to have points of contact and of sympathy, rather marked in their character, with gentlemen sitting on both sides of the House who own no general political connexion with them. It was certainly characteristic of Sir Robert Peel to combine fearlessness in regard to administrative changes with no small dread of constitutional innovation. Whether governed by a superstitious adherence to the maxims of their leader, or whether really and conscientiously imbued with the same spirit, the Peelite ex-Ministers are seen to take a more forward place than the Government in regard to many questions of administrative reform; while on the other hand, in cases such as the resolutions of Lord John Russell on education, or the bill for the retirement of the two bishops, they are found among the loudest denouncers of change, as being dangerous, or undefined, or not warranted by the pleas that are urged in its favour. They thus operate as *solvents* of party connexion, in a manner and degree for which their mere numbers or personal qualities would not account: each of these kinds of occasion alternately seeming to place the Peelite politicians in relations with various members of the two parties as close as, or even for the moment closer than, those in which they may habitually stand to their own recognised leaders.

Perceiving clearly, as we do, the evils of a position which cannot we apprehend be satisfactory either to those who observe or those who hold it, we shall not jump to the conclusion that it rests with these gentlemen, or with any one else, to abate the nuisance by any act of their volition. Of the jealousies and suspicions inevitably characteristic of a Parliament without parties thoroughly organised, a larger share perhaps alights on the party now supposed to be led by Lord Aberdeen, than on any other class, knot, or clique of politicians whatever. And it should be remembered that in general neither jealousy nor suspicion can be overcome by any measures taken for the purpose of overcoming them: they can only be disarmed by the more natural and spontaneous action of events moving in their own course, and by the slow and silent, but powerful, influence of considerations of the public interest upon judgment and conscience, which in the long run, though not always at the moment, determine the action of political party. It is plain that those who are now dissociated, either wholly or partially, and either on the one side of the House or on the other, from the leading parties, ought, if they are ever again to be found in the ranks, to be found in those ranks where their sympathies may principally lie; and the question which ranks those are must commonly receive its answer, partly indeed from the tempers of individuals, but chiefly from the course of public affairs, and from the tendency of this great question or of that to grow for the time to a paramount and commanding importance in its bearing on the interests of the country.

Mindful, in one respect at least, of the modesty which befits our calling, we shall not presume to attempt pointing out particular modes in which the existing confusions can be cleared, and the motley mobs of the House of Commons restored to something more resembling the old, costumed, and regimental character of its accustomed organisation; but we shall throw together, in general terms, a few propositions which appear to us to be placed nearly beyond dispute.

First of all then the constituencies, as we have intimated above, do not appear to feel, as their representatives have felt, the debilitating and disorganising influences so patent within the walls of Parliament Whether they have or have not distinctive opinions—whether they seek or do not seek separate and opposite ends—whether the antagonist candidates can or cannot succeed in imparting to their respective speeches and addresses a decent amount of difference—it is beyond all doubt that, as the constituencies have been, so they mean to continue, divided as Conservative and Liberal respectively; and none of the wizards of Peelism, or of Palmerstonism, or of Manchesterism, or of Administrative Reform, or of Voluntaryism, or of any other personal, intermediate, sectional, or hybrid creed, will, at least in our day, dislodge them from the impregnable stronghold of their set electioneering habits and ideas, commonly as simple and homogeneous as the colours which, in the days when such things were, used to distinguish the flags and ribands of contending parties.

Secondly, while the electioneering gear continues to be much in the same working order as it was, it is plain that a public opinion has for many years been forming itself both broad and deep—broader in some respects and deeper too than the limits of party organization. This public opinion is considerably adverse to speculation or constitutional changes, but is disposed to view with great favour all active and efficient government, comparatively careless from which party such a boon to the country may proceed. Ballot is moonshine; even the Church Rate agitation seems to have reference principally to the hustings; nobody cares to try and turn the Bishops out of Parliament; the County Rate is still imposed and spent by a non-elective body; the unpaid magistracy, the law of succession to landed property, the hereditary peerage, the established Church, are politically tranquil—no storm whistles round their ears. *That* one of the two great parties, we venture to predict, will acquire the predominance in Parliament and in the country, which succeeds in impressing the public mind with the belief that it is most deeply and earnestly impressed with the right (a right not the less real because indeterminate) of the people to what is called good government, and that it is also most largely gifted with the qualities necessary to enable it to satisfy that right and the reasonable desires which attend it.

Thirdly, as respects the system of policy and conduct which we have endeavoured to express by the term good government, there never was a time when the Parliamentary field was more open, less thronged with labourers. Happily restored from war to peace, we want efficient establishments, with a just and strict economy; and this demand undoubtedly involves the searching and circumspect reconsideration of almost the whole of our military arrangements. At *some* period, we may be certain the merely demagogic cry for economy will arise, and we can only be well prepared to meet it when it comes by placing ourselves before its arrival in a condition to show that the public get value for the money which they are called upon to spend. We want, again, that high-minded and temperate foreign policy, which seeking peace seeks it through honour, which abhors the spirit of intermeddling, which trusts liberally till it has found cause to be mistrustful, which disdains under all circumstances subterfuge and evasion, and which is careful above all things that its bark shall not be worse than its bite. We want a clean handed and disinterested administration of patronage, and a frank and full practical admission of the truth that as in the judgment of Mr. Burke, parsimony was a *magnum vectigal*, so purity and efficiency in the public establishments are among the best props of government. We want the maintenance of the public credit at the highest point, and of the public revenue in a condition fully to meet all the demands of the service of Her Majesty. We might pass to other subjects, such as the reform of the law, the great Indian question, the improvement of the provision, as far as the law can improve it, for the discharge by the Church of her holy duties; but, passing on from particulars, we will venture to add we want, most of all, that a character of seriousness and earnestness should be once more impressed upon the proceedings of the Parliament, and that, if it is determined to retain its privilege of laughing at bad spoken jokes, at least it will not allow its whole proceedings to assume the character of a bad joke put into action. The party that shall most resolutely embark in this career, and shall at the same time most steadily discountenance all peddling and tampering with the venerated institutions of the country, will, we believe, soon be the uppermost party in public estimation, and in the influence and power which that estimation never fails to confer.

There is one more, and that an organic question, which we would willingly have avoided, but on which we are compelled to touch; it is that of the attitude and of the political rights of our Roman Catholic fellow subjects. This journal has viewed with little favour the recent movement of which Mr. Spooner has been in the House of Commons the conscientious and determined organ; but we see plainly that the course of events at present tends to give to that movement a force and a success, which we would gladly see it deprived of all claim whatever to attain; inasmuch as we cannot regard the contingency of its triumph without serious misgivings for the permanency of the present ecclesiastical settlement in Ireland. We do not mean that the people of this country are growing more intolerant—far otherwise; but our meaning is, that the whole course and policy of the Church of Rome, at home and abroad, in the gross and in detail, partakes so much of the character of a perpetual provocation, and so seriously tends to raise the question, which nothing but the very last necessity should induce us to revive, of the competency of Roman Catholics, believing and above all practising according to the present fashion of their Church, for the due discharge of political rights. When we look abroad we see that Church as the odious oppressor, through the Papal Government, of the Roman people, as the darkling conspirator against the wise government and infant liberties of Sardinia, as the trafficker who in Austria purchases the revival of the immunities of the middle ages for a consideration not stated in the deed, but we fear well understood to be the determined support of injustice. The monstrous and unheard-of extravagances, to which she has recently pushed her theology, are matters of a less direct, but still a kindred, bearing on the state of the English mind. But what is most proximate and most serious to us is, the great and deleterious change which has passed in our own country upon the mind of her that says she never changes. A band of proselytes, bred in the Church of England, have passed within the Papal borders, and seem to have carried with them a flame of ultramontane fanaticism that has already given a new face to the Anglo-Roman body. The readers of our history are well aware, that in former times this narrow portion of the Romish pale was under the full sway of all the milder and tempering influences, which have often so beneficially softened and restrained the peculiar liabilities of that communion, and have in particular assisted to establish, when they have been dominant, a considerable, or even a cordial, harmony between it and the secular power. But the case has always been widely different, when the ultramontane or high Papal opinions have prevailed. Even these, however, have of late received a new and portentous development through the system of what is called 'direction.' Under this system, the Roman Catholic who follows it goes to his priest not only to assist his conscience in disburdening itself for the past, but to take orders from him—we can call them nothing less without falling short of the truth—as to the line of conduct he shall pursue in all the most sacred relations, the most intimate and delicate duties of life. For example, supposing him to be a person who has recently fallen into the toils of the Romish

Church, it is from the priest that he hears how he is to deal with his own wife and children, and what compulsion or coercion he may or must use with them for their soul's health. When he has heard, he has only to obey; or, at least, the case is not much mended in the eyes of Englishmen, if we are apprised that he has still an appeal from the priest to the bishop, and from the bishop, in the last resort, to the Pope. Now we do not speak lightly or at random when we say, that this system is alive and active in England at this moment; a system which we can only compare in its operation on the mind to a contract of sale or slavery for the body, which our laws refuse to recognise. If the domestic relations, if the conjugal and paternal affections of educated, or it may be high-born subjects of her Majesty, are thus given over into the absolute control of the Pope and his myrmidons, we can well judge what sort of freedom will remain for the discharge of duties merely public and political, and how the worst charges of Mr. Spooner and of Exeter Hall are likely to be more than justified. We would earnestly hope that a gentler and a better spirit may yet come to prevail over the extravagant unruliness of these hierarchical tendencies. We are confident that there are still many members of the Church of Rome who join in this desire. If it be fulfilled, then we may yet see tolerable peace maintained between the Roman Catholics of this country and the British Constitution; but if otherwise, then we fear the contests, which our fathers waged so long and so bitterly, will ere long be painfully revived. In that unhappy case we predict that one among the main conditions exacted by the British people from its rulers, of whatever political complexion, will be this—that they shall take care that the privilege of sharing in the administration of a free government shall be extended only to the free; and that the Roman Pontiff, though he might have co-religionists, shall not have serfs or slaves in the Great Council of Queen Victoria and of the British Empire.

THE

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AMERICAN EDITION.

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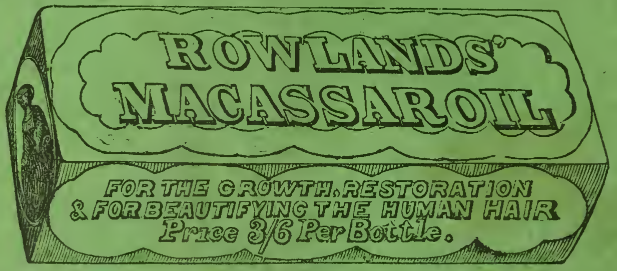

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